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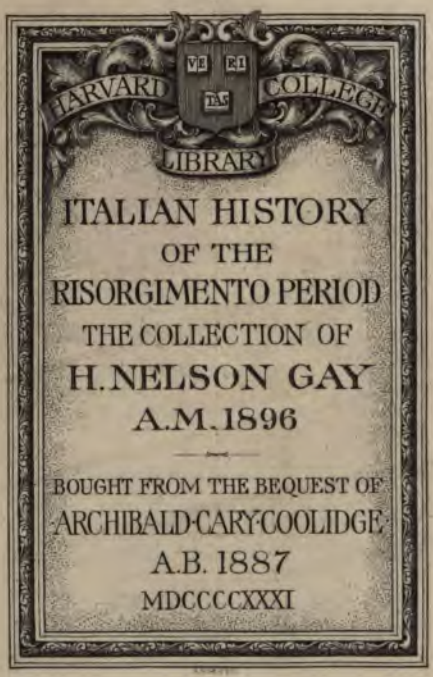

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Yours Truly
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MEMOIRS AND ADVENTURES

OF

FELICE ORSINI,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

CONTAINING

UNPUBLISHED STATE PAPERS OF THE ROMAN COURT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

BY

GEORGE CARBONEL.

(THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED BY THE AUTHOR.)

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DEDICATED

TO

MY FRIEND N. N., OF ITALY,

MRS. EMMA SIEGEZMOND HERWEGH, OF BERLIN.

AND

PETER STUART, OF LIVERPOOL.

PREFACE.

London, 20th May, 1857.

At thirty-eight years of age I write my Memoirs, not for vain glory, but from the conviction that the perils I have surmounted will encourage my young fellow-countrymen to follow boldly the paths of honour, virtue, and true patriotism.

I write facts only, and most of the personages mentioned are still living. I state the truth plainly, regardless of individuals, factions, or governments.

FELICE ORSINI.

2, Grafton Street, Aland Road,
Kentish New Town.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The Author of these Memoirs has so clearly explained the political condition of Italy that any comment on my part is unnecessary.

I can attest to my friend Felice Orsini's devotion to the cause of his country, his veracity, and valour.

As I have served under the same tricolour, the translation has been a labour of love to me.

All the documents quoted are originals, and will give to the reader a good idea of the system pursued by the Roman Government.

H. G. CARBONEL.

Northfleet, Kent,
May, 1857.

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CHAPTER I.

My Childhood in Imola.—At twelve I begin to evince a strong sense of individual independence.—My Uncle Orso Orsini.—His severity.—My Aunt.—Revolution of 1831.—I leave home, and am brought back again to Imola.—My mental vivacity.—Papal reaction.—The Austrians.—I Centurioni.—My hatred to them.—At fifteen I am already compromised with the Political Authorities.—Education by my Uncle; studious, severe, bigotted, but moral.—An unfortunate Accident.—Archbishop Mastei Ferretti, now Pope Pius IX.—His character.—At sixteen I enter Tuscany as a Refugee.

I was born at Meldola, a small town in the Roman States, about nine miles distant from Forli, at the end of December, 1819. Andrew Orsini, my father, who was a native of Lugo, had been an officer under the great Napoleon, and was taken prisoner in the expedition to Russia, from whence he went to Meldola. My mother, Frances Ricci Orsini, came of an ancient Florentine family.

When two years of age I accompanied my parents to Florence; at eight I fell from a balcony on the third floor into a court, and nearly died of my injuries. This fact was impressed most vividly upon my mind. When I awoke from 48 hours of insensibility I could not understand why my mother was weeping at my bedside, nor why my arms were in splints, and my feet enveloped in mustard plasters. They told me of my fall, but I remembered nothing—all seemed a dream. After six weeks I recovered. Being at the Theatre with my mother and sister a year afterwards, I witnessed the arrest of my father and a certain Bisi, of Modena; both were put in chains, and some days after were compelled to leave the Tuscan States. I demanded the cause of my mother, who informed me that it was for *political reasons*. I have never forgotten the feelings I experienced on seeing my father in chains, as these impressions, like others we receive in early youth, can never be effaced. They told me shortly after that I was going to

Bologna, and the idea filled me with pleasure: but the parting from my mother, whom I dearly loved, was most painful, and I felt the same in a minor degree when I said farewell to my eldest sister Rosa and my younger brother Leonidas. My travelling companions to Bologna were some friends of the family. I remained 15 days in that city with my father, and then went to reside with my uncle Orso Orsini at Imola. The first month passed away wearily, I saw fresh faces around me, and the climate was different to that of Florence. This was in the winter of 1829, and the great snow storm in that city at that epoch will long be remembered. I was christened Theobald, but they called me Felix, in remembrance of a dead uncle of that name, but I did not like it. My uncle Orso Orsini's family was composed of himself, my aunt, two manservants, and two maids. Without loss of time I was placed under a writing master; one priest taught me Latin, and another took me out walking. Latin did not please me at all. I was obliged to rise at five in the morning, which was my uncle's custom, and he and my aunt commenced to teach me many prayers; afterwards I went to study, to mass, and to take exercise. Excepting meal hours I had but two unemployed left me for my walks. Every Saturday we went to the villa, and remained there until Monday morning. I was happy when that blessed time arrived; I then felt as free as a wild colt, and could wander about without the companionship of the priest. The religious exercises occupied at least three hours a day. When possible I used to get out of the way to avoid them, and sought the priest who accompanied me in my walks, and in this way sometimes escaped their bigotted observances. But it was a serious matter. One look of my uncle's severe countenance made me tremble. His age was about 45; he was tall and handsome, possessed considerable talent, was well educated, very active, honest, and much respected by his fellow townsmen. He was very punctual in his devotions, a friend to the Papal government, very charitable, and very severe. His favorite quotations were *De Deo parum—De Principe nihil—I will not suffer fools at my table, &c. &c.* My aunt's personal appearance was singular, she

was ignorant and bigotted, and belonged to the richest family of the city. Nearly every day there were guests at the dinner table. They were wont to speak of my good memory, and already saw in me the materials to make a good *preacher* or a *lawyer*. To rouse my emulation they sent me to the public school. I soon obtained a reputation for diligence and ability, and I was much praised; but, if the truth must be confessed, I fear that I owed it principally to the good social position of my uncle.

About this time (in February, 1831,) the revolutions of Modena and Bologna broke out. When the news reached our school, the youth composing the classes of philosophy and rhetoric raised the national flag in the school. Imola also would have her revolution, and throughout the city were seen the national cockades, young soldiers, and muskets; while the streets resounded with patriotic songs, and joyful rumours of the surrounding insurrections were heard on every side. I had a cockade in my hat, which my uncle unceremoniously took away. But looking at the change that had taken place, he considered it prudent to forget his usual quotation, "De Deo parum," &c. The schools were closed. The Austrian soldiery began to arrive, and all the churches, squares, and porticoes, were filled with them. I left home and went to see them, and I listened with delight to their excellent military bands, and so great was my desire for a military life, that one day I forgot my dinner, and remained out from morning till night. I returned home to relate the wonders which I had seen, when I suddenly received some terrible boxes on the ears from my uncle, who, speaking of the military, added some unpleasant epithets, amongst which I could distinguish *vagabonds*, *rascals*, &c.

At last the news came that the Liberals had been defeated; but the Austrians had suffered severely in the various encounters. A litter passed containing the Austrian Prince Lichtenstein, who had been severely wounded. When the news arrived of the discomfiture of the Liberals, the reactionary party gave great signs of joy, and some priests who came to dine with my uncle, blessed the very name of the Austrians. I was irritated at this;

and wished to enter into the conversation, but was reproved by my uncle. After a short occupation the Austrians abandoned Romagna, the citizens were again in arms, the national guard organized, and the constitution was again demanded: but the Pope remained deaf to remonstrances, and both parties prepared afresh for war; and about this time a thing happened which affected me considerably. My brother, three years my junior, had arrived at my uncle's, leaving my mother and sister at Bologna with my father. My mother and sister came to Imola to see us, with the intention of afterwards visiting an aunt at Meldola. It was a joyful time for me while they remained with us; at last they departed in my uncle's carriage, with a servant to accompany them. On their return they found themselves in the city of Faenza, while the Liberal and Papal party were fighting. My sister was afraid, and returned to us to Imola, where she remained some days, and then went home again. Their departure had such an effect upon me that for some days I hardly knew what I was about; I wept, and visited the rooms where they were accustomed to remain. I had a presentiment that I should never see them again. They had hardly arrived at Bologna, when my sister fell seriously ill; my mother, who loved her with singular affection, would not leave her day or night, and being of a weakly constitution, she could bear up no longer, and became ill also. My sister died after eighteen days' illness, and while they were celebrating her funeral rites, the last offices of the church were administered to my mother. She got better, however, as my sister's death was studiously concealed from her, until it could be hidden no longer, when the mystery was at last revealed. Then she became considerably worse. The medical men wished that her brother might be sent for to console her. This was done, as she loved him greatly. On his arrival she received him weeping, and said, with a deep sigh, "Thou art not my Rosina." A month afterwards she died. The news made me wretched, and I wept for several days, and could find no comfort. She was only 32 years of age, of a fragile form, graceful in appearance and manners; she had noble sentiments of patriotism, and a love of

liberty; she was free from all bigotry, although she observed the ceremonies of the Catholic faith, in which she had been educated. My mother's loss left a void in my breast, and I thought that nothing could console me. None can have such affection as a mother, and many evils which have happened to me and wrung my very heart, would not perhaps have taken place had my mother lived to aid me with her counsels. A year after her death my father married again, while I and my brother continued to reside with him, so that there were two distinct families, with different interests.

We shall again return to the revolution. This time the national militia fought against the Papal troops—a battle took place near Cesena, where the Liberals were completely defeated. They showed their usual undisciplined valor, but suffered dearly for that blind faith which characterized them; some of the enemy's officers in disguise penetrated into their camp, and signified their approbation of the excellent positions they had taken. After the victory of the Papal troops, they committed unheard of cruelties in Forli and the neighbouring towns. The Liberals who survived returned to their homes. The Roman States were again compelled to see the white uniform of the Austrian soldiery, and then the priestly reaction and persecution commenced. In the duchies of Parma and Modena the movement had also failed, and their thoughts of universal suffrage, a constitutional system and independence, perished. The revolution was excited by the promises of the French Liberals, and of Louis Philippe himself, who desired to see the Austrians powerful in the Peninsula. The Duke of Modena was no stranger to the revolution, and dreamed of becoming king of Italy. But treachery was everywhere, and the end came; and although France had declared in favour of the principle of non-intervention, she sent her military into the Roman States, and they became for the time *true soldiers of the Pope*. The Duke of Modena commenced his executions, and sent to the gallows several of his noblest citizens, men rendered illustrious by their patriotism, genius, and the universal esteem in which they were held. Their attachment

to liberty, and their faith in the Duke, caused their ruin. It would be impossible to reckon the number of patriots who were imprisoned in the three states, so lately revolutionized. The Papal government, not satisfied with the despotism exercised by the French and Austrians, caused a body of irregular militia to be enrolled, under the name of Centurions. These were taken from the dregs of society, and their immorality and cruelty became proverbial. Their number rose to about 50,000 men. They did not live in quarters, but at their own houses, and rarely appeared in uniform save on holy days; when they frequently patrolled the streets at night, and ill-treated without mercy any one suspected of Liberalism.

If a citizen was unfortunate enough to allow his beard to grow, or if he failed in attending mass, he was immediately set down as a Liberal, and, as such, was exposed to all the fury of the Centurions. Not a day passed but some one was killed or ill-treated by these "irregulars." Sometimes, however, the Liberals, driven to desperation, took their revenge, which increased the insolence and barbarity of the Centurions. But these did not suffice; and more Swiss were sent for, so that at this time the Pope oppressed his people by the aid of a regular army, an irregular militia, combined with the French, Austrian, and Swiss troops. Although young, my indignation was extreme against the perpetrators of these barbarities, particularly against the Centurions and the Swiss. Romagna, at that time, was afflicted with two parties, called the "Brigands," and the "Liberals;" the former, who were partisans of the government, and the Austrians, were known by the name of the second party, as the Papal cockade is of two colors, *white* and *yellow*, while that of the Liberals is of three, *white*, *red*, and *green;* and it was a common occurrence that when young men met each other in the streets, one would address the other, saying "Dost thou belong to the *two* or the *three?*" If the answer was satisfactory, each passed on his way; if not, they fought with knives until one or other perished. And so high did party spirit run at the time, that bands of individuals for the same cause fought desperately in the public streets of the

cities of Romagna. This factious excitement was the same in all. It was to be found even in the schools. I was compelled to witness these conflicts, and I sympathized with the Liberals, for had not their party been defeated? Were they not the weakest? This feeling in favor of the Liberals was greatly increased by the hatred expressed towards them by the priests who frequented my uncle's house, and to which I was an unwilling listener. They wished to make me become a priest, but finding their promises and menaces equally futile, they accused me of being a *declared* Liberal; my companions liked me for this, and boasted of having me in their ranks, and often before the schoolmaster arrived the boys had conversations upon the principles of liberty, praised those who had fought well, and at last they often proceeded from arguments to blows against those who defended the brigands. The French were the only foreigners excepted from the general hatred against all the invaders. Many of the Romagnoli had fought under Napoleon, whose memory they idolized; we heard them often speak of the French revolution, so that the youths imbibed these political maxims; and although the French were acting at Ancona in the same manner as the Austrians did in the Roman States, yet they were considered in the light of liberators. With this idea some of my enthusiastic companions and myself decided upon abandoning our homes and going to Ancona to join the French army. As boys we imagined that they would make us drummers. We thought that the sale of our watches would supply us with sufficient money to get there, or that we might go on foot. At last the day fixed for our journey came; I left home at daybreak, and walked to Bolognese Castle. None of my companions came, so that I found myself somewhat embarrassed. My uncle meanwhile had sent up stairs for me to come to prayers, and finding that I was no longer in my room, he caused me to be sought for throughout the city; but no information could be obtained. He went to the school and discovered from my companions, who ought to have accompanied me, whither I had gone. He sent men on horseback in various directions, one of whom arrived at Bolognese Castle with orders to

persuade me to return, and if I resisted, to employ force. I returned with him annoyed and saddened by the thought that my companions had broken their word with me. My uncle reproved me with his usual severity, and boxed my ears. This annoyed me much, and I could never forget it; had any other person acted towards me in like manner I fear I should have committed myself seriously. From that moment I felt all my natural spirit of independence, and determined that henceforward I would never submit to a blow—and I have never failed in my resolution since. After this affair my uncle took me from the public school, and I was placed at a private school, where the system of education was much gentler than the preceding, and the master was the boys' friend as well as their instructor. He soon discovered my natural vivacity, and independent spirit. The teachers gave me credit for ability. I applied myself more than ever to my studies, and I received pocket money, which I spent in books that pleased me, instead of the books of bigotry and superstition which I had hitherto been obliged to read. My days were occupied in studying French, Latin, arithmetic, geography, and drawing. My system of education being changed for the better, and bigotry no longer inculcated, I was sufficiently contented. My uncle conversed on the ancient glories of Rome and Greece, upon the Latin authors, and our famous poet Dante, but he affirmed that those glorious times were gone for ever, that the present epoch was one of effeminacy, deceit, cowardice, and lying. In this manner the good man unknowingly excited in my bosom a passion for liberty, for that independence for which my *Liberal* fellow-countrymen had so recently devoted themselves to death. This part of his education was useful to me. At the same time my uncle detested anything approaching to effeminacy, and had a very low opinion of the female sex. In this he was decidedly wrong, for what a powerful influence does not woman possess in society? What noble and generous sentiments she inculcates! What self-devotion she shows on numerous occasions, and how the strong man is disarmed by her smile; and when her thoughts are directed towards virtue, to good and holy aims, to great and

noble sacrifices for liberty, how much do we not owe to her! After my mother's death I saw no society of the gentle sex, and my education was not only masculine, but somewhat *rude*. It had however one advantage, that my uncle had an extreme contempt for gambling, drinking, smoking, and other vices; and I feel the most lively gratitude towards him in this respect, for the excellent example he gave me. As I have observed, my new system of education I found very agreeable; I continued my studies with more zeal, and felt flattered when some of my uncle's guests gave me their approbation. I commenced to enter into conversation, not only with the priests, but with the other guests, and in consequence of my uncle's satisfaction of my application, I was allowed to go on horseback, and then began to taste the spirit of independence. I rode out at every opportunity, and began to associate with some of the young Liberals of the city, and their conversation increased my feelings in favour of liberty and independence. Sometimes we rode out into the country, and there practised gymnastic exercises of every kind; but one thing was prohibited, sporting guns; nevertheless I had a pistol, with which I shot and practised at a target, and became an adept, This was my mode of life until I was about 15 years of age, and on two occasions nearly lost my life by falls. As the year 1835 approached the Jesuits returned to Romagna, by the invitation of Mastai Ferretti, then bishop of Imola, and now Pope Pius the IXth. Party feeling became more violent every day, and my uncle's system underwent a change. The Austrians and Centurions acted as they listed; my political tendencies were observed, and I had the name of belonging to the Liberals. The so-called brigands kept a jealous eye upon me, and the only reason why they did not do me some injury, was the knowledge that my uncle was favourable to the Papal regime; while his charitable works, and friendship with Mastai Ferretti, protected him from the menaces of the Centurions.

I learnt in the Roman history the greatness and valour of my country in ancient times, and I imbibed the principles of the old Republican valour; the ancient Roman heroism awoke an echo in

my heart, the antique glory of my ancestors made every fibre tremble with exultation, and when I thought of our present state, then came the reaction positive and sad. My imagination had magnified the objects which youth had been so fascinated with, and I saw Italy in the melancholy state in which she really was. I saw the atrocities of the Guelph and Ghibellines revived again in the fights between the twos and threes, I saw the iniquities committed daily by the Centurions, I saw that an abhorrent system of servitude reigned in every corner of Italy, and to crown all when I looked upon the white uniforms of the Austrian army, I felt an inexpressible feeling of hatred against my country's oppressors.

I had a quarrel with some of these same Centurions about my possessing the pistol, of which I have already spoken; I maintained my presence of mind, and kept possession of the field. I thought not a little of myself when I received the congratulations of my Liberal comrades, and could not help boasting of it with all the thoughtlessness of youth. My uncle was then in the country, and I heard that my arrest had been decreed. On his return my uncle heard of it, and took me before the authorities, and the said Centurions being brought forward against me, it was arranged, through my uncle's authority, that I should give them the kiss of peace; I replied that I refused to do so. I was then menaced with instant imprisonment, and I answered that it mattered little or nothing to me; my uncle s grave voice was then heard, and he pronounced the words, "I will it,"—words which I had so often heard in his solemn tone of voice, and which always had an effect upon me. However, I felt the spirit of independence within me calling upon me to resist, although I had many proofs of my uncle's affection and prejudices. I was set at liberty, and so this case terminated. He reproved me, however, privately; he told me that it was necessary to become a man, to restrain my passions, and at least to conceal that hatred, which was shortly afterwards displayed towards the Papal authorities. About this time the Jesuits commenced their *missions*, they gave away plenary indulgences, they planted crosses in the public squares, they excited ignorant minds against the Liberals, and

said that paradise was opened to all the defenders of the Pope. The natural consequence was that the Liberals were persecuted more than before; the atrocities were augmented, and Romagna became more than ever saturated with blood. All this was done under the guise of holiness and of brotherly love, while misery and misfortune were more than ever persecuted by the brigands and the followers of Loyola. Everybody hastened to the Confessional, some by their own will, many because there were spies to report those who did not go. It was a time of accusation, arbitrary trials, and universal terror. My uncle of course went to the general confession; I went also with my brother, and the Jesuits began to sound me, as they had done others, as to whether I would enter their order. Of course I refused, and I gave signs of my disgust. My uncle then showed great severity, and his religious fervour led him to the very extreme of bigotry.

I must now relate an unlucky affair which about this time befel me and put an end to my studies, and which nearly caused me to embrace at last the ecclesiastical career. In June, 1835, my uncle was obliged to go into the country for the purpose of examining a villa, which he had some intention of purchasing, and had given orders to get his carriage ready. Hearing that he was going a few miles off, I hurried into my uncle's private room, and began to load my pistols; while I was thus occupied, my uncle's cook came into the room. This man's name was Domenico Spada, about 45 years of age, and greatly attached to my uncle. I thought at first that it was my uncle who opened the door, and not being much accustomed to the use of arms, one of my pistols went off, and the unfortunate cook fell mortally wounded. I rushed down stairs, the neighbours ran to the door, but I knocked down in my horror everyone who stood in my way; at that moment my uncle appeared on the scene with a friend of his, and I was no longer able to resist, but was dragged into the house, where I saw the wounded man, pale, bleeding, and recommending his soul to God. I embraced him, weeping, and he was able to do the same and kissed me; my brother, my uncle, and the servants, were on the spot, weeping and wailing bitterly; I was speechless; the scene

was affecting beyond description. Suddenly my uncle said, "We must be beforehand with the Centurions." We then descended into the court yard, and by means of a ladder I got upon the roof. The unfortunate man Spada had a brother and a relation, who were amongst the most violent of the Centurions, and they were greatly irritated. They searched the house from top to bottom, upsetting everything in the hope of discovering me, but in vain. I clambered over the contiguous building, and entered, by means of a window, into the house of some friends of my uncle, named the Counts Faella. I shall never forget all the kindness they showed me, under these most painful circumstances.

After this my uncle's family went into the country, leaving everything in the care of some of his friends. Mastai Ferretti, the Archbishop, was concerned at my uncle's misfortune, and as he had a great esteem for him, ordered the Governor of the city in case of my being arrested, to send me guarded to the Archiepiscopal Palace instead of the prison, as he would be security for me. Having thus occasion to speak of a man who has since been so highly elevated, I will say some words about his character. Mastai Ferretti was most charitable, his conduct unspotted, no one could say a word against his morality. But let us look on the other side of the picture. He was a bigot, of limited intellect, favourable to the Centurions, under Jesuitical influence, and although well versed in ecclesiastical matters, he was entirely ignorant of political affairs. Naturally obstinate, whenever he had a distorted opinion, he was easily persuaded by those near him in his calm moments. Possessing a handsome exterior, and of a studious and retiring disposition, he was completely imbued with all the prejudices of his class. Thus was Mastai Ferretti destined some years afterwards to raise the hopes of the Italians, and then betray them, and invoke upon their heads all the maledictions of God and man.

When the authorities were advised of the accident, they immediately proceeded to the wounded man, who deposed that it was purely accidental, as the weapon was discharged the moment he entered the room. Four hours after, he died; and 48 hours

after, I was carried in a sedan chair, by daylight, into the palace of Count Hercules Faella, a relation of the same family where I had at first taken refuge; here I found a carriage, with servants in waiting; I was placed in it, and lay down and covered myself up with a carpet, when the Marchionesses Alessandretti entered, and succeeded in entirely concealing me. One Marchioness was the wife of Count Hercules Faella and the other of his brother.

In this manner we left the city, and at about ten miles distant found two mules prepared; and I then got out of the carriage, and bade adieu to my kind benefactors, who kept looking out of the window after me, until their carriage was entirely lost to view. I mounted one of the mules, and traversed the Appenines by the most unfrequented roads, accompanied by a mountaineer, until I arrived at Borgo San Lorenzo, where I stayed at the house of Mr. Allai, a friend of my uncle's; he knew nothing of what had happened, and I explained that I intended to remain some days with him in the country.

CHAPTER II.

Six months at Borgo San Lorenzo.—I cannot remain quiet—Contempt of danger.—Return to the Roman States,—Ten months at Ravenna.—The Canon Gianotti.—The Archbishop Falconieri.—Of the Jesuits and their system.—My studies.—Dante and his Tomb.—The Pine Forest.—Antiquities of Ravenna.—Sad influence upon me.—Short Journey to Piedmont.—Return to Imola.

The family at Borgo San Lorenzo where I was staying were most worthy, but inclined to bigotry; the house was frequented only by priests and friars; they loved quietness and detested all excitement, so that they differed greatly from the generality of Italians in Romagna, where courage is sometimes associated with a certain roughness of demeanour, but who are always ready to give a most generous reception and true hospitality.

During the first months of my sojourn I could not remain quiet, and feared nothing. I no longer studied; I felt the bit loosened; shooting and riding occupied my time, when one day I determined to ride a horse that no one dared to mount; he got the mastery of me, and I was deposited upon the bridge as the horse fell. Here it upset an old cripple who was seated near two women, spinning yarn in the primitive manner of the ancient Romans. I was nearly killed by this fall, and the family where I was staying, and who tolerated me for the sake of my uncle's friendship, was much alarmed. I kept my bed a month, and walked lame with the assistance of a stick.

On my recovery I was forbidden to ride in future, or to shoot; I had lost my desire of study, and being continually amongst monks and priests, I again observed Catholic customs.

I remember about this time I had some liking for a young girl belonging to the family, but I sought in every manner to repress it, as I remembered my uncle's words, who always had told me that

it was an unworthy thing, and a weakness, to fall in love. However, I liked to have the girl near me, because she was of a religious disposition, and gave me good advice, and while I went to prayer or confession to please her, I sometimes heard something whisper in my ear advising me to become a priest or a Jesuit. Although I did not give way to temptation, I am obliged to confess the truth that I began to become a bigot. If I had remained there a year or two I fear much that the young girl would have conquered, and what then might have happened to me? Those who are once accustomed to a life of idleness find it very difficult to change it for a life of activity, and it proves a far greater labour when laziness has become a habit in early life. Custom makes the man, and upon this the Jesuits, who have studied mankind so well, found their system.

When I speak of our elders I wish to be indulgent, as the period and mode of their education were very different to ours; they maintain the prejudices, which they imbibed in youth, and it is not surprising that they yet believe in them. Let us be just. What would our ideas now have been if we had received a like education?

While I was passing this silly and passive kind of existence, my uncle was not idle, and was planning schemes for my benefit. He wrote to Cardinal Gamberini, Secretary of State, at Rome, and his intimate friend, explaining all that had happened; and this is the sense of the Cardinal's reply—"I am very sorry to hear of the misfortune which has happened in your family, but take courage. His Holiness is ready to grant your nephew's pardon, and he may freely return home after some months." This was not sufficiently satisfactory to my uncle, and he replied that he wished a regular trial to take place, so that my innocence might be fully proved. This was acceded to; and six months afterwards I found myself again at liberty in the Roman States. I immediately proceeded to Ravenna, the chief provincial city, to the Augustine monastery, and the trial then commenced. My innocence was fully proved; that I was guilty of some indiscretion, in not having taken sufficient care to point the pistol in another

direction while I was cocking it, and that it should have been pointed towards the wall.

The Augustine monks with whom I resided were ignorant, envious of each other, lazy, like all friars, and most of them immoral. I often went out for a walk with one or other of them, but generally with the Canon Giannotti, Director of the College of the Classes (where noblemen's sons are generally educated), and sometimes with the Archbishop Falconieri. The Canon was an ex-Jesuit, a most astute man, and very friendly with the Archbishop, whose Counsellor he is generally supposed to be. The latter was a man of excellent morality, with a very low order of intellect, and was completely controlled by the higher mental powers of the Jesuits.

The Society of Jesus possess a Casa (House) and a College in Forli, so that some of them were every week in Ravenna. It was very natural that they should be found with the Archbishop, and I had frequently occasion both to see and converse with them. Gianotti, thinking to strike the right nail on the head, by taking advantage of my love of adventure, opened a conversation, saying cleverly that I should enter the Society of the Jesuits, as I should be sent as a missionary to India, and thus become a soldier of the Catholic faith, &c., and he showed me letters dated from Mesopotamia. He praised the virtues of the ancient Fathers, admired their martyrdom, &c., and finished by saying "When any one joins the Society of Jesus he is a soldier, like the founder of the Society; he ought not to think of anything else; he has no longer any relations or parents, the Catholic faith must be his only thought, with the Pope and the Almighty. Our order, he continued, does not assimilate to others, as we are neither priests nor monks; we have no Monasteries but Houses and Colleges; we are a republic, equality of rights, a life in common brotherhood; we know nought therefore of despotism, so that we never aspire to power, but when we desire it, we are more powerful than the Pope himself; we are his masters, he depends upon us. In our Society we accept all but the ignorant; abnegation, virtue, and courage, are the gifts of our brotherhood."

These insinuating conversations, as may be imagined, began to have an effect upon me; my mind became excited, and I could feel myself vacillating. In the meantime the dispensation arrived from Rome, respecting the error into which I had fallen in shedding human blood, and how necessary it was that I should enter some religious order. The net had been well placed. My uncle wrote me the most flattering letters about the vocation I had selected to become a Jesuit, although I had never formally expressed such a decision. I was treated with great condescension by the Archbishop; the Canon Giannotti presented me to many Spanish and Polish Jesuits.

When these individuals arrived, they lodged in the Countess Catherine Rasponi's palace, a very rich widow. She was very kind to me, and I heard gentle and flattering words whispered into my ear, "Come here my dear little Jesuit." The Countess gave excellent dinners. She had a chapel dedicated, if I mistake not, to St. Saverio, and she carried into execution all the precepts contained in the book entitled "*Secreta Monita Societatis Jesú.*" This lady was of small stature, with an ugly physiognomy, a rough and disagreeable voice; but all these qualities caused no disgust to the Jesuits, who only thought of charity, *human* and *divine;* they had an eye to her fortune for the establishment of some holy religious House for their Order, and meanwhile they infinitely praised her pious life, as she fed these holy men with her delicate wines and bounteous dinners.

To gain absolution for the irregularity I had committed, it was necessary for me to go for eight days to Forli to complete my spiritual exercises. I went, and the Jesuits used every art and inducement to fascinate me with their lives; and, to say the truth, I found them well educated, and apparently of good moral qualities, which make an impression on youthful minds, and which render the disciples of Loyola welcome guests in many families. But under these false appearances poison is concealed, and woe to him who listens to their fascinations. Once within their toils it is difficult to escape.

All the designs of these men were to make a Jesuit of me, and

my disposition suffered a considerable modification afterwards. Many a time in the solitude of my room I have thought seriously upon all the dangers which surrounded me. I recollected my vivacity of former years, and could not understand why I was so changed; but I felt bound, and saw that I ought to follow the counsels of my uncle and Giannotti. The unfortunate affair of Spada frequently recurred to me, and almost made me desirous of leading a contemplative life, away from the world and its miseries, because my youthful imagination pictured such a life as one worth seeking. During all the time I remained there I did not relax in my studies. A learned priest continued my education, and Dante, as well as the ancients, formed my chief delight, and these kept my mental eyes open, and formed an antidote to the poison so dexterously instilled by the Jesuits. They taught me to love my country, while the sight of the Austrian and Swiss soldiery made my blood boil against the oppressor.

I was generally found standing in melancholy mood before the sepulchre of Dante, at the corner of the Polenta Palace, and read the simple and touching inscription again and again, *Dantis poetæ sepulchrum*, or stood looking through the iron bars of the little chapel, lost in meditation. Sometimes I was allowed to go out alone, and then I would stray to the famous pine wood, and amongst the solitudes of that classic forest, with the murmur of the waves in my ears, the whisper of the mighty trees far above me, my thoughts strayed far away to the past glories of my country. I saw the ancient port now choked up which bore the Roman gallies in the time of Cæsar and Pompey; I thought of the grandeur of Ravenna in the time of the Exarchs, and of the great battle near it, where Gaston de Foix the young hero threw away his life. I compared the present state of Italy with its past splendour. Now Ravenna, and I may say all Italy, resembles a vast cemetery, in which little more of the ancient glory remains, save the monuments which always remind us that this land was once the very land of heroes, whose virtues and valour laid the foundation of its past magnificence, now faded away, and vice, division, cowardice, and ambition have taken root, and bastard

Italians now profane the soil, in which lie buried the sacred bones of our fathers.

The contrast was great between the thoughts that rose up in my bosom, looking on the fair face of nature, and the antiquities of a glorious time long since past, and those which the Jesuits endeavoured to instil into my mind. A feeling of melancholy was induced by an affection which I then entertained for a young lady in the neighbourhood, and I felt discontented with the world and myself.

I received one morning a letter from my uncle, in which he informed me that everything was arranged, and that I might now enter the Society of Jesus, that the Canon Gianotti had written to him, stating that I was born to that vocation, and how proud he and my aunt felt in such a happy result. I wept for rage, and departed towards Forli, whither a French Jesuit accompanied me. I passed Imola, staying to embrace my aunt and my brother, and then started for Turin. I stopped at Modena, where I knew Father Bresciani, a man of letters, who was just recovering from a serious illness. I saw Reggio and Piacenza, and on arriving at Parma I was presented to one of the Princes of that Duchy. During the journey I made the acquaintance of some young Princes, who had been Jesuits, and received singular marks of kindness from all.

At last I arrived at Turin, and saw Father Lolli, who transferred me to Chieri, where I remained about a month. A book was presented to me in which every novice must write his family origin, the principles of his parents, the reason why he wishes to become a Jesuit, and for what he has most inclination.

If I mistake not, I wrote in Latin that my vocation was to convert the infidels to Catholicism, and to go to India; my plan being to abandon the society directly I should get away from the Continent. But it was impossible for me to support a life of absolute inactivity for six months. I told them that I was ill, which was true, that I suffered from a pain in the loins caused by a fall, and that I did not feel strong enough to bear up against it.

I was then told to go to Turin, when I was advised to return to Romagna, to take cold plunging baths at the Porretta.

Before leaving Turin, I visited all the public, as well as military establishments. I was told that Father Lolli was the King's Confessor, but whether true or not, I must say, that I had never seen a city so populated with monks, and I was assured the Court was completely under Jesuitical influence. I set out at last, and arrived at Imola, where my uncle loaded me with reproaches because I had not assumed the Jesuits' gown. The Archbishop, Mastai Ferretti, did not scruple to show his discontent at the step I had taken in returning. They spoke of the loss of two years' study, which was the chief burthen of their song. I have often thought that Providence assisted me to escape from the trap so artfully set for me, and Him I have to thank for His marvellous preservation of my life on many occasions. However, I did not put on the Jesuits' gown, I knew their wiles; and escaped them.

CHAPTER III.

Bologna.—My Father's House.—A Year of inactivity.—Contact with studious and clever Young Men.—My Historical Studies.—Guicciardini, Machiavelli.—Botta.—Thiers.—Military Readings and Exercises.—My impressions.—Love of Country.—My native good spirits succeeded by melancholy.—Suicide of my Cousin Cesar Salvigni.—My feelings.—Secret Societies.—I enter.—Plans.—Revolution at Barcellona in 1842.—I set out to go there.—The Despatch of the Cardinal Legate to the Tuscan Government, advising it thereof.—My Visé refused.—The Fabrizi Family at Modena.—Return to Bologna.—My first love.—Revolutionary attempts of 1843 and 44.—My arrest.

The unlucky affair of Imola had completely interrupted my studies; at Ravenna they were only obstructed, but through the schemes of the Jesuits, and internal sorrow, I had made little progress, for I found it impossible to set to work with any real application.

At eighteen I was sent to Bologna, where I lived in my father's house, but under the immediate tutelage of my uncle. My father took no particular trouble about me; he cared only for his second family, and I was consequently neglected. I had therefore complete liberty of action, which I fortunately did not abuse, as the precepts of morality, which I had imbibed under my uncle's roof, were strongly impressed on my mind. Thus my uncle's precepts stood me in great stead, as Bologna, like all large cities, abounds with the corrupt and wicked, who so often lead inexperienced youth to destruction. During the first year of my residence there I evinced a certain thoughtlessness, and took no care for the future; I studied nothing except the French language, and some lessons of English, which I speedily forgot, having no opportunities of practising. My occupations were to dress fashionably, to lounge with my acquaintances, to visit the celebrated places in the city, which is very rich in paintings of the famous school, known as the Bolognese, to cultivate gymnastic exercises, and, above all, to practice with the sabre and pistol. If I applied

myself to books, I felt a sleepiness which I could not conquer. As I have said, my father took no interest in me, and my uncle, who was not on the spot, believed that I applied myself to study. But one thing pleased me more than all, the study of military exercises, and I was up every morning at daybreak, and on parade to to see the evolutions of the Swiss military, and that was my only practical study. One day I became acquainted with certain Swiss officers, who told me that, if I desired, I might probably get accepted in some Swiss Military College, and I wrote to my uncle about it, and received an indignant answer, concluding with these words, "Intellect is the gift of God, but it is mine until he deprives me of it." So nothing was done.

In the midst of this kind of life I still had an abhorrence of all kinds of vice. I had sometimes the will to study, but I had nothing to excite me to do so. At last the change came. One day I was in the company of some friends, and amongst them was a young man, named Osimo, a question arose about history and philosophy; I listened with attention to the arguments, but felt myself unequal to take a part. I possessed my share of *amour propre*, and was humbled. I left my companions and determined to apply myself. I felt a new sentiment—emulation. I commenced with Galluppis' philosophy. I studied an entire month, and then returned to Imola, where I privately studied for full three months with Signor Bragalia, Professor of Philosophy. By his assistance I got through the elements of algebra, geometry, and philosophy, and returned again to Bologna. I then wished to dedicate myself to mathematics, but my uncle desired that I should study the law. He wished to make me an advocate, seeing that there was no chance of making me a Jesuit. He wrote, therefore, to the provincial Father Lolli, that I studied the law, which is a very useful thing for those who intend to follow the ecclesiastical career. When it was fully seen that I would have nothing to do with the Jesuits, the Archbishop of Imola, Mastai Feretti, advised my uncle to place me in the Ecclesiastical Academy at Rome. The scholars there learn the elements of legislation, and policy, and leave after three years with the distinctive title of Monsignor.

This career is the favorable one for arriving at the dignities of Nuncio, Princes of the Roman Church, &c., &c. But I would have nothing to do with this scheme. I underwent my examinations in philosophy, and was admitted into the University of Bologna. The first year I applied myself to the study of civil, criminal, and canonical institutions, but I did not commence my readings on legislative discipline until the time for the examinations had nearly arrived; therefore I studied history instead, together with policy, and the military science. I now began to study profoundly the great historians of Italy—Titus, Livy, and Tacitus; the former inflamed me by his eloquence, the latter made me reflect deeply. The former impelled me to attack the Papal-Swiss-troops, the latter to slay a tyrant. I then commenced to read Guicciardini, and the eloquent Botta; then the great Machiavelli—his Discourses upon Livy filled me with wonder; I admired his circumspection, his forethought, and intimate knowledge of ancient history, together with his grand conceptions, and careful deductions. At the time of which I speak, Thiers' history of the revolution appeared. I meditated upon this work. I regarded every portrait, and shed tears over some of the pages. So much blood shed for liberty! So many sacrifices! And then —Slavery! I read Napoleon's Commentaries, and then the speeches of Mirabeau Richetti, and then the Emile, and the Nouvelle Heloise of Rousseau, with Filangieri, Pagano, and Lomonaco. While I was busy with these daily studies I sometimes met with my young friend Osimo. I was not to be compared with him, he was well acquainted with French and German, and knew something of English. He had profoundly studied all the ancient and modern philosophers, Italian and foreign, and yet he was about my own age. Many a time I wished to study them with him, but I proceeded no further than Gallupi's book of philosophy, which I had bought. These studies seemed somewhat arid to me. Osimo was of a singularly melancholy temperament; he often spoke of our country, and by his calm advice, frequently prevented me from attempting to carry out rash projects, which I had formed for her liberation. At that time the

love of my country was uppermost in my mind. This was not only a natural sentiment, but was wonderfully augmented by the ancient authors I had lately studied, and I seemed to live again in those ancient glorious days of the Roman Eagle. Sometimes I thought to shut myself up with my books, and abandon society altogether. I was wrong. I saw in every youth a conspirator, in every man a hero. It was with me, as with those who, confined in their libraries, presume to judge the world without; like those who think theory and practice are the same, who see no difference between the abstract and the positive. In this state of mind I became melancholy, sometimes I met with my friend Osimo. I wished for some one to love, but that I had been taught was a weakness.

Another adventure broke the monotony of my existence. I had a cousin named Cesar Salvigni, aged 30, well educated, courteous, beloved by everyone, and very wealthy, who suddenly blew out his brains, and the reason why he committed suicide was never discovered. I was much afflicted, and strongly tempted to follow his example. For some nights I read and meditated on the letters of Rousseau respecting suicide, but happily reflecting on my duties towards God and my country, and, having become a member of the society called Young Italy, I resisted the temptation.

I now felt relieved. I knew that I had commenced a career where I could serve my country. This happened in 1843. There were rumours of approaching risings in the kingdom of Naples, to be followed by others in the Roman States; plans were being considered, and I was in contact with many of the youth who distinguished themselves in the movements which took place shortly afterwards. I continued my military studies in the hope of soon availing myself of them, and consulted the Swiss officers whom I knew, on principles of warfare.

A movement broke out at Barcelona in 1843. I secretly procured a passport, and immediately set out for Florence. My father became aware of my intentions, and as he did not wish to brave the anger of my uncle, informed the Cardinal legate of the step I

had taken, who sent a dispatch to Florence in order to prevent a "visé" being attached to my passport, without which I could not legally pursue my journey.

This was done; Barcelona was bombarded by Espartero, and the movement shortly after was at an end. At this epoch I became acquainted with the Fabrizi family of Modena, which was at that time composed of four brothers; now three only remain. They loved Italy well, and took part in the revolution of 1831, and Nicholas particularly was distinguished for his profound knowledge of men.

I returned to Imola by my uncle's desire, and before I had been there many days I discovered I had been sent for, that he might study my character. Notwithstanding the excitement I felt at the thought of the rising, which I knew would shortly take place, I remained calm, and was told that I must again return to Bologna to receive my degree. At daylight on the morning of my departure I went to my uncle's bedside, who felt somewhat unwell, to wish him good bye, and to kiss his hand, a custom which I never failed to observe with him from my childhood. He was affected, and said, looking at me stedfastly, "Felix! study! but remain quiet; wisdom is the first quality after honesty, which every good man ought to possess; love your country, but after a proper fashion; love her to do her good and not cause her sorrow,—where there is great cry there is little wool. This is a time of corruption, of material interest, of ambition; you are used by the Liberal chiefs for their own ends; they will get the honour, you the blows. Have the fear of God before your eyes. Up to the present time you have caused me much uneasiness. For the future try to render my existence more tranquil. I know every step you take." Speaking in this wise he held me by the hand, and I perceived that he wanted confidence in me, and replied "Do not doubt me!" Turning his head, he answered "I fear those eyes of yours." The conversation finished here, and I departed towards Bologna.

In June I took my degree, and we suddenly found that the Roman government redoubled its ancient system of coercion and

rigour. Cannon were planted in front of the government palace, at the gates sentinels were doubled, patrols were everywhere, groups of people forbidden to assemble, &c. The news came of movements in the kingdom of Naples, we heard of some bands of armed men collecting in the neighbouring mountains, and some skirmishes took place, in which the Liberals were against the Swiss and the Gendarmes. Great was the agitation—every hour saw fresh projects, the movements of the troops were anxiously watched, and every preparation made for the population to rise in mass. Colonel Ribotti attempted to gain possession of Imola, but the attack failed, the mountain bands were dispersed, innumerable arrests took place, and the chiefs of the movement sought safety in flight. The fury of the government knew no bounds, and the same system existed until the winter of 1844. Meanwhile the Liberals showed much activity, and when the government arrested any one noted amongst them, his place was immediately filled up by another, equal in energy, abnegation, and boldness. Everyone conspired at that time, everyone had a common aim—the destruction of the government. Money was not wanted to carry out the ends of the revolutionists; all the landed proprietors willingly subscribed, the nobility excepted.

Now all this was managed without the assistance of the Chiefs, who lived abroad. True it is that they can influence public opinion; that they should with their writings and eloquence encourage the patriots and keep enthusiasm alive, but to interfere in the internal affairs of a country which they have abandoned for many years, appears to be a piece of unpardonable stolidity; they can only judge from false reports; they cannot possibly know the real state of things, and they arrange plans, which, when they are attempted to be put into execution, must inevitably fail for the reasons above mentioned, and the only result is fresh victims without any result.

In the midst of these troubles I fell in love, and intended to make my beloved my wife. But I thought of my country first; and although I saw her now and then, I entered into the revolutionary projects with my whole heart. I sent plans to my friend Nicholas Fabrizi at Malta, and to other Romagnuolo Chiefs; they

were perhaps somewhat violent, but that was caused by youthful ardour, and the enthusiasm which at that time reigned.

One evening I was going to my beloved. I had a sad presentiment, because some of my writings (unsigned) had been discovered in the lodgings of certain of my friends who had been arrested. Our meeting was a melancholy one, and her parents wished me to explain what was the matter with me; I said that I was unwell, and left early. At three o'clock on the following morning, the 1st May, 1844, I was awoke by a knocking at the door, and I found there Colonel Freddi, with fifteen gendarmes, who had come to arrest me; they made an eight hours' search for papers, and took away my father, and afterwards myself, in chains. My father's wife and children sobbed and wept bitterly. I now saw, and felt too, the iron of despotism, but remained firm and calm. They found no papers which could justify our arrest, but the law of suspicion alone was at that time acted upon, which was sufficient. I was taken to the prison of Saint John on the Mount.

CHAPTER IV.

My first days in prison.—Attili' o Fontana.—Examination.—Seven Patriots are Shot a week after my arrest.—I am taken in chains to Pesaro.—San Leo.—My protest.—Rome.—Sentence to the Galleys for Life, as a Conspirator against the Italian Governments.—Misery of my family.—The Fortress of Civita Castellana.—Amnesty.—Eusebio Barbetti.—Reports concerning him.—Cardinal Lambruchini's Letter.

Notwithstanding I had been carefully searched by the gendarmes, Campari, the chief jailor, made me strip entirely and searched me again. I had never been in a prison before, and I remember upon entering the long corridor, I perceived that inexpressible odour peculiar to prisons, and little did I think at that time I should ever become accustomed to it. When I got to my cell I found there three other prisoners, one of whom was condemned to death for the political affairs of 1843. I had hardly entered, when they made a conventional signal by knocking on the wall, and I afterwards heard that my imprisonment was known to the incarcerated from one end of the gaol to the other. They congratulated me after their fashion, and I heard the words, "Courage, courage, never fear!"

I felt miserable the first day of my imprisonment; the cell was small, the odour disgusting. It was scarcely large enough to contain four persons, a close iron barred window prevented our breathing freely, and I thought it impossible to live even for a short time in such a place. We were visited night and day every two hours. My companions gave me all the necessary information about the interrogations, the examining judge, &c. At night I slept, and woke up thinking myself free. What a sad illusion! I was a prisoner!

On the second day we learnt that my friend Eusebias Barbetti, upon whom had been found one of my papers, was in the same prison, and we put ourselves in communication with him. On a

Friday evening, the 3rd May, I was conducted into the jailor's room, where I found two unknown individuals; it was night, and one candle, with a long wick, only served to show the darkness of the chamber. One acted as secretary, and the other whom I rightly judged to be Attilius Fontana,* seemed to have a lean and pale face, an acquiline nose, and black eyes; he stared for some moments at me without speaking a word. I felt a certain cold sensation creeping over me and spoke not. When my person was verified, the examination commenced thus :—

"Do you know the cause of your arrest?

"No Signor.

"You have heard speak of the movements last summer?

"Yes Signor.

"Did you take any part therein?

"No.

"Do you know Melara, Zambeccari, Biancoli, Muratori, Lovatelli?

"No Signor.

"Do you know Eusebias Barbetti?

"Yes Signor.

"What kind of acquaintance have you with him?

"Superficial.

"You deny all then," said he, "You wish to be your own ruin; poor young man I pity you; you are in the flower of youth; 21 of your companions have been condemned to death, every day we expect that their sentences will be executed. You will be the 22nd. But let us go forward.

"Do you know this writing?

"Yes Signor, it is my own.

"Explain all about it, and be quick?

"One day I found a MSS. on the ground in the public street, it was nearly illegible. I felt some curiosity and copied it, then I tore it up, put it in my pocket, and lost it.

"These are lies," he answered, "you will ruin yourself."

* Attilius Fontana was the prosecutor of the Military Commission.

So my first interrogatory finished.

I was again conducted to my cell, and told my companions what had passed. I slept little that night, and could not help sighing now and then, when I thought of the fate that awaited me.

My writings, which they had discovered, contained part of a revolutionary plan, which Barbetti had not time to burn. There was little hope. I knew it was true about the 21 individuals condemned to death. I thought of the days gone by, of my uncle, my brother, the girl whom I so loved, of liberty, and my own dear Italy! It was hard to die at 24!

On the following Sunday, at two o'clock in the morning, I was awoke by two turnkeys. I rose from my straw bed, and followed them down a flight of stone stairs by the light of torches. "Where are you taking me to," I asked. "We know nothing," replied a turnkey. At last I found myself in the presence of some gendarmes, who chained me to a man whom I did not know, and we were put into a carriage with two gendarmes, and started, without my having any idea whither we were bound. After the doors were closed, I saw that there were two mounted gendarmes on each side of the carriage, with one in front, and another we could hear galloping behind.

Once outside the city gates of Imola the horses were changed, and then I well knew where we were; and when I saw the private school close by, where I had passed my early years, a thousand thoughts crowded into my mind. Was it not likely that my uncle, my brother, and my old companions, wept my fate? I was so near them, and yet could not see nor embrace them.

We continued our journey and took some refreshment at the Barrack, where I recognized Freddi, a Captain of gendarmes, son of the noted Colonel. As we were well chained, and found some difficulty to eat, one of each of our hands was permitted to be unloosed. Let the reader remember this circumstance. We afterwards started again on our journey. On Monday at dawn we arrived at Pesaro, so that we had gone over seventy miles of ground in twenty-six hours. I was here separated from my companion,

and placed in a secret cell three yards long to four wide. I could scarcely breathe; one day I knocked my head against the wall, and made a great noise, and at last they allowed me to have the shutters open, as the window was not glazed. This was at a considerable height, and the cell was visited every two hours. There was a straw bed, a blanket not too clean, and every kind of insect which delight in these abodes of misery. I was at length permitted to have some broth sent to me from without. I had been two days there already, when I heard an unusual noise of chains, cries, and singing; I heard some words, but enough to make me aware that of the twenty-one (See Document XXVIII.) condemned to death, fourteen were sent to the galleys "a chiodo"* at Civitavecchia, and seven had been shot in the back. These were the unfortunate men who knocked on the wall of my cell at Bologna, and with whom I at that time corresponded. This made me sad. It showed me that the commencement of my imprisonment was not consoling. I heard the words, death by shooting in the back, or the galleys "a chiodo" for life, and finding nothing reassuring I made preparations for the worst.

So the days came and passed away, in the morning I sang a little, but the remainder of the day I lay down and felt an extraordinary weakness. After 15 days I was examined by the Judge Piselli. The interrogatories were very similar to the other, and my replies likewise, as I confirmed all that I had already repeated.

Another 15 days passed, and Corvini the jailor bade me come out, and placed me in a cell with Henry Serpieri, of Rimini; afterwards a certain Burzatta was placed there, and my Father after that. My father looked pale, for he had recently been bled, and had not yet recovered his strength. In the morning we were all four chained together and sent to Urbino. Ten days after, we were placed on horseback securely chained, and in two days arrived at the fortress of San Leo. At Macerata Feltria we were

* This means, that the prisoner is chained up for life to the wall of his cell, with a chain a yard long. His bed consists of a plank, and his chain is never unloosed until death.

able to speak from the prisons with Renzi a friend of Serpieri's. He and 40 of his companions, were ready to liberate us from the gendarmes, during the journey to San Leo. Serpieri, the only one with whom he spoke, would not consent.

At last we arrived at San Leo. This castle of the ancient and powerful lords of Montefeltro was erected before the tenth century or thereabouts. It is seated on the top of a very elevated cone like the rock of the Appenines, and dominates all the neighbouring castles, opposite the hill on which is seated the ancient town and republic of San Marino. With a serene sky the misty outlines of the Zalinatian mountains may be distinguished, and the view of the surrounding country from the castle walls is most magnificent. Before the invention of cannon it was impregnable, but now there are some ancient pieces of cannon and "spingarde" upon the walls, and it is used as a prison for incorrigible political offenders, or those who are under process. Here the famous Cagliostro was confined in the last century. The air is excellent, but the cold is intense in winter, and I recollect passing the winter days there, wrapped up in an old blanket in a corner of my cell, with every tooth in my head chattering. The Governor or Commandante was named Dellanni, an ex-officer of Napoleon, who treated us as state prisoners. He was a man of education, and showed us all the kindness compatible with his position and duty. One day he came to see us, and brought the sad news that the brothers Bandiera had been shot, with several of their comrades, for an attempt at revolution in Calabria. We were turned into stone, and when he was gone we were all equally afflicted, and we felt that sorrow which all true patriots do, when they hear of the arrest or death of fresh friends, martyrs to the sacred cause for which we were then suffering.

During our imprisonment at San Leo there was an attempted flight, concerted with certain soldiers of the garrison. It was discovered. We were separated. Some of the soldiers were arrested, tried, and condemned to the gallies for a certain number of years. One day I sent for the Commandant. I requested that he would allow me to send a letter to the military commission,

sitting at Bologna, by whose order I was arrested. My request was granted. I wrote nearly as follows:—I desired that my case might be proceeded with without further delay; that I had done nothing against the Government, as I had stated during my examinations, and that even if I had done anything, I should only have done my simple duty towards my country; I continued, that I knew the fate which awaited me, but that death had no terrors for me; that innocence does not tremble; that the pure die on the scaffold with the same serenity as Pagano and Cirillo, and that every drop of innocent blood shed makes thousands of proselytes. What induced me to this? The contempt which I felt for those who had placed me in chains! The love of my country, and the anxiety to prove to our enemies in the face of death, which menaced us, that we feared not their despotism, and scorned their tyranny. My fellow-sufferers said that I had committed an act of folly. But when I was liberated, in consequence of the amnesty, they congratulated me; and at the time of the Roman republic, when we got the processes into our power, many persons were astonished at my bold declaration, and offered me their friendship; but I had only done my duty as a patriot and citizen.

Six or seven months after, we were invited to go to Rome, to be present at the cases before the Sacra Consulta, which is the exceptional tribunal for political crimes. In Romagna the Military Commissions also existed, but our relations succeeded in getting us tried by the first Tribunal, which was considered less bloody. It is composed entirely of priests of the rank of Monsignori, in appearance most charitable, but in reality, more merciless than the Military Commissions. I left San Leo in company with my fellow-prisoner, Presepi of Rimini.

During our journey we arrived at Sinigaglia, and were placed for two days in the fortress, where I found several murderers, and I felt a repugnance which may easily be imagined. They were of the peasant class. They had one night broken into the house of a peasant, where they murdered the head of the family, and violated the young daughter by the side of her father's body. They then slew her. These fellows related their cruelties with much indiffer-

ence. Although the murderers were seven in number, I was confined with only two of them. They had red hair, coarse and brutal like features, and I confess that I was unable to sleep while I remained with them, and for the first and last time in my life, felt something akin to fear. I knew afterwards that they had all been beheaded. I relate this incident to show how political prisoners are treated, and with what ruffians they are placed in contact.

For seventeen consecutive days we travelled in a cart chained to thieves, and at the end of each day's journey we were put in prison with the worst of characters, until obliged to continue our lugubrious journey each morning. We were horribly treated, and every hour the carabineers seized the end of the chain which linked us together by sixes, and drew it with violence making each man feel it. This was to prove if we were properly secured; and the pain we felt in the wrists (being handcuffed) by these continual shocks was indescribable.

In fact we were subjected to treatment which makes me shudder to think of even now; chained to the worst of delinquents, covered with disgusting vermin, and not allowed to cleanse ourselves from filth acquired in the journey, and not permitted to travel at our own expense.

I remember one occurrence. When they took us out of the prison at Pesaro, and conducted us to our cart, we saw some persons collected either through sympathy or curiosity, and my companion Preseni hung down his head, when I cried out to him, "What dost thou fear? Are we thieves? Everyone must account for his own actions." These words had their effect, and he blushed no more but held his head up like an innocent man. When we arrived at Nebi, we obtained permission to travel in a calesse; the gendarmes were mounted, and they allowed us to sit with our faces to the horses, which had not been permitted up to that time. It was a sort of pleasure to me. I saw before me vast tracts of uncultivated land, and now and then remains of tombs, bridges, and aqueducts, and we saw at last the great city, seated on the seven hills, and crowning all, the immense cupola

of St. Peter. Rome! Eternal Rome! I beheld for the first time, and the memories of all its ancient glory crowded into my mind. I was at last on that classic soil, and near those sacred hills whence the Romans departed east and west, to show their eagle and to conquer; to carry their civilization to distant lands, and make all nations bow to the mighty name of Rome.

What is Rome now? The shadow of a dead giant! Within its walls every vice is committed, and the Eternal City is become a prey to a horde of Priests and ignorant Monks.

We entered by the Angelica Gate, because political prisoners are prohibited from entering by the People's Gate. We were taken to the new prison in Julia Street, on the banks of the Tiber, and afterwards locked up in the secret dungeons of Saint Matthew. I found there Serpieri and my companions, but how changed and pale. Some were dressed in the two-coloured uniform of the galleys, the room was dark and damp, no ray of the blessed sun ever penetrated there. Our food was a little bread with warm water, and rice, haricot beans or maccaroni, every twenty-four hours, which was not enough to satisfy a hungry man; our bed consisted of a bag of straw, with a well-used blanket. In the opposite prison of St. Matthew, ten Romans were confined, and Montecchi amongst the rest. Notwithstanding all the rigour used, we managed to correspond with each other.

A few days after my arrival it was announced that the congregation of the Holy Heart of Jesus would at Christmas visit the prisoners, and the following morning the Chancellor, with some priests stood in the passage which led to the secret cells, and we were called out one by one; so we appeared before them with our caps in our left hand, and with the right hand stretched out to receive the "paols," and we thanked them. What a humiliation! And yet it was necessary to do so. During my imprisonment in Rome two capital sentences were executed, but not for political affairs. The conforteria, or room where the criminal receives his last sacrament before his execution, was above the cell where I was confined. In the evening I saw the guillotine pass my window when the bloody work was done; what a lugubrious sight this was.

to men who expected to suffer the same fate, I leave my readers to imagine. The night before the execution I heard the wailings of the condemned patients; one of them, the youngest, did nought but walk to and fro with a firm and equal step, and would have nothing to do with the confessor. Poor youth, he was only nineteen; he had been condemned to two or three years of imprisonment for a common assault, but while in there, he was ill-treated by one of the turnkeys, whom he struck on the head and killed with a blow from an implement, which he, the instant before, had been using for a very different purpose; for this he was decapitated!

Some months passed, and it was announced to us that the process was completed; that the advocate for me and my father had been selected by my uncle, who had already given him a sum of money in advance. This was the advocate Dionisi. I was brought into his presence, and he immediately said to me, "Your case is a bad one, a very bad one; it is better that you confess everything." I shuddered at this mode of opening the subject, and replied that I had done nothing, neither did I know anything about it. He then said, "Well, if you will go to destruction, you may go your own way." I asked him about my father, and he answered that he would not be convicted. After a short time he came again, and conducted himself in the same manner, but I still denied, and refused to confide anything to him. The advocate defender (improperly so called) was as bad as the examining magistrate, and his defence was worse than useless. Meanwhile I discovered, from secret intelligence, which was conveyed to us from time to time, that I should be condemned to the galleys for life. My companions pitied me. Eusebius Barbetti had been confined with us, and sought to rescue me; but I shall speak afterwards of this.

At length the day of trial came, and we were taken, securely chained, to the Government House, in Piazza Madama; as to me, they took off my handcuffs, and thrust me into a hall, and I found myself face to face with six or seven judges, dressed as Monsignori of the Roman Church, presided over by Monsignor Matteucci.

My Advocate, Dionigi, was present, and the Secretary, Evangelisti, who was afterwards killed by the Liberals. I said some words in my defence, when I was ordered to keep quiet, and the bell of the President being rung, I was handcuffed and conducted back again to my prison. Later my companions returned; they had all undergone the same formalities; there was no defence permitted, as they were silenced like myself by the President's bell. In the course of a month or thereabouts we were taken without warning to the Cancelleria, in the Palace of the Government, where I saw opposite the gates a company of soldiers drawn up with their arms shouldered. We were ordered up one by one before a government officer called the Cursore, who read our sentences, condemning us all but one to the galleys for life. Presepi alone was condemned to three years at the galleys, as he had been in some measure a witness. Serpieri was in the hospital, and there the sentence was communicated to him also. The Romans more or less had the same sentence. Montecchi was condemned for life.

The title of the process under which I was tried was "for a conspiracy against all the governments of Italy." Before I proceed further, I am bound to render a tribute to a generous friend. I mentioned that Eusebius Barbetti, endeavoured to save me. He was a native of Russi, near Ravenna, of a good family, and had studied mathematics with advantage. His age was about the same as my own. He was of small stature, and outwardly by no means prepossessing; with dark thick bushy chestnut hair, and black penetrating eyes. He was a man of singular courage, astuteness, and perseverance, and capable of sacrificing himself for his friend, for the woman he loved, or for his country. From his early youth he had been connected with conspiracies and secret societies. I knew him in 1843, and arranged with him for the execution of the revolutionary plan, which I mentioned some pages back. He loved me as a brother. A certain Cerestes Biancoli and others differed with him in opinion. This was the cause afterwards why Biancoli, who was an intriguer, spoke ill of him, and set a rumour about that he was a spy; and he succeeded so well in his attempt to injure him, that some little time before

I became acquainted with him, Barbetti was nearly assassinated. This was done by a certain party which does not act through true love of their country, but only through ambition, who for some private quarrel, set afloat calumnious reports; these are received without examining their truth or falsity; people begin to repeat them, enemies take advantage, the shadow enlarges and becomes embodied; timid friends avoid the calumniated individual, and have not the moral courage to defend him, and so we often see a good and honourable man ruined in name and reputation, who might have been useful to his country, and who was only prevented by the low envy of the vile and cowardly. Such was Eusebius Barbetti's fate! And this has been the destiny of many others, by means of those men who boast of being virtuous and patriotic, whilst they are in reality infamous and vile, meriting only universal contempt.

Having escaped the dagger, he continued fearlessly to use his energies to benefit his country, and made those tremble who had calumniated him. Compelled to fly from Bologna, in 1843, through the events in which he took a principal part, the falsehoods against him took another form; but when he was arrested, being no more able to make himself respected, his secret enemies came forward boldly, and gave out a report that he had allowed himself to be arrested on purpose. My defence of him was not sufficient, nor the fact that he lay chained in one of the worst secret cells, and that, if he had so wished, he had it in his power to cause my arrest also. It was all of no avail! Some months after, I was arrested, and he lost his defender. The calumny then became a positive fact, and my uncle, seeing Barbetti's brother one day, sent him away from his house, as the author of my own misfortune. However, in the process he conducted himself exceedingly well towards everyone. The Papal Government was much irritated against him. That is the best reply to those who called him a spy. The following letter of Cardinal Lambruchini will clearly set this subject at rest for ever. (See Document xxxiv.)

Before being brought before the judges, Barbetti said to me,

"Of us two, one must save himself; and you being younger and better qualified, may render more services to our country than myself; you must absolutely be saved; the conduct of us both, up to this present time, would be sufficient to convict us;" and he consequently would take everything upon himself, even if his life paid for it. I would not permit this; but he on his trial pronounced the words which would have ruined him, but saved me. It was useless, because the judges believing that we were of accord, condemned us both to the galleys for life. When I name Barbetti I feel proud, as I always considered him a friend, and I ever found him a true Italian. I could not have believed that so much virtue could be found in these times, if I had not myself witnessed it. How difficult it is to find such abnegation and friendship I have had opportunities of knowing, having passed through so many storms, processes, imprisonments, &c. Virtue is rare, oh rare indeed! These words would tend to give us small consolation. Let us not think on this subject! Let us not spy into the corruption of society; but we at least may console ourselves that virtue is a fact; therefore let us continue to drag on a weary life as well as we can, doing our duty towards man and the Almighty who made us!*

I will now take up the thread of my discourse. After the sentences had been made known to us, an idea had entered our minds to attempt an escape, as the height from the window to the ground was little. The only obstacles were an iron grating, and the sentinels who walked round the prisons. But the latter had been bought over by some of our friends without. We corresponded with one of our committees in Rome. Saws were procured to cut the bars; a vessel left Leghorn, and cast anchor in the waters of Fiumicino to carry us away, but it unfortunately happened that the time it would take to cut the bars was not well calculated, so that we were not prepared by the evening, which had been arranged with the sentinels. They were relieved, and all our hopes blasted. After fifteen days the order for our

* Barbetti died in France after the Amnesty.

departure arrived; but first of all, the government gave instructions that we should celebrate the Pasqual ceremonies, which fell about that time. The Jesuits were to instruct us in the preparatory exercises. We were compelled to be present for eight days at the annoying sermons of the followers of Loyola, together with criminals of every kind. Father confessors were afterwards sent to us. We selected the capuchins. Their first words were, that we ought to thank the Holy Father, inasmuch as we were allowed to be admitted to penitence. Any one may imagine how these words were received by us, when it is remembered that the pope had condemned us to the galleys for life, our only crime being that we loved our country. But we were obliged to bow our heads, and remain quiet. After being consoled by those pious exercises, we were chained two and two, and sent, provisionally, to Civita Castellana, because our ultimate destiny was the galley at Civitavechia.

The fortress of Civita Castellana rises near the city of that name. It was erected by Pope Alexander VI., the celebrated Borgia, as a country residence. In the middle of the fortifications was a large tower, which commanded the surrounding country, and is separated from the other parts of the fortress by a ditch with drawbridges. There the commandant had his quarters. The ancient apartments of the Pope and his Court are now used as receptacles for political prisoners. There are two stories on the ground floor, with a large court surrounded by porticoes, which communicated with many small cells; the first floor was disposed in like manner, except that on two sides there are entrances leading to two large Halls, where the Popes held their banquets. From these halls we arrive at the ancient bedchamber of the Pope, which, during the time I saw it, was used as an infirmary for the prisoners. The room is small, with vaulted roof and thick walls; the ancient tapestry has disappeared, and probably the memorials of many a dark deed attributed to that terrible family. On the ceiling of the two great halls, are many beautiful wood carvings richly gilt, and in a fine state of preservation. On the walls of the "loggia" looking on to the courtyard, there are some fine remains

of frescoes, which for the most part represent obscene subjects; a most eloquent proof of the taste of that Pope and his court, whose scandals horrified Europe, and have left an infamous name even to our own day.

The land surrounding this castle is uncultivated, and stagnant waters make the air pestilential, so that in the summer periodical fevers prevail, which cause a great mortality amongst the prisoners, as well as the inhabitants of the town and circumjacent country.

The number of prisoners confined in the fortress amounted to one hundred and twenty; of these forty were condemned for the movement at Viterbo, in 1837, and their sentence to the galleys had been mitigated to that of confinement. They were permitted to work at their several trades, and to possess musical instruments. The others were implicated in the movements of Romagna, and, like my companions and myself, were destined to the galleys. Although we were only sent to Civita Castellana provisionally, we created a committee among ourselves, to be re-elected every three months, and the aim was to maintain tranquillity and order in the prison, to represent the prisoners' wants to the Commandant Latini, to examine our food, and to refuse that which was unwholesome, and finally to instruct those who were ignorant. By day, reading, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and geography was taught. So that we made the best of time, which lay less heavily on our hands, knowing that we were in some measure useful to humanity.

We had many reasons to be suspicious of our guards and jailors, so much so, that most of the prisoners had made weapons out of the different instruments used in their trades. The Commandant knew of this, but was never able to discover our weapons. We formed a picture of society in miniature, with the difference however, that confinement and privations, made many of us irritable, and melancholy. We had no high aspirations, no enthusiasm, no lightheartedness, but instead, loss of health, family reminiscences, and all the evils which accompany the loss of Heaven's greatest blessing—Liberty! Truly, I have observed in many instances that imprisonment is the touchstone, which brings out the good or bad qualities of man, as man then shows

himself in his natural state. Many heterogeneous elements existed amongst us. Those who had been condemned upon political suspicion alone were generally bad, having been guilty of other crimes unconnected with politics. The government had them placed amongst us to cause disunion and disorder. This will explain the reasons why the committee was formed, which exercised a kind of moral power. Sometimes, notwithstanding all our precautions, disturbances would arise, but the committee and the most respectable prisoners always interfered to prevent mischief.

Once all our efforts proved vain. There was a quarrel between several of the worst conducted prisoners, and I wished to arrange it; I succeeded for the moment; I was exposed to danger, and M. Montecchi advised me not to run such a risk again, with the aphorism, that where we have sufficient power to prevent an evil it is our duty to do so; but where we have not, it is better to let it alone. While he and others spoke upon the subject, I was suddenly attacked by six men, one of whom Scipio Lunganesi Venturi, native of Russi, gave me six stabs with a pointed weapon; one struck me in the waist and penetrated half an inch only, as I was protected by a thick leather belt, which was cut clean in two; two stabs I received in the shoulder, which penetrated about two inches; one in the head, and one on the top of the shoulder. The two latter were slight, it was done in a moment. They all fled instantly, save one whom I seized by the throat, and he let his weapon fall. At last I left him half suffocated, and retired to my room. All the prisoners were alarmed, and wished to execute Lynch Law upon the assassin. The jailors came, on hearing the confusion, and locked us each in our respective cells. Doctor Palmieri, of Vergato, near Bologna, my fellow-prisoner, bound up my wounds. In the morning of the following day, Eusebius Barbetti called the would-be assassin to him; they had a serious conversation, which was nearly concluded by the death of one or the other. Barbetti was a man of sense, firmness, and courage. The other was a coward, and capable only of treachery, so that he quailed before my friend. While this was taking place, a great cry arose among

the prisoners, "Let Lunganesi out—let the peacebreaker be turned out!" The consequence was, that he and his companions were constrained to ask the Commandant as a favour, to be conveyed to another prison within the fortress. This was accorded. I was in bed, and before they left us, they came to me, begging my forgiveness. I answered that I forgave them; but that I could not understand how they could ask a man to pardon them entirely, and forget their misconduct, when they had nearly killed him. They went away much afflicted and nearly in tears, when I said that I bore no malice. I never saw them again. After some days I rose; was ordered to appear before the Commandant, he knew all, asked about my hurts, would make a process; when I answered that he seemed to understand more about the affair than myself; that I had been in bed through the fever; that the facts he recounted were new to me, that I could not understand why people should take the trouble to make such inventions. I felt myself bound in honour to act in this wise, having already pardoned the aggressors.

A month or two after this affair the Commandant received orders to commence preparations for our departure to Civitavecchia, but dared not inform us of his orders, as he believed we should make resistance. He imagined the following stratagem:—During the summer, we had at least one hundred of our companions ill with the prevailing fever, and the doctor made two visits daily. His coming was announced by the ringing of the court bell, and some of the sick were ordered to attend the doctor in a little room outside our prison. One day two of our companions were examined by the doctor, followed by two more prisoners successively. Time passed, and they did not return. We heard afterwards that they had been taken in chains to Civitavecchia. This deception annoyed us all, and the committee appealed to the Commandant, who replied that he had resorted to this stratagem, to execute his orders received from Rome. The Committee showed its surprise, and at the same time said, that if they were informed what persons were selected to go, no opposition would be made. The committee returned, related the result of its interview, and

advised all to be quiet and resigned. The evening passed in sadness, and our usual songs were not heard; but we were far from imagining all that was to befal us. About eventide the chief jailors entered the court yard to lock us up in our respective cells. Suddenly, some of the prisoners rushed upon them with sticks, and we heard cries, musket shots, and voices shouting "fire the cannon." This surprised us, and we then perceived that the soldiers, on hearing the jailors' cries, entered the gate, and fired upon the prisoners without distinction, at the same time crying out to the artillerymen to fire the cannon, which was always pointed in front of the iron gate, towards the court yard. We hurried into the cells, and one of our companions was wounded. All that night four sentinels guarded the gate; and the tower, which commanded the court, was filled with soldiers and gendarmes, and we heard the Commandant give orders to fire at the least alarm. None of us retired to rest. Twelve o'clock came the next morning, but no refreshments were brought. Then I and Serpieri, in the prisoners' name, advanced towards the iron gates. The sentries told us to halt, but I advanced with a petititon, desiring him to consign it to the Commandant. It was accepted. Shortly after, the Commandant, surrounded by soldiers and gendarmes, appeared at the gate, and making a threatening speech, concluded by saying, that if we did not send out those prisoners whom he should name, he was determined to supply no more food, and that if the jailors were again molested, he would cause the prisoners to be fired upon indiscriminately. He was told that no one opposed his orders. Then, about sixty of our comrades were called out and sent to Civitavecchia, to the galleys "al chiodo." Twenty days afterwards we asked for information about our companions, and we discovered that ten of them had died, through the miseries they underwent while there. This was the fate reserved for us!

After the disturbance above related, some of us planned an escape, and Barbetti and myself were secretly arranging how it could be managed; we were on the point of putting it into execution, when we had the news that the Pope Gregory XVI. was very ill, and this interrupted our preparations, as we hoped that a change of

government would bring us some relief. One day we heard of his death through a secret channel. It would be useless to describe the joy which shone on each prisoner's face; no one thought of work; instead of which nothing was seen but a moving to and fro, joyful meetings, shaking of hands, exchange of glances, a making of projects. We knew that the garrison was ordered to remain in quarters, the sentries doubled; this showed that a movement of the prisoners was feared, which fully confirmed the news of the old Pope's death.

The joy of the prisoners could be restrained no longer, but broke out in a singular manner—from one end of the prison to the other a monotonous funeral chant. This arose from the grateful prisoners, to assist the passage of Gregory the XVIth's soul on its road to eternity.

The jailors entered, and demanded the reason of this unusual demonstration, and of course they gained no information, and on our side we only replied by a covert smile and a low bow. Our joy continued, and we began to be aware that the Cardinals were passing the fortress on their way to the conclave, as each received a certain number of salutes from the cannon on the bastions. The Commandant, finding concealment no longer necessary, communicated the news to us that Cardinal Mastai Feretti, whom I have had occasion to mention as Archbishop of Imola, had been elected to the Papal Chair. Not long after, we heard that the amnesty was being printed, and that it was expected the next day. Liberty being certain at last, the Commandant permitted us to give a great banquet at our own cost. The prisons were illuminated, and our cells remained open all night. Joy was at its height. In the four angles of the court we lighted great bonfires! In the centre we formed one, of the tables, chairs, benches, and working implements, which for so many years had been used by the prisoners. All burnt splendidly, while arose great shouts of "Viva l' Italia."

We slept not that night. In the morning the scene changed. We waited and waited, but no amnesty. Sudden joy was followed by sudden depression; at least in many instances, but not in all,

because many did not believe from the first in Papal clemency. Eight days passed away, and our position was at once absurd and lamentable.

One day after dinner the Commandant appeared on the battlement of the tower, and threw into the midst of us some printed papers, saying aloud—"Cry hurrah!" Some replied, but it appeared to be received with indifference. The papers were copies of the amnesty, which was read aloud by some of our comrades. The Commandant then caused the iron gates to be opened, and we were allowed to visit all the interior of the fortress. The moment was a memorable one. There was embracing between the soldiers and the prisoners; offences were forgotten by both parties, and the joy was general. We were all Italians; and forgetting all past miseries, we celebrated our restoration to liberty. These moments make us forget past sufferings and all that is wicked in the human heart.

In the evening we were again shut up in the court yard. In the morning we wished to roam over the fort again, but it was not permitted—fresh depression for us—we believed the amnesty a cheat! We learnt afterwards that this was caused by the absurd distinction between the prisoners who were confined for *delitti puri politici*, and *delitti misti*, viz., the former being only compromised by belonging to political societies, &c., whereas the latter had attempted to carry out the plans of the others by force of arms. Absurd distinction! Worthy only of the Roman government.

We at last were free, but our joy was dashed by the thought that from thirty to forty of our best companions still remained prisoners. After having declared in writing that upon our honour we would never more disturb public order, nor act against our legitimate sovereign, we were set at liberty. This declaration has drawn down upon us the ire of Sig. Farini. Could we conscientiously make such a promise? Certainly! We had begun to consider that government the only legitimate one, because it commenced by promising reforms, personal liberty, and satisfaction to the popular wants; by recognising those who had taken part in the preceding revolutions as honourable men; by giving an amnesty; by confessing by facts that the former government

was nought else but a despotism. Now in 1848 and 49 have we broken our word of honour? Have we attempted to subvert public order? Have we operated against the legitimacy of the Sovereign? No! We took up arms against Pius IX, because he turned round upon us, because he commenced to walk in the footmarks of his predecessors; because he fled; because he betrayed his subjects and his country; because he colleagued with foreign despots; because he in the end ceased to be a legitimate Sovereign.

Before I proceed farther, it is necessary that I should retrace my steps a little, that I may be able to give my readers a correct idea of the Papal Government, by means of certain documents in my possession.

CHAPTER V.

Papal atrocities.—Military Commissions.—Law of Suspicion.—Arbitrary arrests.—Italians and other Foreigners exposed to surveillance.—Police marks on Passports.—Domiciliary visits under false pretences.—Spy system in the Confessional.—Schools and Universities.—Flogging in Girls' Seminaries.—A Priest's Denunciation sufficient to cause an arrest.—The Police form an opinion from genius, courage, and family ties.—Censorship.—Newspapers.—Their circulation prohibited.—Original Roman State Papers to prove what is asserted.—Foreign Policy relating to the Italian Insurrections.—France.—England.—Sir James Graham.—Lord Aberdeen.—False Statements in the House of Lords.

After the fall of the great Napoleon the Papal government was re-established, with all its ancient abuses; and the corruption in every part of the state, whether civil or political, combined with the excesses of the pontifical system, has rendered it a proverb of infamy with every civilized people.

We find public instruction impeded, industry despised, even the fine arts uncared for; while commerce is restricted, agriculture neglected, notwithstanding the prolific soil; immorality prevailing in every political, civil, and religious community; criminal and civil justice vilely sold, and the civil administration of the state in the hands of priests, friars, or civilians, as it matters little whether they are ignorant or learned, provided they are fanatical supporters of the clerical body. The consequences of this system of misrule are a heavy taxation, an impunity for crime, toleration for theft, brigandage rampant, the army composed of mercenaries, the Swiss troops trusted; and some years ago, a body of rude militia, called "Centurioni" and "Papalini," were organized, collected from among the worst criminals in the state, and officered by nephews of the Pope, of the Cardinals, or of the Priests.

Military commissions and capital punishments again became the order of the day, with imprisonment, espionage, an inquisi-

torial system combined with persecution, and a rigorous censorship, instead of the liberty of thought and action.

We find nothing but disorder from the highest political administration, viz. that of the Secretary of State down to the lowest. In the military, civil, and religious departments, the constant levers employed to keep in motion the crazy machine of Papal government are gold, corruption, and intrigue.

The causes of discontent being so manifest, revolutions followed as a natural consequence, and the result of every futile attempt on the part of the people, was exile, or the scaffold; and the survivors were subjected to secret sectarian fury, or political vengeance, thus compelling the patriots to take the law into their own hands against the myrmidons of despotism.

The evils suffered by the Roman people were well known to the Courts of Europe, who repeatedly made diplomatic representations to the Roman Government, counselling it to abandon a system so evidently contrary to good policy,* at the same time pointing out the material wants of the population.

The Roman Court promised as usual, temporised, but performed nothing; and the protesting powers, Austria, England, France, Prussia, and Russia, were deceived, and they well knew it! Yet notwithstanding this, when the very existence of the Papal Court was seriously menaced by revolution, the powers sent their armies to hold the Romans in subjection, who had risen to obtain from their government reforms in the state and administration, which the powers themselves had acknowledged to be just and necessary, thus upholding a government which they had conjointly condemned as corrupt, fanatical, and totally unfitted for the present century.

Remarkable contradiction! Only too worthy of diplomacy! which is truly said to be covered by the cloak of perfidy and hypocrisy.

To prove that these assertions are not lightly made, nor destitute

* The Memorandum alluded to was presented by the foreign powers to the Papal government, and dated 10th May, 1831.

of foundation, we publish herewith certain *authentic documents** of the Roman Court which we became possessed of during the Roman Revolution of 1848-49.

Time and revolution often bring to light the most secret acts of governments. Truth pierces the clouds at last, which had veiled her so long, and we then perceive the degradation of those *men* who enjoyed so much public esteem and reputation, who had so often shown their patriotism in no other manner than in declaiming violently against certain systems opposed to their own.

How often do we see that for a long period Providence makes no sign; but in the end his benign influence is felt, raising up the just and honest man, and confounding the unjust and despotic. Thus the true man alone, in the sanctuary of his own conscience knows no fear; through him no orphan suffers, no widow weeps; he has no remorse for having ever failed in his duty as a man, as a father, or as a citizen, and although contemning the vile, his hand is ever open to succour honest poverty, or suffering virtue.

Returning to the subject of the present work, we shall find that the entire political direction of the Papal States is concentrated in the office of the "Segretaria" of Rome, which is presided over by a Cardinal, and from this office emanates every disposition concerning diplomatic relations with foreign powers, the religious affairs of the Court of Rome, the circulars to the Cardinal legates on political matters (See Document I.), the orders to keep an eye on suspected individuals (See Documents II. III. IV.), the permissions granted for the return of exiles (See Document V.), and the most arbitrary orders for arrest. (See Document VI.)

* Many of the documents were discovered in the Head Police Office, in Rome; others amongst the private archives of Sig. Freddi, Colonel of the Papal Gendarmes, whose name is rendered infamous, from the part he took in the Military Commissions, which spread terror throughout the territory of Romagna, in the years 1843, 1844, and 1845. Since the year 1831 Colonel Freddi has been intimate with the principal Cardinals, the Duke of Modena, and his Ministers, as well as with the principal agents of the Austrian police and government. During the political movements at Bologna, in 1843, he was the soul of the Papal government, and to him were confided the reins of the entire police system, which afterwards became a "*sinè quâ non*" condition. Together with his papers, we possess some precious documents, revealing the intrigues of the then Papal court; amongst which are many letters from all the foreign representatives, the Cardinal legates, and the Monsignori, as well as the sentences of the Military Commissions of 1843, up to the day of the Amnesty, with many other most important documents. We now publish some of these papers.

There is a Home Minister, a Minister of Finance, and a Minister of War, the chief of which is always of the rank of Monsignore, whose education has been completed in the church, amidst incense and sacred music. But the Home Minister, although independent of the Secretary of State, has no other duties than to dispose of the different vacancies under government, of whatever nature they may be, in the exercise of which privilege he gains considerable sums by selling appointments to those who offer the largest prices, and in whose secrecy he can best confide. This glaring system of corruption is one of the greatest evils of the Roman States. As I have shown, this is the only duty of the Home Minister; the other departments, being entirely dependant on the Secretary of State, rarely do anything else than arbitrate in certain cases, although their judgments are generally favourable to the government. It is easy to conceive the confusion attending such a state of things. As these arbitrations frequently fail to satisfy the persons interested, and as it often happens in similar cases that unjust judgments are rarely forgotten, a continual ill-feeling between the government and the people is a necessary consequence; the latter are continually conspiring to throw off a detested yoke, which is mainly sustained by Swiss, Austrian, and French bayonets; and the former, led on by a blind despotism, carries out the spy system to such a frightful extent, that the Roman population is driven to despair, desiring even the time of Tiberius to return again.

The difficulties attending the traveller, whether foreign or native, are innumerable, as are the formalities relating to passports. This is shown by any Guide Book, so that it also is useless to dilate further upon it. I will only remark that no Italian nor foreigner can go from one city to another, without being vigilantly watched by the Roman and local police (See Documents VII. VIII.), including that of Austria, and the small Italian governments, whose agents exercise their surveillance, under innumerable disguises. The police have besides, a system of secret signs (See Document IX. X.), with which they mark the passports, unknown to the unwary traveller, and understood only by themselves, which indicate the amount of

espionage to be used according to the importance of the traveller. When a suspected individual makes his appearance in any town, there is a most active correspondence, from the Secretary of State's office with its Consuls and Nuncios, residing in foreign parts, as well as with those in Italy.

This spy system is exercised in the first place by the Consuls (See Document XI.), amongst whom Sig. Marzucco, of Oneglia, the Chevalier Pisoni, of Genoa, the Marquis Romagnoli, of Leghorn, Sig. Ferrari, of Marseilles, &c., particularly distinguished themselves. Secondly (See Document XI.), which exposes all the system of espionage), by those travelling confidential agents of the government, who swell the host of spies, who penetrate into every establishment, the Universities, the Italian scientific Congresses, and even insinuate themselves amongst the persons employed on the roads, &c. Thirdly, by the bishops, through the agency of the Confessors, inferior Clergy, &c. Fourthly, by secret confidential agents, who are sent abroad to the cities frequented by Italian emigrants, with the object of gaining the friendship and confidence of the chief patriots, &c. The office of a secret spy is only assumed by the lowest and meanest of mankind, and we find that even the Cardinals themselves confess that these persons can be rarely relied upon. (See Document XIII.) Nevertheless, they constantly employ and pay them, and upon them the Roman governmental system is principally based. A document will be found in this collection showing that the Pope Leo XII. was in direct communication with a certain Migliari, of Ferrara, Chief Engineer, who forwarded political reports, and even communicated projects for a new system of police. (See Document XVII.)

By these means, and through these agents, the Roman police is enabled to arrest the persons indicated in the secret reports, and the denunciation by a priest (See Document XIV.) alone is considered sufficient ground for an arrest; but if the suspicions do not warrant imprisonment, which is rarely the case, it becomes necessary to discover or invent some plausible motive for proceedings; and to this end a nocturnal domiciliary visit is made, to

discover some pretext or other, to colour the arrest intended to be made. (See Documents XV. and XVI.)

The police keep a Register, in which the names of all suspected persons are found. First, with notes on their previous lives, which sometimes date back from twenty to thirty years. Secondly, (See Documents XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., and XXI.,) with information relating to them, obtained from spies. Thirdly, with notes on their relations or intimacy with any suspected individual. Fourthly, on their courage or firmness. Fifthly, on the suspicion that they possess influence over the Italian youth. Sixthly, on the general estimation in which they are held, and if they are of a *thoughtful reflecting disposition*. Seventhly, on their being suspected of possessing a high order of intellect.

These alone are sufficient to cause the name of any individual to be inscribed in the Police Register, as a man *suspected in political matters*, thus rendering him liable to imprisonment at any moment in a dark and unwholesome dungeon, to consign him into the hands of bigotted and furious officials, into the power of an exceptional tribunal, if not of a military commission; and such is the infamy of the police, that it does not scruple to place in the same dungeon with the prisoner one of their creatures, who, under the guise of a fellow-sufferer, often succeeds in worming out secrets, which are afterwards disclosed to the police, to the destruction of the betrayed and unhappy prisoner.

The subjoined documents will shew to what a perfection the spy system is carried; but, if they do not appear sufficient, the reader is requested to examine the following document (See Document XXII.), and he will see what arts are employed by the Papal government to induce an individual to become a spy. This subject might be greatly enlarged upon, but I limit myself to prove my assertions; and I intend to publish shortly another volume, in which I shall publish other documents exposing many shameful facts, which have hitherto remained hidden amongst the archives of the Roman secret police.

I will now say a few words relating to the system of public

and private education. As to the former, there are the Universities, and the inferior public schools, which are not exempt from secret spies, who watch both scholars and professors. (See Document XXIII.)

The knowledge gained is however very limited; and when I state that Professorships of *Political Economy* and *Natural Law* are not permitted, I only speak from my own personal experience.

An idea may be formed of the encouragement given to science, when I state that the professors are prohibited from attending scientific congresses in the various cities of Italy, which however are not exempt from secret agents of the police. (See Document XXIV.)

All the private institutions for educating the youth of both sexes, are compulsorily under the immediate direction of the Jesuits, the Barnabite fathers, and the nuns, who even employ *torture* (See Document XXV.) to enforce obedience to their will.

The system of *political censorship* is another great obstacle to the propagation of public instruction. The manner in which this is exercised over foreign and Italian publications is most absurd. The Papal representatives abroad attentively make notes of the books published in the country in which they reside, and send their lists to the Secretary of State's office, and to the other political Bureaus of the government. Even the journals of no political importance whatever are prohibited, and the comments made upon them at the Secretary of State's office, are supremely ridiculous. (See Document XXVI.)

There is another species of censorship over comedies and theatrical pieces, consisting of—First, a recognised Government Censor (who is generally a Dominican Friar). Second, the police or private censor, who witnesses the representation of the piece, and gives in his report to the police office.

This latter censorship is much used at public sermons, inaugural orations, by priests or laymen.

It is not difficult to conceive the result of this system of tyranny and absurdity. Liberal ideas are secretly nourished throughout the Roman States; but especially in Romagna, where

the Liberal party is kept under with difficulty, and where the atrocities are committed by the "Centurions."

This great oppression, the heavy taxation, the uncertainty of personal liberty, and hatred of priestly rule, has repeatedly borne its fruits, in continual risings and revolutions. From the year 1831 until 1843 there were various partial risings, which only served to satisfy the atrocious vengeance of the Vatican. From that time until the day on which the amnesty of Pope Pius IX. was proclaimed, the Roman States resembled a volcano, giving evidence now and then of an impending terrible eruption, that could not long be delayed, and which threatened to sweep away both the spiritual and temporal power of the Pope.

Bologna was the first to give the signal of insurrection, and the Papal government hastened to establish military commissions, followed by barbarous and summary executions (See Documents XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX., XXX.); the laws of suspicion were revived; the prisoners' advocates in the interest of the government, thereby making a mockery of justice; men shot in the back to increase the ignominy; others sentenced to the galleys for life, or "a chiodo," and in fact every species of cruelty was exercised, which the fertile *imaginations* of the Cardinals Lambruschini, Spinola, Vannicelli, Della Genga, Amat, Ugolini, and Massini could invent. But the priestly rulers exposed their weakness, even by the severity of their sentences. And yet, in numerous instances, the Cardinals dared not carry out the punishment of death, fearing the menacing aspect of the people, (See Document XXXI.) and knowing that the Swiss, the only soldiers in whom they could confide, could not be everywhere.

The Swiss troops being thus favoured, there was a natural ill-feeling between them and the Papal soldiers, who acted unwillingly against their fellow-countrymen; and this, united with the frequent collisions between them and the mercenaries, rendered the authority of the government more than questionable.

The foreign press exhibited great interest in the struggle, and painted the infamy and weakness of the Papal government in the blackest colours; and that it spoke truly, and without exaggera-

tion, may be discovered from the letters of several Cardinals hereto appended, wherein they acknowledge the correctness of the information found in the foreign papers.

The barbarities committed by order of the Papal government arrested the attention, and excited the disgust even of the European governments, who eagerly read the protests of the patriots of Rimini, the indignant articles in the journals, and the book of Massimo d' Azeglio. And yet the Kings hastened to offer their bayonets and assistance to the Holy Father, whose desire was to carry out his violent system of police and coercion into the other States of Europe; and it was with the deepest feelings of pain and sorrow, that the Italians heard, in 1844, that British ministers aided the secret police of the Pope, by opening the letters of Italian refugees, in order to apprize the Papal Government of their contents, thereby causing the deaths of many noble Italian patriots. (See Document XXXII.) I allude to Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, of whom, as will be seen by the document, now published for the first time, a Roman Cardinal and Minister of State, speaks in terms of confidence, because Lord Aberdeen had promised to set a watch over the Italian and Polish refugees. The Roman government got articles published at home and abroad, (See Document XXXIII.) which should, in some degree, serve as antidotes to those printed on the banks of the Thames, the Danube,* and the Rhine, as well as on the Seine and the Po. It then attempted to justify itself, and denounced the patriots of Rimini, who had brought such terrible accusations against it in their famous Manifesto, as a set of impious rascals, although it was aware that they only expressed a desire to enjoy political security, united to those civil and natural rights which are as necessary as the bread of life to the well being of a nation.

While things were in this position, and a revolution certain, im-

* The "Augsburg Gazette" inserted articles favourable to the Papal rule, although it had until that time continually spoken against it. But this change of tone is not surprising, when we consider that it is an organ in the Austrian interest, and necessarily obeys the commands of its master.

minent, and general, the old Pope Gregory the XVIth died, and Pius IX. was elected to fill the Pontifical Throne. He had only one way open to him; public opinion compelled him to grant reforms and concessions to his people. He proclaimed an *Amnesty*, which was at that time a simple political necessity, and which afterwards became a customary usage with other Italian Princes, like the partial pardons of the Austrian Emperor, or the Amnesty lately accorded by him, to the political prisoners in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces; although the Pope, considering his position, had done no novel thing in granting an Amnesty, he was lauded to the skies, and the thoughtless imagined that they recognized in him a Shiloh, the Prince of Peace, and the hope of Italy. And yet this man possessed inherently strong human passions, combined with all the prejudices and weaknesses of his class. But such is human nature. If Caligula had escaped Cherla's dagger, and had pardoned him, all his crimes would perhaps have been forgotten; if the King of Naples be one day compelled to grant an Amnesty, he will be considered a demi-god.

The Amnesty aroused the aspirations for independence in the people. The Italians merited a better fate; they had seen their best and bravest immolated abroad and at home, and they had unhappily proved that all their sacrifices for liberty had been made in vain. The time for action was coming, and they were determined to conquer or perish. At length the long wished for epoch arrived, the most important, perhaps, that Italy had ever witnessed since 1835, when the last sparks of Italian liberty were trampled out; an epoch which, judging from the singular political complications in Europe seemed to hasten the day of our redemption; an epoch which only served unhappily to rivet our chains, to bind us with new bonds. The events which then took place should be a warning to the Italians in future times, and convince them that where the leaders of a national movement, whether *monarchical* or *republican*, are wanting in unity, wisdom, and public virtue, all the patriotic efforts of the people will be vain, and popular heroism wasted, while nought remains to the patriots but death in the field, and slavery worse than death to

the survivors. But what was the true and primary cause of all the evils that followed? The Court of Rome! It reminded the Italians of their past glories, and old heroic traditions. It promised to grant reforms and liberty, and concluded by treacherously inviting the soldiers of various nations to invade our soil, to destroy our cities, to shoot our best and noblest youth, and to commit atrocities which had never been witnessed in Italy since the invasion of Charles VIII.

That Popery has ever been the principal cause of Italian servitude is undeniable. This truth has always been recognized by our greatest statesmen and philosophers, from Machiavelli downwards; and until the Italians cast off the incubus of Papacy, considered as a temporal power, they can never hope to behold the triumph of true liberty and independence.

CHAPTER VI.

Universal Joy.—Return to Imola.—Affecting meeting with my old Uncle.—I miss some Friends and Relations.—My health being re-established, I go to Florence.—Fresh Conspiracy.—I am exiled.—Return thither secretly.—Am arrested, and taken in chains to the Frontiers.—Nicola Fabrizi.—Colonel Ribotti.—I set out with him on an expedition in the Abruzzi.—Rome.—Orders for my Arrest.—Escape.—The Police of Pius IX. the same as that of Gregory XVI.

On leaving the fortress we were welcomed everywhere, dinners prepared for us, with illuminations, in the towns and villages through which we passed; at Ancona they made extraordinary demonstrations. And instead of going on to Imola I went to Meldola, where I had some friends, and was there seized with a strong fever, the relapse of that which I suffered from in the fortress. When recovered I went on to Imola, direct to my uncle's house; he was not at home when I got there, but shortly returned. He kissed me, but could not speak. We were both much affected. We both wept. Taking me by the hand, he led me into his bedchamber, lifted a veil from a statue, and I saw the bust of my aunt, who had died during my imprisonment. He then told me of Count Hercules Faella's (whom the reader will remember) death. My brother then made his appearance, and embraced me affectionately. He was somewhat ill, and had suffered much through my misfortunes. We talked lovingly together of old times, and of the sad days fallen upon the family.

Influenced by the priests during my imprisonment, my uncle had shown less regard for me. All was at once forgotten. What moments were those? Who can imagine them, except those who have felt their influence? Rancour dies, love and affection takes its place in the human heart.

Some of my friends spoke to me in the following manner relating to my uncle:—"Sometimes the old man wept, saying, 'All the letters from Bologna wrote, your nephew studies, he does himself honour, he is wise, and is only acquainted with prudent young men; and all on a sudden I hear that he is arrested, and condemned to the galleys for life.' He used to stop, because he could pursue the subject no further through the tears which choked his utterance." As to my aunt (an extreme bigot), she had a great affection for me; but shortly before her death, she was surrounded by priests, who painted me as a heretic, and through this she disinherited me, and left everything to my brother.

When I went into the streets in Imola the women came out to look at me, as they had given me up for lost. Some months having passed away, and my health being re-established, my uncle gave me permission to go to Florence, where I might continue my studies; but I wished to go there principally, so as not to mix myself up with society which was favourable to the Pope, because at that time those who were not in his favour ran considerable risk.

When I got to Florence I became acquainted with many young men, who desired to force the Tuscan government to reforms; assisted the clandestine press, and wrote a pamphlet about the brothers Bandiera, in which I well remember these words, "The I was grateful to Pius IX. for the liberty he had given me, but that my liberty was not that of Italy; that if he did not continue in the road which he seemed to have begun, I would take up arms against him, as I would against the Austrians." The Tuscan government thought me to be the author, and exiled me. The Chevalier Bartolini, tutor of the Grand Duke's son, interposed in my favour, and then I was ordered by the Director General of Police to go to Bologna, in order that, after being there about thirty days, I might make a request for permission to return to Florence, which would be granted. I knew that this was a pretext, and I concealed myself outside the city. I sent my passport to Bologna, with the necessary visés, and from thence, I got forwarded two re-

quests to the Tuscan government for permission to return. I never had any reply, as I expected; then I issued from my concealment, and taking a carriage, I presented myself at the general police office. Signor Bologna was the president. I caused myself to be announced by another name, but in his presence I told him who I was. He turned very red in the face and said, with violence, "This is braving the authorities, I will cause you to be arrested;" upon which I assumed a very humble manner, and replied, "As I had no reply to my petitions, I thought it best to appear in person; if I have done wrong, I am in your hands, arrest me. I have just now alighted from a travelling carriage, and have come instantly into your presence." He was disarmed by this mode of explanation, and after many menaces he gave me a permission to remain for fifteen days, subject to renewal at the expiration of that time. I do not well remember if I renewed it, but it is certain that I was shortly afterwards compelled to leave Tuscany. And I then told them that if I was guilty the tribunals could deal with me; that I should not go without force. We were at open war. I took some precautions; the spies of the government were more dexterious than I, and I was arrested and carried in chains to "Terra del Sole," where I was set at liberty. I went then to Meldola. It became necessary that I should arrange matters with my uncle. I wrote to him that the Tuscan government had already exiled many Romagnoli, and I, in consequence of *my good conduct*, was the last to be obliged to leave. He very properly did not believe it. He replied by letter that it was time for me to have sown my wild oats. I returned again to Florence, twelve days after my exile, by the same road that I travelled out of the state accompanied by the gendarmes. I remained there three days, and returned to Meldola. In a short time I returned to Florence again, on political affairs, with Mr. Liverani and Mr. F., and we were all disguised, as we had all been exiled before.

Here a ridiculous adventure happened: we had a kind of gig, such as is used in Romagna, with an excellent horse, and were well armed. I had fortunately procured a letter from a Captain of gendarmes for the Corporal of the frontier post of San Be-

nedetto, in case we were discovered to be without passports. The gendarmes stopped us there. I, without answering, walked up and said that I had a letter from the Captain to the Serjeant; this sufficed to set them at rest about the passports. The Corporal was called; he came down stairs, opened the letter which I had given him, and said, looking me in the face, "Gendarmes, get ready to escort these gentlemen." I was greatly surprised: but did not lose my presence of mind; and said, "Are not the roads safe?" "Yes," said the Corporal, "but the Captain writes to me to give you an escort if necessary;" then I felt assured, and answered, "Corporal! I will explain; we have to make a payment at Florence, and have the money upon us; for this reason we got the Captain to give us the letter; now, you assure us that there is no danger, we thank you; I would rather that you give me a line for the Corporal at Dicomano," which he willingly did. Then I called my friend, and we had a good glass of wine drinking each other's health. This time, too, the government was deceived; and we laughed at its precautions, passports, and gendarmes. When our affairs were concluded at Florence, we returned by the same road, and saw our friends the gendarmes again. Towards evening, being nearly at the top of a part of the Appenines, we were surprised by a very violent storm; we could not go forward nor return, and nearly by miracle succeeded in reaching a small hut.

The Grand Duke of Florence, after much resistance, consented to grant reforms; and then I was permitted to return legally to Florence. Notwithstanding which, the government always appeared vacillating and inclined to retrograde. Nicholas Fabrizi and Colonel Ribotti arrived in Florence. A secret National Congress, presided over by Professor Montanelli, at which I was also present, was held at Leghorn; certain movements took place, and this occasion was taken advantage of to make great demonstrations at Florence against Austria. The people were publicly harangued, but as usual nothing was done. During the time this was going on, Fabrizi, Ribotti, and myself, were looked after by the Tuscan government, and considered as strangers and

disturbers of the public tranquillity. However we had all the best youth of Florence with us. La Masa departed for Sicily to aid the revolution which broke out at Palermo on the 12th January, 1848. Ribotti had orders from the Insurrectionary Committee of Rome, to go thither and prepare for an expedition in the Abruzzi, so as to cause a diversion. He departed, and I accompanied him. Nicholas Fabrizi also went with the same intention by another route, and we arranged to meet in Rome. When we arrived at Ancona, according to our orders, we heard that the King of Naples had granted a constitution, which disconcerted our plans, and the Abruzzi movement became inopportune. We continued our journey for Rome, where we found ourselves in contact with the existing committee, which had already prepared 600 muskets, with necessary ammunition, for the said expedition. While we were waiting to see how things would turn out, the grand popular demonstration took place, at the head of which was Cicervacchio. It was imposing, of a menacing aspect, but public order was not disturbed. They insisted upon having Piedmontese officers at the head of the Papal troops ; they cried for war against Austria, and desired that the priestly government should be secularized. The Prince Corsini, Mayor of the city at that time, harangued the Romans in the Piazza del Popolo. The effect of this demonstration was such that Monsignor Savelli gave in his resignation, which was followed by that of many other government employés, who were the most violent enemies of reform. The government attributed this demonstration to the plans of Ribotti, myself, Fabrizi, and some others, and ordered our arrest. Knowing what was about to happen, I lost no time in leaving the Capital, and Matthew Montecchi, one of the Roman Revolutionary Committee, gave me the necessary instructions to inform the people in the provinces of what was happening in Rome. I did so; but on arriving at Imola, I knew that a certain Corsini had been arrested instead of me by mistake, when he was soon after liberated, and that they were trying hard to get me into their power. I did not think it prudent to go to my uncle's, and again left for Tuscany. I remained at Florence to observe how things proceeded. In all

these plots and projects, the name of Joseph Mazzini was never mentioned, neither do I believe that he was aware of what the Committees were doing in the Roman States. I say this in justice to Mazzini, as I have heard him accused most wrongfully of being the author of these movements, whereas he was quite innocent.

CHAPTER VII.

Revolution of Milan of March 18th.—War.—National Enthusiasm.—Am chosen leader by certain of the Youth of my Native Province.—I lead them into Lombardy.—Battles at Vicenza and Treviso.—One of my dearest friends killed at my side.—Capitulation.—Treachery of the Papal and Neapolitan Governments.—I return to Bologna.—From hence to Florence.—My marriage.—I start for Venice.—Strong hold at Malghera.—At Lunette, N. 12.—Assault and occupation of Mestre by the Italian Troops, 27th October, 1848.—I command the Vanguard of the Right Wing.—Victory.—Venice.—Pius IX. escapes from Rome.—I return to Bologna.—Am elected Deputy of the Roman Parliament.

Pius IX. proceeded slowly with his reforms. During this period a dull sound, like the first symptoms which proceed from Vesuvius before an eruption, shook the Peninsula. The universal wish was for a national independence; a grand idea, which possessed, as one man, the minds of twenty-eight millions of inhabitants. An extraordinary fact this, when we consider that the Italians had been divided by municipal jealousies, and by the despotism of governments for many centuries. In an instant they became as brothers, and embraced each other with affection and friendship. The youth of the different states went in crowds into the neighbouring provinces, and on re-entering again they spoke their farewell in the following words—"We shall meet again on the field to assist our brother Lombards." Such were the dispositions and feelings of the Italians, while events of immense importance developed themselves in Europe with extraordinary rapidity. Revolutions broke out in France, and in Vienna. Milan followed the example and fought for five days. Another new and extraordinary fact, this:—the Italians, who had been accused of ignorance in the management of arms, the people so often insulted by being pointed at as corrupt and effeminate, Europe saw with surprise take up arms against the enemy, and, where they were wanting, use sticks and even the stones of their streets, and drive out from

sixteen to seventeen thousand of Austria's best disciplined troops, aided by fifty pieces of cannon.

At the news of the Revolution of Milan, Italy was in flames. To the war! to the camp! were the cries heard on every side; the young maidens girt the sword round the waists of their lovers, and bade them God speed, auguring for them victory over the foreigner. Young men left their offices, and all the pleasures of opulence, to aid in driving the hated Austrian over the Alps. The good of the country was the first thought of all. Hope shone upon the faces of the rich, the noble, the artizan, the poor man, and even the priest. What a spectacle was that! A nation kept in servitude for ages, without military science, divided, scorned by strangers, at one blow broke its chains, and cast them in the face of its foreign enemy, forgetting intestine feuds, trampling upon traditional prejudices, and flying to the war with the cry of Liberty, Independence, and Unity! While remembering those moments of national intoxication, while recalling those great and sublime events of which I was a witness, I cannot help feeling acutely, and shedding a tear over the unhappy end which all the Italian endeavours and aspirations met with.

At that general movement the Pope did not remain quiet, and Durando was appointed General-in-Chief of the Roman forces, and the Pope blessed the flags. From every part of the State regular troops and volunteers were marching to encounter the Austrians; and I myself, with a band of youthful Romagnoli, left Bologna and passed the Po. I joined Zambeccari's volunteers at Bevilacqua, near Legnago, and we incorporated ourselves with them. We had some outpost affairs. It became necessary to retire towards Padua, from thence to Treviso, and the river Piave. Here we also had a skirmish with the Austrians. As the troops of Ferrari were not able to resist at Cornuda, we were constrained to retire upon Treviso, where, upon arriving, we were witnesses of the dissolution of a part of the troops commanded by the said General.

We departed for Mestre, and from thence to Vicenza, and on the 20th May the Austrians attacked the city at the Santa Lucia

gate. Our battalion was there, and sustained a sharp fight until the evening. My friend Liverani, already mentioned, fell wounded near me, a ball broke his right thigh, and he died shortly after. In him I lost an affectionate and valued friend. Several of the students were also killed in a conflict with the Austrians outside the walls, where we were within a few yards of the enemy, and where the brave Masina distinguished himself, who, after having attained the rank of Colonel, was slain gallantly fighting against the French, under the walls of Rome. After a brave defence, General Durando, with the regular troops, relieved us next day. The Austrians again attacked Vicenza on the 23rd; the battle was very obstinate, and lasted until twelve the next day. The Austrians had taken possession of part of the city, and were driven out with the bayonet. The position where I was placed was not attacked, and we only saw some cannon balls strike the ground near us. Some days after, the column commanded by Zambeccari had orders to advance to Treviso; this was done, and he was made Commandant of the town. Hardly had we arrived at Treviso when the Austrians again attacked Vicenza (the 13th June, 1848).

Strategically speaking, the Austrians made one of their best movements—they were between two fires—the troops of General Durando were at Vicenza, and the Piedmontese between Mantua and Verona—they feigned a retreat before the Piedmontese army, while, with forty thousand men, and more than one hundred cannon, they advanced upon Vicenza; they beleaguered it, assaulting it on every side, and in less than twenty-four hours they reduced the ten thousand defenders to capitulate with all the honors of war. Then by a rapid movement they changed their front and marched upon the Piedmontese, *whose Generals were taken by surprise*. This was one of their finest movements. All the Venetian provinces were open to the Austrians, because Treviso necessarily fell, as Vicenza was lost, and we were consequently compelled to capitulate after a bombardment of forty-eight hours. At Vicenza the Swiss soldiers, who had formerly been in the Papal service, as well as the Italians of the Roman States, bore themselves most nobly throughout the memorable battle.

About this time Pius IX. began to plot against the liberty of Italy. He published an "Enciclica," in which he said he could no longer aid in the shedding of human blood, and for that reason recalled the Roman troops; this had been also done before by the King of Naples. The Piedmontese army from this time began to suffer dissasters; and all these circumstances combined to extinguish enthusiasm, carry disorder among the soldiers, and at last to cause the loss of the first campaign.

To continue my narrative. After the capitulation of Treviso, I returned to Bologna with the troops to which I belonged, and of which I was captain. We were well received by the Bolognese, for the courage shown in the war. In June I went to Florence where I fulfilled my promise, given before the war, to a young lady of honourable parentage, and married. I stayed there ten days and then returned to Bologna, on account of our Italian affairs. Meanwhile, the aspect of affairs in Lombardy became worse, and a catastrophe seemed approaching. Charles Albert retired upon Milan, with the remainder of his army much disorganized, and Marshal Welden approached Bologna. Hearing this, the Roman troops left Bologna, and retired towards la Cattolica, in which strong position they might advantageously operate against the further advance of the Austrians. The city of Bologna consequently remained almost without soldiers, except some few gendarmes and *soldati di finanza.*

Marshal Welden entered the city; his officers were insolent; some entered into the coffee houses, asking for *white, green,* and *red* ices, alluding to the national flag. The people would not suffer this insult. Some blows were given; the movement extending, the Austrians were on the alert, and a combat commenced between the people, who possessed sticks and knives, and the Austrians, who used muskets and cannon. The heroism of the Bolognese people drove the Austrians to the Montagnuola, or public gardens, which are in an elevated position; from whence they bombarded the city. The popular ire augmented, and the Austrians, after leaving some hundreds of dead, wounded, and prisoners, were compelled to retreat with difficulty by the gate

Galliera. This was on the 4th August. After the Austrians were driven out, well constructed barricades rose in every quarter of the city. I was at Cesena with Colonel Zambeccari, and hearing what was going on we went by forced marches towards Bologna. We entered, and were received with acclamations. The people were masters of the city. This did not please the Papal government, already on the road to re-action. In September certain political assassinations took place; there was open war between the Liberals and the Papali. The re-action had in its favour Cardinal Amat, Farini, and the gendarmes, who one day by a "coup de main" surprised and took possession of all the city gates. The people for the moment was disorganized, but with equal audacity, Masina, myself, and a handful of men, assaulted and took possession of all the city gates the following night. The government was surprised, but was incapable of action. Some days afterwards it attempted to arrest Masina, but in vain. The sight of our battalion, which fraternized with the people, made them afraid to risk it. An order came from Rome to dissolve the troops of volunteers. We refused to give up our arms, and the government authority was compelled to make a compact with us. I arranged with Farini, secretary of the Cardinal, to go with the battalion to Venice. We departed for Ravenna, and in thirteen fishing boats we made sail for Venice, and had a favourable wind. In the night a violent storm arose, and we were dispersed. One fishing boat fell into the power of the Austrian war steamer, the "Vulcan," which pursued us. Some of the boats were lost for several days, and that in which I was, crowded with one hundred and twenty men, succeeded in reaching Chioggia. We remained off Chioggia a day, without being able to land. The Venetian steamer "Pius IX." towed us into Venice. We disembarked at the Riva degli Schiavoni. It was at the end of September, and the sun shone gloriously, as I looked upon Venice for the first time. What a strange and magic city! The Palace of the Doges, the Church of St. Mark, and the Piazza, gave me an idea of the greatness of ancient genius. For a moment the whole history, and warlike traditions of the Adriatic queen flashed across my mind!

After disembarking, we were reviewed, and soon after sent to the fortress of Malghera. The "Lunette," number twelve, separated from the fortress, was placed under my command. There was nothing new until the 26th October. My reader may imagine the monotony of being within a fortress surrounded by water, with many of the garrison sick from the pestiferous emanations, and a silent enemy in front.

At ten o'clock in the evening I heard the drawbridge fall, which separated us from the fortress, and a Staff Officer entered with the order for me to get my soldiers ready; to consign the Lunette to the officer who would arrive, and to go myself with my soldiers, at twelve o'clock at night, into the fortress. I did so, and found many other troops drawn up there; and Joseph Fontana, of Modena, Captain and Adjutant of our battalion, told me that a sortie was about to be made, with the object of taking Mestre, if possible: that I should have to command the van, that he should be at my side, that the business to be done was difficult, and that we should be covered with glory!

We formed the head of the column of the right wing under Colonel Zambeccari, which was destined to attack Mestre by the road running by the canal. We left the fortress at nine in the morning, the weather being exceedingly foggy, so that we were able to approach silently within musket shot of the Austrian outposts.

I never knew what was the cause, but certain it is, that we were compelled to remain concealed in a ditch near the road, for want of orders, from one in the morning until six in the evening. A great part of the soldiers fell asleep; and as we had no brandy we were half dead with cold; so that a few Austrian soldiers, if we had been discovered, might easily have discomfited us; but fortune, the want of vigilance on the part of the Austrian outposts, and particularly the very thick fog, made up for the mistakes of our commanders. Finally, at about the hour mentioned, we heard musket and cannon shots on our left wing; we afterwards discovered that our men were attacking the Austrians posted on the railway; and instantly had orders to advance. We wheeled to the right in order to take a kind of redan on the flank; and found,

contrary to the information we had received, that the ground was flooded, and difficult to traverse. We advanced, nevertheless, through the water, when we were received at a short distance with a furious fire of musketry and cannon; some of our men had already fallen, and we began to see that vacillation, which is a sure index of defeat; at this moment a Staff Officer arrived, and cried "Fire there," pointing to the Lunette. I replied that the arms could not be used as they were too wet, and with a sudden enthusiasm I rushed towards the salient angle, crying out-"Long live Italy!" and threw myself into the wet ditch to attack. The officer who had brought the order, Cosenz, a distinguished officer of the Neapolitan army, did the same, independently of myself; Adjutant Fontana and my soldiers followed me, but on arriving at the edge of the ditch we were arrested by a discharge of grape, by which fourteen men, comprising Fontana, fell on my right, killed or wounded. This was the last discharge the Austrians made, and they fled, abandoning the Lunette with the guns. I got out of the ditch, succoured Fontana as well as I could, and took his sword which he held to the last, and retains to this day. Some of my soldiers received six wounds. They cried out to me, "Adieu Captain, we shall never meet again." We then advanced towards Mestre in some confusion. General Pepe came up with the Artillery, which dislodged the Austrians from some houses, whence they did us much mischief. I advanced with fifteen soldiers towards a house, and there took and disarmed forty-seven prisoners. Afterwards I was at the taking of the house Bianchini; it was garrisoned by two hundred Croats, who resisted until three o'clock. They had slain many of our own men, amongst the rest some of our best artillerymen. The house was entirely surrounded by a garden, with a wall at least six yards high, and an iron barred gate. The first that entered was a Lombard officer belonging to the column commanded by Colonel Noaro; I followed, with my Lieutenant. We scaled the walls under a murderous fire. Our soldiers did the same, and crying "Viva l' Italia;" the garden was filled with soldiers, who soon broke open the front door. We entered with the bayonet, and no

quarter was at first given. There were horrible cries, Austrians fell at our sides. Our men were entering now by different doors; the confusion was extreme, terrible the moment, some of our men were wounded by our own weapons. At last we succeeded in getting the Austrians respected as prisoners of war; shortly after we beat the retreat. We returned towards Malghera, as we had news of the approach of a large body of Austrians, from the direction of Padua. Six hundred prisoners, six or eight cannons, the military chest, and all the papers of the Austrian General were taken. Amongst which we discovered that he had been informed of our projected attack, and had made all the necessary arrangements to meet it; which proves two things:—First, that among the staff of General Pepe there was some spy. Second, that our soldiers had greater merit because they attacked troops who were prepared for them.

I was honorably mentioned, with others, in the order of the day.

Fever and fatigue had severely scourged our battalion, and we had about six hundred in the hospital, so that we obtained a transfer.

During this time Rossi was killed at Rome, and the Pope's flight known. We were then in a position to return to the Roman States, and the War Minister prepared other troops to take our place in Venice. After the battle of Mestre, Colonel Zambeccari, gave certificates to certain officers, for good conduct, &c., and the following is a copy of mine :—

SERVICES DURING THE CAMPAIGN.	OBSERVATIONS.
Defence of the Bevilacqua line on the Piave. Affair of Paderno. 20th May. Defence of Vicenza. 27th October. Taking of Mestre.	Of high patriotic sentiments, for which he suffered a condemnation for life to the galleys, of a cultivated mind; of much courage; of unwearied activity; of exemplary conduct; and of excellent health. Commanded the First Avantguard of the right wing; co-operated at the taking of a work defended by two cannons; and took forty-seven prisoners in a house, called the Post, in Mestre.

Malghera, 5th November, 1848.

Visé the Colonel Commandant,

(Signed) ZAMBECCARI.

At the beginning of December we embarked for Ravenna. We called at Imola; I embraced my uncle, who was pleased to have seen my name in the papers, and was accustomed to say to his friends—"After all, this wild fellow does me honor." After two days' sojourn we went on to Bologna, where we re-established our battalion; and the Provisional Government of Rome published the edict for the election of deputies, to sit in the Roman Constituent Assembly. I was proposed for two provinces, Bologna and Forli. I was elected for the latter, and accepted the honor. I went to Imola to embrace my uncle, in January, 1849. His joy was at its height, and he invited his friends to dinner, and continued repeating, "Deputy! A state matter, what think you? Truly my nephew has his head screwed on properly! Oh, Oh, Oh! I discover that I did not feed an ass after all! But, at Mestre he nearly got himself killed! Providence saved him! We shall see now what good he does for himself; he cares nothing about his life; he will be sure to get killed in some way or other!" (And here he bowed his head.) "Enough! May God keep His Holy Hand over him, and protect him." I stayed one day longer at Imola; he accompanied me to the coach; we embraced and said "*Addio.*" It was the last time I ever saw him. I went to Forli and thence to Florence, where I remained two days with my wife; and touching at Leghorn and Civitavecchia, I took my seat in the Roman Assembly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rome.—My mission to Terracina.—Mazzini and the Executive.—Siege of Rome.—Extraordinary Missions to Ancona and Ascoli.—Instructions from the Triumvirate.—Official Documents.—Ancona.—Terror.—Imprisonments.—The British Consul Moore.—I receive congratulations from all parts of the State.—Ascoli.—Brigandage.—Monsignor Savelli.—I save three persons condemned to death.—Force.—Military Engagements.—I fall into the hands of the Austrians.—I extricate myself.—With great difficulty I arrive at Rome.—Fall of Rome.

At Rome I found other deputies. Some preparatory sittings were held; we assembled and verified the powers of the members, and after various warm discussions, the Roman Republic was proclaimed, amidst cries of joy, on the night of the 9th February. The executive power was given into the hands of a Committee, composed of Armellini, Saliceti, and Montecchi, an old fellow-prisoner of mine. In March I was sent by the Committee as Commissioner to Terracina, to put a stop to the disorders which were caused by certain troops; I went there, and found that the Commanders who should have executed my orders were weak, and I returned to Rome, without having obtained the desired end, but fully justified by the government, who well knew the root of the evil. In some of the provinces great disturbances took place; the causes were remote; this is explained in what I have written about the Papal system. However, to show it more clearly, I must go back a little.

During the latter years of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., and the first years of Pius IX., political homicides multiplied fearfully; but as we always find it to be the case, when crime becomes habitual, and the passions have full latitude, many innocent persons were destroyed to gratify private hatred, or interest; persons who did not interfere in the least in political affairs.

During the months of January, February, and March of 1848, a society of young men in the towns of Imola and Forli threw many families into mourning; one day slaying a father, another day a son, or a brother. Their excuse was that they desired to eradicate every vestige of the Papal "Centurioni," and destroy all those who were unfavourable to the reforms of Pius IX. and the other Italian Princes. But in reality these were cruel and ferocious men, who possessed that thirst for blood, which they detested so much in the equally guilty "Centurioni" so favored by the Pope. Amongst these young men there were some who, from a wrong principle, or from bad example, were induced to believe that they were only meting out the *lex talionis* to the Centurioni, who had carried misery and desolation into so many homes. Nothing was sacred in the eyes of these assassins; neither liberalism, nor virtue, nor innocence, nor childhood, nor old age; and at last honest men began to make up their minds to put a stop to these atrocities, seeing that the Papal Government paid no attention to their remonstrances. Impunity from crime is encouragement to the wicked; Pesaro, Sinigaglia, and Ancona followed the example, and assassinations were committed at the end of August; and in the beginning of September, blood was shed in a cowardly manner in the noble city of Bologna.

The government took no notice of these proceedings, or it would not have been difficult to seize the malefactors; for, although its authority was much diminished, it would have found all honest men come to its aid; for we see that the good in all countries invariably lend a helping hand to the law, when it is violated by the wicked and infamous.

But the Roman Court was occupied with other matters; it was plotting how it could most conveniently abandon that, which it had itself evoked in Italy; how it could destroy the national cause.

When General Zucchi became minister of war, he disarmed the Bolognese, and some were incarcerated; but this was not sufficient to destroy the evil, because it did not have the effect of preventing assassinations. At this time Rossi was killed, the Pope abandoned his capital and people, and, refusing to return, Parliament was

convoked, and the Republic proclaimed. Then this cruel faction again commenced their operations, thinking that the Republic would sanction their iniquities; but it was quickly undeceived, as all the assassins that could be found in Imola were arrested, and imprisoned at Ravenna; and Lazzarini, the Minister of Justice, decreed that there should be no appeal from the judgments pronounced for this species of crime, but summary justice executed; and finding that this had not the desired effect, it was resolved to crush it by terror and martial law. This commenced at Ancona.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the nineteenth April, 1849, a certain Pistrucci presented himself, desiring me to go to the Palace of the Consulta, where the Roman Triumvirate wished to communicate with me. I went, and the Triumvir Mazzini spoke to me in the following manner :—" A society of assassins afflict Ancona and Sinigaglia, spreading desolation and misery over the provinces; therefore it is the bounden duty of every wise government to administer inexorable and impartial justice to all; how much more then is this the case with a government that bears engraven on its front the words 'Liberty, Virtue, and Civil Equality.' I have sent two commissioners, Barnabei, and Dell' Ongaro, to procure fresh reports, and to discover if the evil be greater or less than it has been represented; it requires extraordinary energy and swift justice. I believe you to be adapted for this business; I give you a little time to consider before you assume the duty, as there are few so fitting." " I do not refuse the mission you offer me," I replied, " provided I have written instructions, and unlimited power given me, and that my powers be not changed or interfered with by any person whatever." Mazzini immediately began to write the necessary instructions, (See Documents xxxv., xxxvi., xxxvii., xxxviii., xxxix.) which being confirmed by the two other Triumvirs, were approved by me. Having been furnished with other necessary documents, I started with post horses the same night, and arrived at Ancona at about four o'clock on the morning of the 21st.

But before proceeding further. Why was I selected for such a

mission? I do not know, nor could I ever discover, the reason. I had never given any proofs of political knowledge or practice; I had been noted only for a certain courage and audacity.

The Roman Republican Government during the Trumvirate, as well as under the Executive Government, had intelligent and honest men at the head of affairs, but they wanted practical sense, political knowledge, and ready action, so necessary in revolutions. Armellini, an old Advocate, was without activity; Saliceti, a good Lawyer, was the personification of indolence; Montecchi, more energetic, but as he himself confesses, not equal to the emergency. Then the Truimvirate came—Armellini remained in power, Mazzini and Saffi associated with him; Armellini was a nonentity; Saffi was all mildness and philosophy; Mazzini most active; in him was vested in reality all the power of the Republic; but he was a man of theories, and only fit to dictate Protocols and Proclamations from his Cabinet, and to act the diplomatist, as time has since proved. These were the reasons which explain the general looseness in all parts of the state administration. The grand thing wanting was that unity of action so necessary to every system of good government, especially in time of revolution. Every Governor acted as he liked; many of the old Papal employés were not removed, and no proceedings were taken against the enemies of Liberty; and this was the reason why some of the Liberals took what they considered justice into their own hands, and committed deplorable homicides. The disorder was still greater amongst the military; and superior commissions were given to some because they insisted. I believe this will sufficiently shew the weakness of the government. I witnessed all this, and wrote some lines to the government, placing clearly before it its defects and weakness; and I well remember that the letter concluded in the following manner: "If you know me, you must be aware that I never feared governments or individuals; what I tell you is dictated by patriotism and the cause. I desire nothing from you, neither do I fear." This letter was written with an air of disdain and indifference, peculiar to me in those days, in which I was irritated at seeing intrigue alone triumphant.

When I was called to attend the Triumvirs by Pistrucci, I could not help thinking of the letter. He was the intimate friend of Mazzini. I looked him fixedly in the face, but could not make anything out of him. I did the same with Mazzini, and I found him unusually grave. From his interrogations about certain persons, I was aware that he did so on account of my letter, and that, perhaps, wounded by my accusation of want of energy, he desired to prove my courage by giving me a most dangerous mission. I think this must have been the true reason why I had the mission to Ancona. The proof was severe! During my journey thither I reflected much, as to what I should do, and how the business would conclude. Many projects ran through my brain, but it was difficult to form a rule of action, not being on the spot. Sometimes I doubted a happy result, and thought of my youth, and my by no means profound knowledge of men; without political experience, without any practice in government administration, and yet to be entrusted with so difficult a mission, in which I should find obstacles in the weak envy of commonplace characters, secret attempts upon my life by the faction which I went to put down, and hatred on the part of many; but the word of honour given, my "amour propre" was interested to succeed under pain of appearing a man worth nothing in the face of the Triumvirate, to whom I had dared to give advice. In fine, my having received orders from Mazzini, Chief of Young Italy, was the cause why I did not give heed to any prudent reflection, which may have crossed my mind; so that with that ardour and audacity which nature had endowed me with, I entered on the work, determined to do or die. In the words "*I will*" is the secret of my triumph in what I am about to relate. On my arrival in Ancona, I consulted the Commissioners Barnabei and Dell' Ongaro upon the deliberations and wishes of the Triumvirate, but they perhaps thought that the undertaking was too difficult, and not possible to be executed. They had endeavoured, they said, to diffuse principles of moderation; they had made the popular Committee swear to repress any movement which might tend to the disturbance of the public tranquility, and the renewal of the

past atrocious crimes; they promised to send remonstrances to the Triumvirate, so that the authors of the homicides might be formed into a company of *Custom-house Officers*, to watch over the smugglers, with the pay of five *paoli* a day; the uniform to be defined; change of conduct and reformation being conditions of admission.

This manner of thinking appeared to me more likely to increase the flame than to extinguish it; because if the malefactors received fifteen scudi a month (about £3 12s.), it would be an inducement for others to commit the same crime, so as to place themselves in a position to get the same employment. These were however only promises; but it will suffice to show the difficult position in which I was placed.

The state of Ancona was deplorable. There was, so to speak, no government; the authorities were divested of all moral force, the Governor a mere name; the despatches sent to him from the metropolis were often open and read before delivery; many of the government employés absent, as well as the carabineers, and many of the national guard; and after sunset every one retired to their houses; shops were shut; the only persons in the streets were the members of the cruel and homicidal society, as well as certain of the police—their followers; terror reigned supreme. Such was the aspect of the city.

I made known to the Governor the powers I possessed, and he promised to second me as well as he could. Then as unity of command was necessary, I told the Commissioners, Barnabei, and Dell 'Ongaro that they might return to Rome. I meanwhile caused it to be noised about in the city that I had arrived there upon business relating to the Finance Minister, and I did so to avoid being noticed by the assassins, and my career terminated. But although I appeared to be what I stated, I was surprised one evening to receive a visit at the Locanda Burini where I lodged, from some of these very men who begged me to give them the five paoli a day, as they asserted that they had been told by the Commissioners, who had departed, that I had full powers to concede this.

This fact caused me some disquietude, yet I knew that to carry out the orders of the government, I must use every precaution, so that I promised that they should have the money the next day.

During this time I received two government despatches, on dated 21st April, and the other the 23rd (four and five). Both stimulated me to decision and haste, and I acted as if I had received nothing extraordinary; but the citizens heard of it, and wished to know the contents. I let it be whispered about that the government ordered me to put into execution the decree for a forced loan, as I wished to conceal my intentions as long as possible. Knowing that as these despatches had been sent in all haste, and that suspicion would not easily be allayed, I wrote to the Triumvirate that they might remain tranquil, and not be in a hurry to write again, and I gave my word of honour that its commands should be obeyed, as too much haste would ruin everything. But I will describe how I effected the "coup de main."

The soldiers promised me by the Triumvirate, did not arrive; fifty carabineers on horseback stationed in the Ascoli province, for which I had sent, were detained by the President Calindri, so that my position was not enviable. The force in the city small and badly organized, did not amount to more than two hundred men, comprising artillerymen, carabineers, and coast guards (or guards to prevent smuggling). I knew that the national guard at the name of making arrests would be in a state of trepidation, and how would the secret be kept? Of the Commandants, with the exception of two, none were to be trusted, while many of the artillerymen and coast guards were companions of the assassins. I had little hope of a fortunate result, and was in much embarrassment; nothing but decision and perseverance lay before me; I had pledged my word, and, if I did not lose my life, I was resolved to redeem it. I had the Commandant of the Carabineers sent for, then the Commandant of the fortress, and in the Governor's presence I explained the case to them. I said, that I had most exact instructions from the government to punish the assassins and turbulent persons, who were the terror of all good citizens; that I relied upon their assistance, and if

that failed, I should take the most severe measures against them. They replied that I had but to command, and they would obey.

The 27th April, at two in the morning, was the time fixed upon for the execution of the arrests, when in the morning of the 26th I was requested to proceed as soon as possible to the Governor's palace. When I entered I saw a crowd of people, and a British naval officer appeared, who had been in conversation with the Governor. I waited to hear the news. I spoke to Mattioli, and he told me that the officer commanded a war corvette, and that he protested, in the name of the British government, against the murder of an Irish priest; he required satisfaction, and would have taken the Consul with his family on board, and struck his flag, had an assurance not been given that a person had been sent by the Triumvirate to prevent all such infamies in future, and to bring the guilty party to punishment, and that it would take place the next night. This was kept very secret, and did not transpire.

To prevent any mistakes happening, I sent my orders to the Commandant of the Fortress at half past eleven in the evening of the 26th, in duplicate copies, one of which was sent back to me with his signature.

It was as follows:—"That the Commandant of the Castle should send, at one o'clock in the morning, twenty artillerymen, fully armed, conveying twenty cartridges each, to the carabineers' barracks; that the coast guard should do the same with their respective officers; and the carabineers remain under the orders of the Commandant." They went according to their instructions; they were separated into many picquets of coast guards, artillerymen, and carabineers mixed, under the guidance of a Marshal of carabineers. At half-past two the houses of those destined to be arrested were surrounded by the picquets, other soldiers placed here and there where three streets met.

The carabineers had great latitude given them, because they would have to do with people used to manage arms, and had injunctions to fire upon any one who came out of his house and refused to re-enter when ordered; only the national guard in

uniform were to be permitted to pass. This severity was rendered necessary by the smallness of the force I had at my command. I sent orders to the officers of the national guard, that at half-past two they should be in attendance on the Governor. When they came I explained my mission, and said I was determined to carry out the affair to the end, and that I required their aid to support me in carrying out the arrests, and when these were effected, I requested them to co-operate with me in other proceedings which I might deem necessary.

At five in the morning the drums beat, and in a minute the national guard was drawn up under arms in the public square, and the Governor harangued them. They then served with the military of their own accord. At eight there were twenty of the guilty in the hands of justice; not one dared resist the force—a proof that those who stab in the dark dare not meet death openly like men. During the day others were arrested.

The English corvette now gave the customary salute, and sailed towards Venice, from whence she came, and Mr. Moore, the worthy British Consul at Ancona, came to the government house to congratulate me. At the same time, the proclamations and state of siege, were published:—

Ancona, 27th April, 1849.

Roman Republic—To the Citizens of the Province of Ancona.

When the representatives of the people of the Roman States raised up the Republican flag over the rotten and crumbling ruins of clerical despotism, their idea was, to constitute a regime of equity, justice, and liberty.

The Roman Republic, firm in its will to eradicate any germ of tyrannical faction, could not remain indifferent to the atrocities and barbarities, which for some time had continued, and thrown into mourning the most flourishing provinces of the State.

The Republic is humanity, not barbarity; liberty, not tyranny; order, not anarchy; he who thinks otherwise is no Republican, and slays the Republic.

The Government of the Roman Republic has two kinds of internal enemies:—First, Those who love the destruction of Liberalism, who care nothing about their country, who wish for German or Papal dominion, and who conspire to subvert the actual order of things. Second, Those who recognise no law, who will place no bridle on their passions, and who, under the

cloak of Republicanism, commit the most atrocious crimes. The Republican Eagle, strong in the moral and material support of all honest citizens, strikes one and all with its inexorable law, disperses and crushes in Ascoli, with the most severe justice, the brigandage fomented by the former, and laying its heavy hand upon the latter, with firmness and resolution insists upon their speedy punishment.

Citizens! The Triumvirate has named me Extraordinary Commissioner in the provinces, in order that in these difficult times the exact execution of the laws be not impeded by the evil doers, and while I possess this power, I have firmly resolved that these laws shall be respected and executed; I make no arrangements with any party, with any opinion; I will punish crime wherever it appears. It would be folly for any one to suppose that the arrests are victories of the re-action, or of "*doctrinarism*"—it is justice which takes the life of the guilty.

Citizens! Whoever has Italian sentiments in his bosom, let him do his duty in future; the national guard, the civil and military authorities, will fulfill their duties with zeal and devotion.

Citizens! Many eyes and many hopes are directed towards the Roman States; imminent perils perhaps menace us, an intervention on the part of the Republic, which ought to have been our friend and sister, menaces our political existence, our nationality. Sacrifices therefore are required from all classes of citizens—great sacrifices! We must be compact, united, and strong, and whoever in this moment sows disorder, suspicion, or crime, should and must be rooted out. Brother Italians! Be calm, tranquil! Maintain your dignity, leave indolence and excessive joy to those corrupt and foolish people, who demean themselves in an unseemly manner round the symbol of liberty, and the next day supplicate in the most servile and cowardly manner, that the iron of slavery may again enter into their souls.

Long live Italy! Long live the Roman Republic!

The Extraordinary Commissioner of the Roman Republic,

FELICE ORSINI, Captain.

Ancona, 27th April, 1849.

ROMAN REPUBLIC—Considering that the perpetrators of many assassinations, which have lately been committed in Ancona, have many adherents here, and in the adjacent cities—

Considering that the law of justice should have its full effect, and that the Republican Government is determined to succumb, rather than permit crime and barbarity to go unpunished—

Considering that very many employés, taking advantage of an inevitable disorder in the first moments of a political revolution of the States, do not do their duty, betray the Republic and the

nation, impoverish the public treasury, and render vain the generous efforts of the people—'

The Commissioner Extraordinary of the Roman Republic, Captain Felice Orsini, in virtue of the full powers conceded him by the Triumvirate, with the Document 2790, dated 19th April, instant,

Orders as follows :—

Art. 1st. The City of Ancona is declared in a state of siege.

2nd. No person may go out, or enter into the city, at any hour whatever, without a special permission from the Governor, or some person delegated by him.

3rd. At sunset all citizens must have lights at the windows of their respective houses, and these lights are ordered to burn till daylight, and the municipality is under the obligation to provide lights for those who are too poor to purchase them.

4th. Every assassination will be summarily and militarily judged by a Council of War.

5th. Any attempt against person or property shall be judged and punished as in the preceding article.

6th. Any person, whether citizen or military, who shall be convicted on the testimony of one witness of not having impeded an assassination or other crime ; or not being able to impede it, of not having informed the authorities, or arrested the guilty, shall be judged and considered as an accomplice according to the Article 4.

7th. Any civil employé convicted of having failed in his duty purposely, shall be dismissed and punished according to Article 4.

8th. All persons not belonging to the National Guard are prohibited from carrying a gun in the city.

9th. All those who shall be recognized by their antecedents, as adherents to the committers of assassinations, if found with arms of any species whatever, shall be arrested, and sent before the Council of War.

The present dispositions shall be considered as law, until new orders.

The Extraordinary Commissioner for the Roman Republic,

FELICE ORSINI, Captain.

G. C. MATTIOLI, Governor.

When the news of my proceedings reached the neighbouring cities, groups of the people met, especially at Sinigaglia, and threatened, with the assistance of the inhabitants of Porta Pia, to attack Ancona, and so alarming or using violence to me, they intended to liberate the prisoners. The authorities were aware

of these plans almost as soon as they were conceived. Without losing time I sent for Gaetano Costa, Captain of Artillery, and told him that if the people came on the road from Sinigaglia towards the Porta Pia, with the intention of attacking it, he should send a few grape cartridges amongst them, and if it had a good effect, that he should fire blank cartridges. The Captain thought it best to fire blank cartridge first, but I objected, and told him to obey the commands I had given him. No one appeared. But about four o'clock in the afternoon, a company of national guards, (mobilized) who had drank too much wine, which had been given to them on purpose, commenced some disorder, and sent a deputation to me, taken from amongst their number, and when they presented themselves to me, while I was in conversation with the Governor and certain officers, they began to protest with much warmth that the prisoners were innocent, and were all friends and brothers; that the carabineers had treated them like assassins; that there was a rumour of their being sent out of the city; that it would be better to reflect before carrying it into effect, because they, and other good citizens, had made up their minds after some deliberation, to set them free. I told them that I was a Liberal and had shown it in deeds, and not with words; that I should follow my line of duty, and not move out of the straight road to save my life; that I should not permit the will of the Government which I represented to be impeded, or its authority trampled on; as to the innocence of the prisoners, that would be seen on their trial; as to whether they were to depart the next night, or not, had nothing whatever to do with it; that I was not compelled to give any explanation; that I did not understand what fear was, as I had shown when the myrmidons of Gregory XVI. took me to prison, and death seemed near; that they might act as they chose, and I should do so likewise. All that day many of the citizens prayed me to reflect, that my life was in danger, that the imprisoned criminals had many friends who would liberate them, and that the city would be in consequence in a state of disorder.

There was some truth in all this, but much unnecessary appre-

hension. In the evening Colonel Especo, Commandant of the fortress, sent me a note in great haste, in which he said that the soldiers of the mobilised national guard had got his family in their power, which they kept as hostages, and that the sixteen carabineers were not strong enough to attack them. He continued that he had been outraged and insulted, and was no longer master in the castle; at the same time another note came from the Commandant of a small steamer, called either the Tiber, or the Rome, which was of a still more alarming nature; while he was going on board, a group of about one hundred persons surprised him with menaces of death, if he obeyed the will of the Commissioner, who intended (they said) to transport the imprisoned murderers on board his vessel.

In this emergency I sent for the Commandant of the carabineers and another officer, and said:—"We have attempted the first 'coup,' and we must attempt the second;" (these were the exact words) and I ordered that twenty-four carabineers, under pretence of conducting an arrested person (which was, as it turned out, true), should enter the fortress, I accompanying them, the whole to be preceded by a detachment of the national guard carrying supper for the prisoners.

It was necessary to take these precautions, as otherwise the drawbridge would probably not have been lowered.

We approached the castle, and after the military challenges were replied to, the carabineers and national guards entered, and seeing them, every one became silent. Twelve o'clock at night struck (being the 28th), two hours passed away, and the twenty-two prisoners were conducted between two files of carabineers (passing some companies of national guard, which I had purposely placed there), on board a vessel towed by the steamer, which sailed towards Fermo; the prisoners' destination was the stronghold of Spoleto. It was a very dark night, but the city which I had ordered to be illuminated nightly, presented a grand appearance; not a voice, not a sound was heard, except the dull tread of infantry; of the citizens, the malcontents trembled from fear of arrest and punishment; the good, uncertain as to whether the

assassins would meet their deserts. At daybreak all was known, and those who had until then nourished atrocious projects, doubted of their ability to carry them into effect.

I ordered that several of the mobilized company should be expelled, and that the whole should be disbanded at the first sign of insubordination. Every one now perceived that my proclamation did not end in empty words; and on the day following many persons were searched for arms by the carabineers, and ten more individuals were arrested, two only managed to avoid being taken. As the state of siege existed, a Council of War was instituted, and among its members were the Colonels Cocchi and Gariboldi.

At first I thought of naming the prosecutors from amongst the citizens of the town, but refrained from doing so, lest they might possibly have friends or relations among the arrested. I wrote to Macerata, and the prosecutors there replied with a refusal; and I again wrote to them in these terms: "The Roman Government insists upon its servants' exactitude, integrity, and firmness, and that they be obedient to the orders of its representatives." Upon receipt of this dispatch six of them were to come to Ancona, and one was selected to take the general direction of the process; if they refused they were to be deprived of their appointments; and the Governors Giannini at Macerata, and Cattabeni at Pesaro, were to furnish the pecuniary means for the journey if they accepted, and to nominate other employés to fill their vacancies if they refused. This had the desired effect.

They quickly came to Ancona, with the exception of one who was absent, and one excused himself by saying that he lived with his sister, and if he were compelled to leave her, he could not exist, as he only received six crowns a month. We may judge from this, whether the Papal government could get justice administered fairly, when their employés had hardly enough pay to exist upon. I arranged to grant him twenty crowns a month, besides the six crowns, during the time of his absence.

As many civil employés had abandoned their places, they were re-called under pain of dismissal. It was time to remedy these disorders. The Director of the Posts Leopardi of Recanati, upon

receiving my order, explained to me personally that Monsignor, the Delegate under the Papal Government, had given him permission, through sanitary reasons, to remain a great part of the year in his native province; I replied that I did not tread in the "footsteps of the Monsignors," and that he must remain at his post, or resign.

As justice had seized the greater part of the delinquents, and the continuance of the state of siege was very hurtful to commerce, I ordered it to cease, leaving the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th articles, as published on the 27th April, in full vigour.

I mention this, as the foreign journals stated that the state of siege was only declared for appearance sake. The "Roman Moniteur" replied, but in a very inexact manner, which showed its ignorance as to what was done in the provinces.

There were certain persons in the state who were plotting to get up a movement, in order to assist foreign invasion. The Priests and Sanfedisti were secretly working to this end, but in vain, as the Roman populations preferred to be governed by the Republic, rather than by priests. There was another party which inclined to the Constitutional system of the Pope.

They did not conspire like the rest against Rome; and, although these were not the men to run into dangers, and liked better to talk than act, still they sowed discouragement, and weakened the moral power of the government. This party consisted chiefly of lawyers, doctors, and literary men; some rich, some not, many ambitious, many seeking office; some lived quietly in Rome, others in the provinces, and even in Tuscany, where they were acquainted with Capponi, Baldasseroni, Ricasoli, Corsini, and others, who were in favour of the Grand Ducal Government.

I was not ignorant of these small intrigues, as they existed in all small cities. Having heard that the Advocate Nemti had spoken in a discouraging manner at Ancona, I sent for him, and said that I was aware he had a secret correspondence with other parts of the State, with the object of bringing the government into contempt, together with Farini, Pantaleoni, Pizzoli, and many of the Bolognese aristocracy. I warned him to take care, be-

cause I had already put a stop to assassination, and it would not be much trouble to silence evil tongues, or those reports which tended to discourage the people from defending the national honour. Nemti replied, that for the future he would avoid such discussions; but he did not believe them to be prejudicial, that he had no correspondence with any one tending to subvert the government; and he finished by offering his service to the State from that moment. Nevertheless, what I had accused him of was true.

The public accusers had orders to proceed with the process from the Governor. I prepared to leave Ancona, as I had succeeded in restoring the order which had totally disappeared from this province.

The Austrians were under the walls of Bologna, and in their camp was the Pope's Commissioner, Monsignor Bedini. Count Aldrovandi of that city, went into the Austrian camp to hold a parley, and was by the orders of Bedini kept a prisoner, against every rule of international law.

I heard of this, and was disgusted at the infamy of the thing. In the government palace at Ancona, the niece of Pius IX., the Count Arsigli, her husband, their little girl, and two brothers of Monsignor Bedini, had taken refuge from the popular fury. I did not stand upon ceremony; I decided to keep them as hostages. The civil authorities were of a different opinion, and opposed me, and the Committee of public security deliberated whether it was better to seize them or no; opinions differed, but I insisted, saying that I would be responsible. A letter was written to Bedini at ten o'clock, informing him that the family of Mastai Arsigli, and the brothers Bedini, were kept by the Republic as hostages, and that if anything happened to Count Aldrovandi, reprisals would be taken, and that they would be retained as long as he remained a prisoner. A courier was instantly despatched with the letter. I signed my name as Governor and Commandant of the city and fortress. It was then communicated to the hostages, who wept bitterly, and asked what it was destined should be done with them; and I replied that they must be detained in the castle, and that their fate depended upon the conduct of

Monsignor Bedini. To prevent the family being insulted, I accompanied them to the fortress, with Signor Boccali, sub-lieutenant of the light infantry of the Alto Reno. They were treated well, as they must always confess, while in confinement.

I had not terminated my mission in Ancona, when the Roman Government recalled me to send me to Ascoli, where it was necessary to act with the greatest energy.

I left Ancona for Rome on the 9th of May.

At Rome I was nominated Commissioner for Ascoli, and I proceeded thither.

The process at Ancona went on slowly, because the public prosecutors did not do their work willingly, and because one of the arrested was of British origin, and the Consul Moore did everything in his power for him.

As there was a rumour that the Austrians were advancing to besiege the city, it was well stored with food, the fortifications repaired, field works erected, and copper money coined.

Afterwards I never heard of more political murders in any city of the state; the severity had not failed to make a proper impression.

Monsignor Savelli and other priests were fomenting disturbances in the province of Ascoli, and brigands frequently took advantage of the troubles prevailing, to cross over the frontier of Naples, which is at a short distance, and rob and murder the peasants, and afterwards retire into the Abruzzi. These brigands were instigated and succoured by Don Domenico Taliani, Fra Giovanni, John Piccione, and the Chevalier De Angelis, brother of the Cardinal; their brigand followers robbed and murdered in the name of the Virgin Mary and the Saints; in fact, the bands became so formidable as even to menace the city of Ascoli, because at this time the Republican troops had been principally withdrawn towards Rome, where the fate of the Republic was about to be decided.

Emboldened by impunity the brigands came to Ascoli, and threatened the town with sack and massacre, if they were not supplied with provisions and ammunition; and their demands

not being complied with, they attacked the city, and the fight lasted some hours, but without much loss.

In the meantime the French pressed the siege of Rome, enraged at their defeat on the 30th April. The Austrians were hastening towards Ancona. Naples and the Pope favoured the brigands, and the King led an army of 16,000 men to take the Holy city (if he could), and even miserable Spain sent her soldiers to assist the other *heroes* (?) to destroy the Republic.

I arrived at Ascoli, and found a few national guards with two old pieces of iron artillery in a very unserviceable state. I published some very severe orders. I commanded the arrest of some persons who had instigated rebellion against the Republic. The administration of justice was very simple and effective; the guilty were instantly punished, and the innocent were set at liberty. The Junta was called upon to judge the ex-Governor of Arquata and his son, and two brothers of a priest who lived with the brigands; the first had incited the population to rebel, and directed the movement, while the second had carried arms and ammunition to the brigands. They had been arrested while Colonel Roselli commanded. Three were sentenced to be shot, and the son, being under age, to imprisonment for life. Many persons interceded, but I would not hear them. At last the Mayor, Sgariglia, came to me renewing his solicitations for mercy, and I said he must first of all get Colonel Ribotti out of the hands of the Neapolitan Government which held him a prisoner. He corresponded with that Government, which refused; notwithstanding that they were allowed to live.

As the French hordes continued to pour into the Roman States, the Triumvirs sent Commissioners into the different Provinces to re-assure the populations that the Government would maintain the integrity of the Republic to the last. Henry Serpieri and Vincent Caldisi, Commissioners for Foligno, wrote to me, stating, that I had better retreat, because the Austrians were advancing from that part, and when they had succeeded in closing the passes of Foligno, Tolentino, and Macerata, I should be in a dangerous position; and at the same time Cavanna wrote from

Fermo, that the Austrians were close to Ancona, and were being reinforced. I refused to retire.

While I was preparing to make an expedition against the enemy, Freddi, ex-Captain of the Pontifical gendarmes, was sent to serve under my orders; I had met him once before, when I was taken in chains to Forli, on my way to San Leo (as the reader will remember). His father had arrested me at Bologna, and was president of the Military Tribunal. He looked at me with tears in his eyes, and said "Commissioner, I pray you to draw a veil over the past; command me, put me to the trial, and you shall see how your orders shall be executed." This humiliation disgusted me. I never allowed him to be intrusted with any mission of importance. I kept him near me so as not to oppose the recommendations of the Roman government. Why did they send me one of the most faithful Captains of the Pope, who had always been distinguished for his zeal against the patriots, who had his father in the prisons of Rome, kept there by the Liberals? Let us be logical, and we shall respect the laws of nature! Captain Freddi conspired secretly against the Republican government, and when that fell he was employed again by the Pope, and became one of the most bitter enemies of the Republicans. Thus the Roman government kept in its service some of the greatest brigands, and some of its bitterest enemies.

The Austrians showed symptoms of their desire to attack the province of Ascoli, uniting themselves with the brigands. I took command of a few troops, much disorganised, but I put them into as good a state as time permitted.

Some of the provinces had already submittted to the Austrians, the brigands kept the mountain passes, and more than once exchanged shots with my soldiers. At three o'clock a.m. on the 3rd of June I departed, taking with me five hundred and fifty infantry and fifty mounted carabineers. After many difficulties and dangers, we arrived at Force, and there had to sustain combats for three days with the brigands, who were only kept out of the place by vigorous attacks with the bayonet. Finding it quite impossible to resist longer, as our number became diminished through the

wounded and deserters, and the dissatisfaction displayed by the soldiers, I resigned my authority into the hands of the officers, and at last a capitulation was signed, by which the soldiers under me had the power to take service under the Pope, or otherwise retire with arms and baggage to Rome. The Austrians, as usual, showed a disinclination to keep the terms of the capitulation, but offered passports for Rome. I then got a passport incognito dressed as a Sub-Lieutenant, under the name of Francis Pinelli, of Fermo, and went away alone, although many of the officers wished to accompany me. I afterwards disguised myself as a steward, and left a letter for the Austrian Commandant, protesting against the abuse of superior force with no shadow of right to excuse it, and that under those conditions I considered the capitulation null.

The Commandant of a battalion of Austrians, who came from Foligno, endeavoured in every manner to get me into his power. I had the day before, well disguised, passed him and his troops on my way to Foligno.

When I got there, I was proud to hear that Rome had driven back every attack of the enemy, and was not prepared to cede her rights or to bow to the Gallic arms, which, under the name of regeneration, have often oppressed the nations and rivetted the chains of servitude.

France has since paid dearly for the shedding of Italian blood, and wantonly and immorally destroying the Roman Republic.

CHAPTER IX.

I take shelter at Genoa.—Mazzini's Mother.—I become acquainted with N. N., of .... Arrival at Nice.—The Refugees.—Studies.—Activity.—Correspondence with Mazzini.—The Republican Party.—The Coup d'Etat at Paris.—French Frontiers of the Var.—Mr. Herzen.—My acquaintance with Mrs. Emma Siegezmond Herwegh, of Berlin.—Sympathy.—Strange predictions.—Movement of the Sixth February at Milan.—I go to Bologna for a Political object.—At Sassuolo I am taken by the Gend'armes.—I escape.—Reggio.—The Appennines.—I and my Friend Ricci nearly lost in the snow.—New dangers.—Return to Piedmont.—Projects of the Sarzana Expedition.—I am taken in Chains to Genoa at the beginning of September, 1853.—Sardinian Prisons.—My exile.

After having met with some difficulties on the road, as the French troops were besieging the city, I at last succeeded in entering Rome. The siege continued with much activity, and several furious encounters took place, but we all knew that the end was approaching. I received the congratulations of the Authorities and Deputies, for the mission which I had brought to an end, and on the 28th June the Minister of War sent me the Commission of Major on the General Staff. The Assembly having declared that the defence must cease, the Triumvirate resigned, and there was some idea of creating another, and propositions were made to me, by some of the deputies, to be nominated to that office. I refused, as there was nothing more to be done.

Rome fell! The French entered and commenced disarming the citizens. There were moments of disorder and anarchy, certain political "vendette" occurred, an almost inevitable result. Those whom I had caused to be arrested at Ancona had been set at liberty; I therefore ran great risks of my life as they plotted against me, and sought to slay me; a thing not difficult of execution in the confusion. I was advised of it. One evening I met five or six of them; I stopped first, telling them that I knew their intentions towards; me they wished to excuse themselves,

but I answered with firmness, that, "I had only done my duty in taking the measures against them which I had executed, that they had better take care of their future conduct, as I was not a man to be brow beaten, that if they attempted anything against my life it was likely that one or two would perish likewise." It was imprudent for me to remain longer in Rome, not only because these men sought my life, but for the uncertainty of my fate if arrested by the restored Papal government. I procured an English passport, and left Rome on the 10th July. I passed on to Florence, and asked permission to remain in Tuscany in some Villa. I was ordered to leave the Grand Duchy in five days, and in the meantime wrote to my uncle, and learned that he had sent money to me directed to Rome, advising me to leave and save myself in the best way I could. I left Florence, and arrived at Genoa on the 20th July. Shortly after Zambianchi and a man, nick-named the *Red Man*, one of those I had arrested at Ancona, came to that city. I knew they had designs upon my life. One day I stopped Zambianchi in the street; he was at first somewhat rough but became temperate. We arranged to meet the Red Man in the evening, and did so, along with Mr. Nisi, and a Roman named Colletti, gentlemen of good character; the "Rosso" wished to reprove me, saying that I had confounded him and his friends with the real assassins; that I had treated them harshly, and had not acted as a Liberal. He added that at Ancona, in the Commercial Coffee House, a pistol was aimed at me, the percussion cap of which exploded. I answered that my instructions for what I did were clear; that when I accepted a government mission I had only to do my duty; that energy and celerity were necessary for success; that my escape from their plots was a proof of my good luck. Our conversation concluded by their saying that they could no longer blame me.

A short time afterwards, we heard that some of those whom I had arrested had been shot at Ancona by the Austrians.

At last, the news came that Venice had fallen. Italy was in mourning. What was the result of all this ardour,—all this enthusiasm, which had so lately been exhibited? In a few months all

had vanished, and of 28,000,000 Italians, there were only found 14,000 combatants at Rome, and 16,000 at the defence of Venice. And now, where seven short years ago, the cries of liberty were heard, and Italian blood was freely shed, we find only misery, desolation, and despotism triumphant! And who is the cause of this? Is it the youth? Is it the people? No! Both did their duty, gave what they had, their arms, their money, their lives, their blood. The nation fell—but honourably, and the year 1848 will be an epoch of glory for Italy, because her people showed Europe what they were capable of doing. But the same impartial history which will register this glorious fact, will contain also a page of sadness and meanness, which will show that the Italians lost, because their chiefs were incapable and at variance with each other; it will register the treasons of the Pope, the King of Naples, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; it will show the vacillation and helplessness of Charles Albert, who, thinking in 1848 to win with his then unprepared and disorganised army, showed himself adverse to the volunteers, who flocked to his standard from every part of the Peninsula. History will in fine register with impartiality, how, during the war of independence, some political men unfortunately set forward their own theories of policy, which only weakened our forces and reinforced the Austrians.

These were the facts which extinguished the enthusiasm, diffused universal want of faith, caused recrimination, called to life ancient discord, and reduced us, in the end, to a handful of combatants—and we fell. Thus, to the eternal infamy of those who ruled, and not to any fault of the nation, we saw the most illustrious and historical cities of Italy profaned and bombarded by an insolent invader.

The year 1848 proved another truth, which, although sad, it is necessary to confess. When the national enthusiasm was extinguished, no man rose up, who, by military or political genius, was capable of lighting it up again, and infusing new life into a distrustful and despairing people. This fact is undeniable!!

The Italian emigrants, who came into power, had ideas gained in foreign countries during their long exile, and only followed the

footsteps of the revolutions in other nations, while Italy was rich enough in ancient and modern exploits, to have no need to copy the examples of modern Europe. Beyond this some acted for personal ambition alone; love of country was not their first thought. Some provinces were internally liberal and free,—as witness Rome, Venice, and Florence; but the former city alone had any true conception of a national unity. The chiefs of the second had the imbecile thought of re-establishing the ancient government, and so sanction a new division of Italy; while the heads of the third were inapt, ambitious, and one of them (Guerazzi) always in confidential correspondence with the late Ruler of Tuscany. So that while union was preached, there existed the scandal of seeing three Italian provinces ruled by three distinct insurrectionary governments.

Thus the heroism shown at Rome and Venice is due to the youth of Italy alone!

I know well that these words will not be echoed by every Italian who belonged to these respective governments, and I can foresee the storm which will be raised against these opinions by the vain and ambitious; but I heed it not. I said I would speak the truth, and I intend to do so, come what may. Whoever feels love for his country should not deceive his fellow-countrymen, either by counter-like actions or by boasting.

If Italy *truly* rises, she *must* conquer; but to arrive at this end, men of *capacity* and *decision* must be at the head of the revolution; *practical* men, and not *dreamers;* men who are not *intriguers, ambitious,* or afraid of *death;* men who feel that *they live* to do good to Italy, who with this thought *sacrifice affection,* and all that which renders life dear to the generality of mortals. Without this there is no hope of redemption.

I will now take up the thread of my narrative. During the few months I was in Genoa, I applied myself to mathematics again, with Henry Cernuschi of Milan, and I did not forget my military studies. I met one day for the first time N. N.* and we con-

* I do not mention his name because he is *still serving the cause in Italy.*

ceived a sincere friendship for each other. I became acquainted with Mazzini's mother, and frequented her house; and I found her, although of an advanced age, intelligent, and full of vivacity. She always spoke of her son with great affection, and loved all those who loved him; through her I corresponded with Mazzini.

In March, 1850, I went to Nice, and received while there a letter from Montecchi, requesting me to give my assistance in a political affair then preparing. A National Committee was shortly after instituted, which had for its end a new revolution in Italy, and to provide means to carry it into effect. I received instructions to go into several of the Piedmontese Provinces to establish Republican Clubs. I did so. Through Mazzini I became acquainted with Alexander Herzen, a Russian; one day he called on me with Mrs. B., an English lady, who was the bearer of some notes of the National Loan; I did not hesitate to accept them, and succeeded in disposing of them to the value of about eight hundred francs, which sum was paid to Madame Mazzini as was ordered.

The coup d' etat took place in Paris, and great anxiety was depicted in the countenances of the groups collected in the streets of Nice. I and many Italians there concerted with the French to pass the Var, and commence an insurrection among the mountains in a Republican sense, and consequently against the Government of Napoleon. The Committees of Draguignan, of Digne, of Antibes, &c., &c., showed themselves well disposed towards us. We sustained many fatigues with some brave Frenchmen; we were at the place of appointment on the frontier, and passed some nights contemplating the mountains and stars, with our teeth chattering and limbs half frozen, and of all those Frenchmen who were to have joined us, only one man came, a coast guardsman, who had deserted. Movements took place in France which were speedily repressed. After some months other revolutionary projects were concocted in London, and, as it has often happened before, the plans were excellent upon paper, but could never be carried out, because the planner had the disadvantage of being several hundred miles from the scene of action. The ex-Captain of the French army, Bellet, who had gone through the African

Campaigns, was sent to me from London; he had instructions from Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. He sent for me in haste, and on consulting with him he exclaimed with much ardour, "You will command the Italian column, I will command the French, in three days we must attack the Var, have you the guns and cartridges?" I replied in the negative, having had no instructions to that effect. "Now be quick," said he, "prepare them, arrange them! We shall want few cartridges,—we shall only fire once or twice,—then attack the bridge over the Var with the bayonet.—The *brave fall*, the *cowards remain*." I could hardly help smiling, nevertheless I arranged with my Italian companions, amongst whom was Joseph Fontana, a man of much practical sense. * In a few days one thousand cartridges were prepared, and I knew where to get the arms. The Captain after three days had no order to attack the bridge of the Var, Ledru Rollin who ought to have been in the south of France did not go, all turned to smoke, and the poor Captain who had left his affairs in London to command the expedition, remained penniless for some months in Nice, *without the means of returning*. It seems that his chiefs in London had *forgotten him*, and it would not have been surprising if the enthusiastic Frenchman had attacked the bridge of the Var, to gain possession of the dinner of the sentry, so great was his misery. At Herzen's house I met the poet George Herwegh, and many Germans and Poles. About this time the mother of Garibaldi died, and was accompanied to the tomb by all the population. Herzen had his share of troubles, amongst which was his mother's death, and that of a child of eight years, and of the tutor, who were drowned, having been unfortunately on board a steamer which was run down in the waters of Nice. Herzen was for some days almost insensible. He is a distinguished Russian emigrant, of most liberal principles, profoundly versed in the social sciences, a good literary man, and very generous.

But what a life I led at Nice! Save the first months, which I

* This was the same Fontana who was wounded in Mestre, and lost his right arm there.

passed tranquilly, I had nothing afterwards but inquietude, arising from an old cause, which it would be useless to mention here. Consequently, I had not the heart to apply myself much to any kind of study; yet I did not forget the military art, and wrote some memoirs relating to the late Roman Republican War, and published a military geography of Italy. I lived in a small country house near the city. My uncle had lately suffered considerable pecuniary losses through guarantees, made by the advice of the present Pope, when he was Archbishop. He went to Rome, presented himself to the Pope, but could scarcely obtain any satisfaction. He was received in a very cool manner, and the Pope reproved him for having such a nephew. During my residence in Nice I became acquainted with some English families, among whom was Mr. Joseph Catteral, of Preston, my true and good friend. I was accustomed to a very active life. At dawn I rose, at six I fenced with the sword, then went among the mountains; after dinner on horseback, leaping the barrier, and at five the sword and pistol practice: so the time passed. I was present at some duels. I had not, meanwhile, forgotten my country, and kept myself in readiness. Considering Mazzini at that time as the Chief of the Italian Revolution, I often wrote to him, desiring that he would use me for any desperate service.

In December, 1852, Sig. Fontana, a Music Master, was presented to me, who had studied music with Rossini, under the celebrated Father Mattei. Speaking of him on one occasion with Madame Emma Herwegh and other friends, I said I should like to study the art of composing music. There was a general laugh, and they thought me out of my mind. This decided me to study it. For nearly two months I did not leave my house, from morning till evening I remained with my master studying. Before I began I did not even know the meaning of "*do*." We commenced with the solfeggio muto, the vocalo, then pianoforte, then the last explanations of the accords of the ascending and descending scale; after relating to the *dissonanze*, *progressioni*, *imitazioni*, and *fughe*, I passed the accompaniments of Fenaroli, and prepared for those of Mattei. The principles were taught me

with wonderful clearness, and the master himself was surprised at my progress, took pleasure in his lessons.

But conspiracy took me away at the last moment of my studies.* In 1853, during the first days of February, I received a letter from Mazzini. "I keep my word, and entrust to you a most dangerous undertaking; you will receive instructions at Genoa." My wife expected daily to be confined; nevertheless I immediately departed to Genoa. Maurice Quadrio gave me instructions; I was destined to go to Bologna, in order to take a part in the military direction of the revolution. There a supreme Committee was to have been formed composed of A. Saffi, Pigozzi, myself, with Major Joseph Fontana,† as Secretary. Saffi and Pigozzi had already departed. I had received the order late, and Fontana remained at Nice, as he had received no order at all. The old carelessness again! At Genoa the revolution of Milan was publicly spoken of. Sig. Buffa, Governor of Genoa, directed some of the most influential of the emigration, and advised them to remain tranquil. I was in contact with the refugees, and can assert on my honour that I found them distrustful; very few had confidence in what Mazzini was about to do. An inexplicable fact, because they had assisted in all the operations of the National Committee, and now the operation to be attempted was arranged by the said Committee. They should have known that the triumph or defeat of the coup they were preparing would decide the fate of the Republican cause; if they had not faith in Mazzini they should have said so at first, and not have shown themselves uncertain on the eve of the revolution. The man who has sentiments of liberty and patriotism should always speak frankly even though he gain enemies, without which he is a hypocrite, and endangers the cause which he pretends to serve!!

* I followed the method of Professor Asioli. In two months I made the first accompaniments, and wrote five parts; at the end of five months I had passed all Crescentini, and in June I commenced to jot down some of my own ideas.

† Who was made Major after the battle at Mestre. All these facts are well known in Italy, and once for all I repeat, that I only state facts which are not calculated to injure either the cause or individuals.

Mazzini was at Lugano, and did not move from thence. A handful of Milanese meanwhile, in a most heroic manner assaulted the castle, and entered it; but, ignorant of military affairs, instead of seizing the muskets on the racks, embarrassed themselves with a cannon, which was of no service to them. They were surprised. All was soon over, and many were hanged. In the evening after the affair there was a great agitation in Milan, and the smallest circumstance would have caused a general revolution; but the Austrians displayed extraordinary caution, and the soldiery acted with great forbearance. The attempt itself was made by a few individuals only. B—— had been sent by Mazzini to Milan, to organize the affair some months beforehand. There was another Romagnuolo F——and the Hungarian of whom I shall afterwards speak. B., incompetent to such a mission, succeeded in gaining over many of the people by bribery, and for some months paid them daily; so that the conspiracy remained circumscribed; but if it had been well organized, it might have caused a general revolution, for these two reasons:—First, because one thing grows out of another:—Second, because the moral revolution is already complete in Italian breasts, and they are ever ready to second a movement which has the least chance of success. All these facts were recounted to me in Milan and at Mantua by the heads of the revolt.

At the fatal news from Milan, the Republican party was in a state of prostration. Recrimination succeeded. The Republican party, which, after the disaster of Novara, had saved the national honour, was conquered at Rome, but not destroyed; had remained organized, compact, honoured, feared, and respected, when its members were emigrants, even by the Sardinian Government. After the affair of Milan it was the same no longer, it became utterly demoralized. As a noble ship, driven by the tempest on a rock, bursts asunder with the mighty shock, so from this moment the party became only a melancholy wreck. The constitutional party triumphed; Mazzini was lost.—After the defence of Rome, the Italians regarded him as the chief of the conspiracy; he was at the apex of moral power, and to this point he will perhaps never

arrive again, by a fatal and inexplicable law, but nevertheless a sure one, viz:—That when individuals fall from their high estate, through neglect of opportunity, they never more rise to their former eminence.

Since the affair of Milan, the greater part of the patriots abandoned Mazzini, and I, with many of his friends, ceased to constitute what was called the *national party;* and for this cause alone, that we were in a great minority. We remained therefore a faction, because our Republican idea, although *per se* holy and righteous, was not the general idea of the nation. I was unwilling to believe that Mazzini could be subjected to such a change of fortune; I regarded him always as the chief; I was convinced of the contrary only by sad experience, intercourse with the first amongst Italian patriots, as well as from having personally sounded the sentiments of the provinces.

I was about leaving Genoa when the news arrived there of the failure of the Milanese insurrection, so that I was advised not to go on to Bologna. Nevertheless I departed, and penetrated into the Modanese duchy. The police were in extraordinary alarm. At Sassuolo my companion Ricci and myself were arrested by the gendarmes. As I had a Bolognese passport I was commanded to proceed thither; Ricci was ordered to return home. Telegraphic despatches were forwarded to the places which I had to pass through, and I was followed at a little distance by the gendarmes. I however arrived at Modena, and when out of that city I eluded their vigilance and that of the police. I joined Ricci again, and, with the assistance of some students, got to Reggio. There we learnt that Saffi and Pigozzi had returned. We then thought of following their example. The police knew where I was, and the gendarmes entered at one door while I escaped by the other. I was fortunate enough to find Ricci again, and we took to the Apenines. I now found myself amongst dangers which were completely new to me. The snow was very deep; we were compelled to keep on the crest of the mountains by Sassalbo, which road leads to Fivizzano, Sarzana, &c. It was night, there was no trace of a road. We were obliged to keep the telegraphic posts in view,

to direct us, although we had one of the most practised guides. For some minutes we missed the path, the guide exclaimed "Holy Mary! we are lost!" I did not lose courage, but not being accustomed to this kind of adventure, I turned to go back. The guide cried out, "By heaven, No!" and I changed my mind, and followed him. If I had proceeded in the former direction I had taken, I should have lost my life, as the wind blew the snow from that side with great violence in clouds similar to smoke, and the exposure to this, for a minute or two would have caused suffocation. In England, no one can even imagine the violence of the wind and snow on the Appenines in winter. Luckily the guide knew where he was, and after two hours of danger and exposure, we sheltered ourselves in a hut. Although we had not tasted food for fourteen hours, we were so completely exhausted as to be unable to take any refreshment; the day after, we arrived at Sarzana. In a country house near there Saffi and Pigozzi were concealed, we met each other; the police of the Sardinian Government displayed great activity in their endeavours to arrest us, but by the assistance of some of the neighbouring patriots, we got to Spezia, there we embarked in a steamer, and arrived one morning at Genoa, with caps on our heads of the Sardinian national guard. The "emigration" at Genoa believed that I had been arrested by the Austrians, and consequently lost. Some days after, I again set out for the Modanese territory, to discover if there was any chance of getting up a movement in the Lunigiana, and amongst the mountains. It was useless; I found no suitable material for such an enterprise. I returned to Genoa, and from thence to Nice. My wife had given birth to a little girl. I again continued my studies of music and the sword. On the Lombard frontiers of Piedmont other small movements took place, contemporaneously with the attempt at Milan; they were impeded by the Sardinian troops. At Bologna, the police became aware that Saffi and Pigozzi had been there, and they were both condemned to twenty years' imprisonment as contumacious. The consequences were executions, bastonades and the galleys in Lombardy; the same in the Roman States, transportations in mass in the Sardinian kingdom, and desolution, misery, and recrimination.

Mazzini published a pamphlet justifying the revolt of Milan, in which he appeared discontented with the result. He wrote to some of his friends, Montecchi amongst the rest, that he would retire from political affairs. Afterwards he wrote that he was requested by certain Italians to continue chief of the revolutionary party; which he consented to do. He again began to act, and gave the name of "Centre of action" to his Committee. But he saw the necessity of re-establishing himself in the opinion of his party; he sought therefore to organize a movement, the triumph of which should draw a veil over past failures. He imagined that a revolution could be effected in the Lunigiana, and wrote to me that this attempt would shortly be made. He wished to know if I had any objection to take the leadership; I replied that I would accept it willingly. I spoke about it at Nice with Major Fontana, at the same time showing some hesitation; and we wrote to Mazzini concerning the means required. Beyond this Fontana asked for explanations about the contemporary movements, which should accompany that of Sarzana, without which an isolated fact would be of no avail. Mazzini answered me, instead of him, saying that I should arouse myself, and reply *Yes* or *No!* My amour propre being touched, I replied that I accepted, and he sent by return of post the necessary money for the cartridges, &c.

Habitual danger makes us too confident, and we neglect proper precautions; sometimes this excess of confidence bears no evil fruit, but it generally causes the failure of great enterprizes. So it was with our conspiracies! We were wrong to speak so openly of our projects. I must confess that I acted with some imprudence in the selection of certain persons at Nice, who were to have accompanied me; and the consequence was, that the Italian emigrants at Nice were aware of the projected expedition. But as the scene of action was distant, no evil effect arose from their indiscretion. I departed for Sarzana with Count Hugo Pepoli; others followed me, and stayed at Spezia; cartridges, &c., were prepared. The muskets were to be procured from the national guard of Sarzana. At the confines of the duchy we expected a considerable number

of the youth to use them. On the 3rd September, at four in the morning, we were to attack Massa. I sent orders to our companions at Spezia, Sarzana, and in the duchy, that in the evening of the 3rd, the former should be at a short distance from Sarzana, the latter on the frontier. An hour before the time of meeting I was at my post with Ricci, Merighi, Nisi, and another. We waited for three hours, and twenty young men of Sarzana joined us, who, instead of bringing 150 muskets, only appeared with about two dozen. I was determined, even under these disadvantages, to make the attempt, but those of Spezia did not come with the ammunition, and the delay of three hours had utterly dispelled any hope of a good result, even if we attempted an attack. This, as well as the news that a company of Sardinian riflemen were approaching, persuaded me to desist from the projected attack. I sent to advise the young men on the frontier that they should not advance, and, with four of my companions, I took to the neighbouring mountains. The principal and true cause of the failure was the delay in the arrival of the men I expected from Spezia. Ceretti had my orders at Spezia to be on the spot very early, and he never gave me a good explanation of the cause of the delay. Sinister rumours circulated about his conduct, but as I was accustomed to hear such rumours I never paid attention to them, and attributed his delay to his incapacity and inactivity.

The failure of the affair was known to the Sardinian government. The police, gendarmes, and national guard were on the alert by orders from the government, which published the news that bands of malefactors were spread over the country, and so, that government which would have put itself at the head of the revolution if the attempt had succeeded, applied to us the worst of epithets; even the Austrians could not have treated us worse.

We then thought of getting into a place of security, but a spy informed the police where we were concealed; seven gendarmes surprised us with loaded carbines levelled, saying, "He who moves dies." We were in all five, without arms, because we did not go there to fight against the Sardinian troops. We were then arrested and chained. I had some papers in a truss of straw, it was searched

and the papers were discovered. They asked to whom the truss belonged, and I claimed it. In these papers there were some instructions from Kossuth, Mazzini, and myself, upon which some Piedmontese papers gave the most false and contemptible interpretations, to which even the organs of Austria would not descend.

On the night of the 4th we were examined in a very rude manner in the prison at Sarzana, by a Commissary of Police, named Cecchi. I replied, "That since I had known the difference between right and wrong I had always conspired against the Austrians, who held my country in servitude, that while I had a drop of blood in my veins, while there remained a foreign soldier in Italy, I would continue to do so; that my principles were Republican, and the Sardinian government was aware of it from the hour that I placed my foot on that soil; that for the moment I had been quiet, because the first object of our cause was independence, which all the forces of the nation ought to support; that I had attempted nothing against the Sardinian government; and lastly, that I did not know the four companions found with me, as we had met on the road." I was taken chained to Genoa, and separated from my companions; the same fate awaited them in the following days. I had to wear my chains two days, and they were chained during the journey of eight days, and suffered greatly. At Genoa I was put into a secret cell in the prison of St. Andrew, where prisoners condemned to death are usually confined. I was examined anew, I confirmed what I had before deposed. The greatest severity was used towards me from the first. Signor Buffa, Governor of Genoa, came to visit me, and admiring my firmness of character was very kind. The rigour ceased, but I still remained confined in the same cell. Books were allowed me, and I was permitted to read the journal called the "Mercantile Courier," in which I discovered that Calvi had been arrested by the Austrians in the Cadore mountains, while on a similar expedition. At that time I little thought that I should have been in the next cell to him a few days before he was brought out to die.

After a certain time I knew my fate; the Sardinian government

had decided to banish me; and I demanded permission to go to Nice for the purpose of seeing my children. I went escorted by two policemen; I remained one day in prison there, where I saw and embraced my family. Then I returned to Genoa, and from thence I was taken on board a Neapolitan steamer bound for Marseilles.

I found that the gendarmes, and the prisons in Piedmont have a wonderful resemblance to those in the other Italian States; the system is the same. The difference consists in the judgments, since Piedmont has ordinary tribunals, so that there may be a defence, &c. As to me and my companions, there was nothing to judge upon. We were under the police alone; my strict confinement lasted two months.

CHAPTER X.

Arrival in England.—London.—My Wife is lost to me.—Westminster Abbey.—Invitation to dine with Mr. Sanders, Consul-General of America.—Kossuth.—Mazzini.—Garibaldi.—Ledru-Rollin.—Herzen.—Worcell.—Pulzki.—New schemes for an Italian Movement.—Miss Louisa.—I set out incognito for Italy.

I remained five days in France, and then went to England. I arrived in London on a certain Sunday in November; it was my first visit. I found fog, silence, solitude, and melancholy; these were my first impressions. I took lodgings at Sig. Cesirinis, a fellow-countryman of mine, in Golden Square. I was as usual awake early, I had not drawn down the blinds the previous night; I looked at the window, and found that all was dark. I lighted a candle and looked at my watch; it was eight o'clock. What on earth can this mean, thought I, so late, and yet so dark? I put out the light and waited, and waited; nine and ten o'clock came, I rose and went to the window, I saw a yellow light, a mixture of fog and smoke, I smelt an odonr of gas, and I heard a sound repeated in the streets, "O-hoo!" not very harmonious, which I could not make out. I dressed, descended, and found my watch was right, but not the atmosphere. Then I discovered that the day broke very late during the winter in London, and that I must change my habits. The climate afterwards made me somewhat melancholy, so that I could not remain in the house, but walked about from morning to night. I saw Mazzini, we spoke of the Sarzana affair, and he said that he was planning another, that I should do well to be prepared.

I had one day a letter from my uncle; the affair at Sarzana had somewhat harrassed him. He was not ignorant of my dangers on the Modenese frontier, and for the first time since I was a boy he wrote to me in severe terms. I asked him for some

money; he refused, saying that as I had a family to think of, I ought to interfere no more in politics. This somewhat embarrassed me, as I was unprovided with money at the moment. Meanwhile I had sad news—my wife was lost to me.

I saw all the monuments of London, and the beautiful Abbey of Westminister, with my friend Joseph Catterall, of Preston. I returned there again on another occasion, and often remained there for hours regarding the monuments of some of the greatest men of modern times. They reminded me of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, which contains the ashes of our own great dead, of Michael Angelo, of Machiavelli, of Galileo, of Alfieri. What ideas arise on the contemplation of the monuments of the great departed? Time destroys the conqueror's name, reduces thrones to dust, breaks up empires, sweeps away every trace of the most ancient dynasties, reduces all things to nought; and yet, has not the power to cancel the vast conceptions of creative mind! The power of intellect defies time; Genius hands down its fame to eternity; even the physical laws of this universe themselves shall remain as perpetual memorials of a Galileo and a Newton!

Not a day passed without my seeing Mazzini, who continually spoke of an attempt in central Italy. I placed myself at his disposal; he formed a plan, which was to initiate a movement in the Lunigiana, one in Sicily, and contemporaneously another in the Valtellina; he said he had consulted Medici as to whether the latter would accept the leadership of the central part of the expedition, and told me shortly after that Medici had replied that there was no chance of any good result. Mazzini consulted Garibaldi about Sicily, but he would have nothing to do with it. Then he told me that he would himself take the leadership in the Valtellina, and I accepted the central part of Italy, or, in other words, the chieftainship of the Lunigiana. The preparations were made with great alacrity by our friends.

I was, about this time, invited to dine with Mr. Sanders, Consul General of the United States of America, in London, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday. At the dinner I met, among others, his Excellency the United States Minister, the wife and

children of Mr. Sanders, General Garibaldi, Herzen, Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, Kossuth, Pulszky, and Worcell. It was a magnificent dinner. There were no political discussions. We talked of travels and American affairs. All the European papers spoke of this entertainment, and each, according to its party leanings, put the most strange and absurd constructions upon it.

When we were informed that all was ready for the new affair in the Lunigiana I prepared to depart. I told my friends that I was going to Birmingham. I went first to wish good bye to a distinguished English family, with whom I had become acquainted. In this family there was a young lady twenty years of age, who possessed beauty and inexpressible grace, united with innocence, virtue, and modesty, a complete education, rare wisdom, a profound sentiment of the beautiful, good, and noble; in a word, all those gifts which form a perfect woman. Her name was Louisa. She would not believe that I was going to Birmingham, and said, "You are going to Italy." "No," I replied, "there is nothing to do there as yet." She, still of the same opinion, added in French, "Listen to your sincere friend's advice—love your country, make sacrifices for her liberation, but do not throw away your life like a fool." A few moments after I left her and have never seen her since. How often in my prison at Mantua with death so near, did I think of her words; how often did those wise remarks sting me!

On the night of the 18th March, 1853, I embarked in disguise for Ostend. I had an old passport, full of visés and much defaced with the name of Tito Celsi.

CHAPTER XI.

Bruxelles.—The Apostolical Nuncio and my passport.—Paris.—Geneva.—Zurich.—I enter Piedmont.—Movement in the Duchy of Modena.—Its failure.—The reasons thereof.—New dangers.—Singular circumstances.—I am saved.—Troubles.—Geneva.—Mazzini and Maurizio Qadrio.—I set out to organize an Expedition in the Vattellina.—Preparations.—The Grisons.—Scenery in Switzerland.—My Children.—False report of my Uncle's death.—Aquaintance with some Swiss Officers in the Papal Service.—They think me to be a Recruiter for the Pope.—The Engineer Joni.—Saint Moritz and Mazzini.—My arrest.—La Martina, a young Swiss Girl.—Her admirable conduct.—A Russian Lady.—I escape from the Gendarmes.—*La valle Cavaglia and la valle dell' Albula.*—Forty hours' march in the Mountains.—I arrive safe at Zurich.—Mrs. Emma Herwegh.—New plans.—My sad presentiments.—Advice and system of Education for my children sent to my Brother Leonidas.—I start with a political object for Italy.

From Ostend I went on to Brussels, and the day after to the Apostolic Nuncio. I was dressed in black, had my beard shaved, wore my whiskers in the English fashion, and passed for an Italian merchant. When I presented myself to the Secretary of Legation (a priest) I was very grave, and as I professed to be from Ravenna; I entered into conversation with him about the Cardinals from that part of the Roman States; the conversations about the Cardinals Amat, Falconieri, and Mastai Ferretti, whom I had known many years, lasted nearly half an hour. This predisposed the secretary in my favor, who stood talking with me holding his small skull cap in his hand. *I wished to present my respects to the Nuncio,* but could not see him as he was ill. At last, while speaking on commercial affairs, I took out my passport and said, "May I beg you to renew this passport for me; one of my clerks lost it amongst the papers in my office, and you see it has become very dirty, so that the Austrian ambassador, who represents the Roman government in London, made some difficulty about putting his visé, and as I am about proceeding to Italy on business, I should not like to encounter obstacles or delay, especially just now, when the Mazzinians are attempting new disturbances." He immediately con-

sented to let me have another, which was done; I thanked him, and departed.

I went to Paris, remained a few hours, and then departed for Geneva; I staid there two days; I saw Maurice Quadrio, and he presented me to a certain Hungarian, who under the name of Fissendi, if I mistake not, was living there. I gave him money and instructions and sent him into Lombardy. From Geneva I went to Zurich; I gave a similar mission to an Italian refugee, so that if one should be arrested, the orders would be conveyed by the other. I returned to Geneva, and went to Turin by Mont Cenis, thence departing to Genoa; I remained there at a villa outside the walls. Nicholao Ferrari, an excellent young man, who died a short time afterwards, and E. P. were charged to prepare arms for the expedition, and when ready, with a small amount of ammunition, they were to accompany them on board a small vessel, and come and fetch me. I was with young Fontana, of Massa Carrara, who had been my companion at Sarzana. It was on a Saturday evening, if I mistake not, the 6th May, 1854.

The *precise* instructions of Mazzini were as follows:—

1st. That I, Fontana, and an Hungarian Officer, should embark in the boat, as indicated.

2nd. That we should carry the arms, &c., in the boat to a certain part of the coast near Massa.

3rd. That they should be consigned to the young men who would be there to receive them.

4th. That these young men, being armed, I was to take the command, and execute any movement which I should consider best.

5th. That Ricci should indicate to me the exact spot where the arms were to be disembarked, and show me the place where I was to meet the young men.

To arrange all these things properly Ricci had already been several times in the Duchy of Modena disguised.

On that day, (Saturday,) Ricci with ten Italian emigrants embarked on board the Ferruccio steamer for Spezia, assuming the responsibility to conduct the said ten emigrants, because I had precise orders to take no one with me save Fontana and the Hungarian.

He departed on Saturday evening as I have stated, and in the morning was in the mountains near Spezia. The Hungarian remained on shore, although he had received orders and money from Ricci to accompany me, so that I had only Fontana and another Italian soldier with me, whom I took instead of the Hungarian. We sailed in the night, but the sea was so rough, and our boat so fragile, that we were compelled to return into port. Our position, having arms on board, was very dangerous, and it became necessary we should take our departure. We waited till dawn, when the wind was less boisterous, and we sailed with little danger, but in the evening, and during the following days we had very bad weather; we were obliged to remain off Porto Ruffino, and were nearly lost through a white squal. On Friday evening we arrived at Porto Venere, so that a voyage which in good weather could be done in ten hours, took us five days to effect; this caused very sad consequences. The presence of Ricci with 10 young men without regular papers, and strangers, put the Sardinian police into a state of alarm; at Massa, at Carrara, and in the neighbouring villages, the news of a movement was noised about, and more than this, there was a rumour that two American ships were laden with arms, and that Massa and Carrara would be attacked. The ducal troops were under arms and somewhat alarmed, nevertheless, they kept a sharp look-out,

We arrived in the waters of Porto Venere at about eleven at night, and directed our course towards the mouth of the Magra river, and the coast of the Valton bridge. It was arranged that however long our voyage might be delayed, one of Ricci's men should every night be posted on the look out for our vessel, and that the captain, according to a preconcerted signal, should sail to and fro with a light exposed, between Porto Venere, and Valton Bridge. This signal was made in going to, and returning from Porto Venere. There should have been a similar signal light from the shore, but there was none. Fontana and my friend from the duchy of Modena should have gone ashore, but the captain refused to disembark them, fearing the Sardinian coast guardsmen. They then decided upon swimming, when the captain was pre-

vailed upon to put them ashore by means of a small boat. I remained on board off Porto Venere. The following morning the captain disembarked and went to Ricci, and returned to me with the information that on the evening of the same day, Ricci would come to take the arms, to carry them to the destined spot; that Fontana and the others were at Massa making preparations, and that there was a public rumour of the movement.

In the evening we again put to sea, and saw two boats approach exchanging with us the signals agreed upon, and in a moment the chests of arms were cast into them; a third boat deserted which should have come to us. There were in the two boats some young men of the country, near Spezia. The Captain and crew were so fearful of being surprised by the Coast Guard, that they threw over the chests with much precipitancy. The boats were few, the sea rather rough, and the men not accustomed to the water. Ricci fell into the sea, but saved himself by holding on to a cord, by which the vessel had towed the boat some distance. In a moment the chests were opened, and the muskets taken out; there were about two hundred muskets and carbines; they were loaded with the little ammunition we had, and the young men could not have been more excited even in presence of the enemy, notwithstanding my recommendations to coolness. Upon seeing the bridge of Valton, a man in the boat suddenly said, "Where are we going?" I said "You know very well, to consign the arms to the young men for the purpose you are aware of." The same voice, which appertained to Doctor Petriccioli de San Terence, rejoined, "But neither the men nor the ammunition are there, which should have arrived from Sarzana." "How is that?" said I.

I then discovered that Ricci, without waiting for the news from Fontana, had decided upon taking the arms, and at the representations of Petriccioli and others, that the arms ought not to be taken to the place; he replied, "I know what I am about." All this irritated me much, but no time was to be lost, I said, "Never mind! Follow me and we will attack the first brigade of carabineers we meet. Then the same Petriccioli replied, "We will not die as the Bandieras did!" The others all joined in the same

chorus,—"No! by Heaven, we will not die the death of the Bandieras!" What was to be done? I was no longer master of them; they had me in their power. The sea rose, the agitation was at its height; the shadows of the rocks were thought to be the Piedmontese Coast Guards; they wished to fire, with difficulty I restrained them, and cried out, "Do not fire upon the Piedmontese; they can only be small in number; we have superior force, and they will fly." No one appeared; we then sailed back, and with much difficulty approached the rocks near the mouth of the river Magra, a noted hiding place for smugglers. We disembarked arms and men, I told them to wait my orders, and again departed with the boats. The sea was so high that it took me nearly three hours to advance a mile. I had four rowers, and there was no other person but myself in the boat.—I got safe to land, gained the mountains, whence I sent a dispatch to Fontana. I caused food to be prepared for Ricci and his companions, and I then hired a small vessel, to bring the food, take on board the young men with the arms, and go out seven miles in the offing; my intention was to make the attempt in the evening. I paid Captain Calafatti beforehand two hundred franks for this service, and he departed with the food at about eight in the morning. Half an hour afterwards he arrived at the spot where the arms were deposited, and witnessed the flight of the young men across the mountains, it happened in this wise. The Sardinian coast guards heard from some spy that smuggled goods were concealed amongst the rocks, and a corporal and two soldiers went thither in a boat. The young men who were there, seeing the coast guard, made a movement, and the corporal not knowing what to make of the affair, had recourse to a stratagem, and cried out, "Rifles to the centre;" at these words the youug men fled, and the coast guard landed. News was immediately sent to Spezia and Sarzana, troops made their appearance on all sides, and the arms were carried off.

The Captain went off with two hundred franks, which he never afterwards gave any account of. I had advice that the young men would again be ready to receive the arms, but all was over.

On the same day the greater part of these young men were arrested; as to me I went roaming about the mountains. I passed some nights stretched on the ground without moving; I could perceive by my glass, that I was surrounded by gendarmes and carabineers, who sometimes fired to see if I would move, but I remained quiet. From Genoa troops and riflemen were sent to arrest us, and as usual the vilest reports were abroad as to our intentions.

For about eight days the gendarmes endeavoured in every manner to get hold of me, but I was equally diligent and watchful in my endeavours to frustrate their intentions. Every night and every day I changed my position, forty men of the carabineers and riflemen went into a house at San Terence, where I was, but they could not discover me; the family R., the above mentioned Petriccioli, and others are witnesses of these facts.

My clothes were torn to pieces in the mountains, and my shoes were nearly worn out. After many difficulties I succeeded in reaching Genoa by sea. I remained quiet some hours, saw some friends, who, for my own private exigencies, lent me some money. I went to Marseilles, touched at Lyons, and went to Genoa. Let us dwell a little upon what I have just related.

Why did Petriccioli bring Ricci and the others on board our vessel, if he knew that nothing was prepared? His duty was to dissuade Ricci from taking the arms on board; if not, he should have remained on shore, and not have carried disorder and demoralization into the vessels. His assertion that "he was not disposed to die like the Bandieras" was the cause of the failure. At the end of the affair my irritation was so great that I sent an article to be inserted in the "Italia e Popolo," and the "Parlamento," in which I called the Italians cowards, and used hard words against the Republicans. But, to say the truth, I judged according to the impressions of the moment. The articles were not published. No one can imagine what I suffered in that expedition, save a military man, or one who is capable of going through the same inconveniences. It was the second time

that things had turned out unfortunately. When I got to Geneva I was much fatigued; I had violent pain at the heart, such as I never experienced before or after, even before the tribunal at Mantua.

In revolutionary movements it is impossible to exact that obedience from a promiscuous assemblage of men which is to be expected from trained soldiers, because the latter devote themselves to their military duties only. In these kind of impromptu expeditions all the passions of humanity are roused; some act through ambition, some to better their fortunes, some to satisfy private revenge, and some for the sake of pure patriotism; but the latter are the least numerous. Every one must argue the point, make plans, &c, for which reason those who put themselves at the head of an expedition should possess a rare abnegation for the sake of the cause, or a considerable amount of hardihood. There is no escaping from this. These expeditions always have the germs of dissolution in them, and however well they may have been prepared, a very small unforseen accident, the voice of one man alone tending to alarm his nearest comrade in the moment of danger, is sufficient to cause all to be lost. The chief in these cases has no influence, if we except his *moral power*, and it is very difficult to find a body of men who willingly submit. Man is led more by fear than love; so that men should be taken as they really are, and not as they ought to be, leaving dreams aside. It is very rare that such expeditions succeed; without seeking for ancient examples I can witness that since 1843 not one has succeeded. Revolutions should be made within cities, where all are interested, and then the youth are aware of the real state of things, and not be made from without, by a handful of exiles, who form false opinions from the exaggerated reports of some hot-brained individual. Those in the cities should organize themselves, study public opinion, the means of offence and defence, and rise; while the refugees without should maintain the opinion of foreigners favorable to revolution, nominate some officers of ability for the cities, and keep arms ready, which may be consigned when necessary. I would not at first

believe these truths, but sad experience has convinced me. What can an expedition of thirty, forty, or a hundred exiles do? True, we have the example of the expedition from Elba; but there has only been one Napoleon in the world; he had genius, power of will, and the secret of generating enthusiasm wherever he appeared; the last acquired by his glories gained in the field.

On our side we have had the *genius of words* but poverty in action.

CHAPTER XII.

I set out to organize an Expedition in the Vattellina.—Preparations.—The Grisons.—Scenery in Switzerland.—My Children.—False report of my Uncle's death.—Acquaintance with some Swiss Officers in the Papal Service.—They think me to be a Recruiter for the Pope.—The Engineer Joni.—Saint Moritz and Mazzini.—My arrest.—La Martina, a young Swiss Girl.—Her admirable conduct.—A Russian Lady.—I escape from the Gendarmes.—*La valle cavaglia and la valle dell' Albula.*—Forty hours' march in the Mountains.—I arrive safe at Zurich.—Mrs. Emma Herwegh.—New plans.—My sad presentiments.—Advice and system of Education for my Children sent to my Brother Leonidas.—I start with a political object for Italy.

At Geneva I was informed that the two emissaries of Mazzini, the Italian and Hungarian* whom I have already mentioned, had been arrested, and my informant was Sig. Quadrio, who was exceedingly chagrined that the affair of Spezia had finished so lamentably. He said that I should have taken to the mountains, even with twenty men, &c., &c. But I replied that there was a vast difference between theories and facts. Closet theories are one thing; but men and the battle field are widely different. We discoursed upon divers matters, and he said that Mazzini would write to me. Mazzini was in Geneva, and did write. He asked me if I were desirous of taking part in a brilliant affair in the Valtellina, and wished to know if I would accept it. I answered in the affirmative. Then he wrote for me to set out for Coira. I procured some maps of the Grisons and Northern Lombardy, and took with me the "Campaign of the Duke of Rohan," who greatly distinguished himself in times past in that part of the country. I passed Zurich, and so secret was I about the mission,

* At Mantua I heard in the Castle of St. George, from a certain source of information, that one of them had been arrested, because Dr. Arici, of Brescia, informed against him, and generally speaking their fellow countrymen would not pay attention to the instructions which they carried with them into Italy.

that I did not even call upon Madame Herwegh, or any one whatever. I arrived at Coira on the 11th June.

The Valtelline expedition ought to have immediately followed the affair of the Duchy, and so cause a diversion. Well, we will suppose the expedition to the Duchies successful. In Valtellina, and in the Grisons, on the 11th of June, a month after the attempt mentioned, there was nothing whatever prepared. The hoped-for diversion was then a mere dream, and if I had succeeded I should have been isolated. My first care was to go to the mountain Bernina, which conducted me to Poschiavo. I returned after I had examined the positions. I did the same thing as far as the hill of Maloja, where the river Inn rises, and where the basins of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po separate from each other. I made the necessary reconnaissances of the divers mountain passes, whereby the Austrians might be attacked on the flank in the Valtelline, and made arrangements that a part of the expedition should penetrate by the pass of the Moretto. Notwithstanding this is the easiest, it is very high and rugged, and for at least two hours we must have marched over the glaciers. I do not speak of the other points, because neither the Swiss nor the Austrian governments ever discovered anything about my further steps there. I wrote with full details to Mazzini, telling him that in those countries the presence of a stranger without occupation was always observed, and that whatever was to be done must not be delayed. I sent arms to various points, cartridges, and ammunition in abundance, &c. When this was done with as much celerity as possible, I admired the prodigality of nature in her gifts to Switzerland, in the Grisons, where I had nought else to do. The botanist and geologist can find sufficient entertainment here for months. I was enchanted with the beauty of nature. Those forests, those cascades, the simplicity of manners, the kindness of the inhabitants, made me feel a happiness dashed with a sense of melancholy.

I thought of my own country, yet more beautiful. This canton I remembered once belonged to Italy, now it is dismembered. The Romanesque language reminded me of the ancient Roman conquerors, who had sowed civilization in those valleys, and carried

there the Latin language. The Julian mountain, where there are still two broken columns, reminded me of Cæsar. I was near my own country, and yet could not enter it. From the summit of the Alps I could see the fertile valley of the Po, and could not descend thither; I thought of my children, and yet could not embrace them; I saw the clouds roll beneath me, and I had more than once almost decided to cast myself over a precipice and die.

I received a letter from Mazzini, which announced my uncle's death. For eight days I was in the utmost grief. It was more afflicting than if I had lost my father. I afterwards discovered that it was an error, and I had a correspondence with him; he was still angry with me, knowing that I was engaged in political affairs. As I lived in Coira for more than a month, many conjectures were made about me, but my passport was "en regle," and I was called a citizen of Ravenna. They took me for an agent of the Pope, come into Switzerland for the purpose of clandestinely enrolling Swiss soldiers for His Holiness. In the Feber Inn, there were several Deputies of the Canton, who had met to elect members for the Cantonal Council. It was the finest season of the year, so that there were large parties, and very often some of the old ex-officers of the Pope joined them, and others who were still in the Neapolitan service were there on leave of absence. As the Swiss police is very active, I, and some of the Swiss liberals, engaged never to converse openly with each other; I lived separately from them, and at the table d'hote pretended not to know them. At the same table I met the Count Grillenzoni, a good liberal, and I was compelled to treat him with the same reserve. It was a comedy! I passed the time with the ex-officers, and they boasted of their fidelity to the Pontifical government; they recounted that they had friends and children in His Holiness' army, as well as in that of Naples. On my side I praised Pio IX.'s government; we drank to the health of the Pope, and more than once, to speak the truth, we left the company rather merry. It often makes me smile even now when I think of it. All except Count Grillenzoni knew me as Tito Celsi.

One day I had occasion to speak to Engineer Joni, a political

refugee from the Roman States; I will mention a fact regarding him, so that my reader may judge to what miseries a conspirator is sometimes exposed. Mr. Joni was an excellent and good young man; knowing that I came from Piedmont, he spoke of the attempt in the Duchies, and he said that Orisini had spoiled everything; it was the second time that he had done the same thing. "Are you certain?" I replied. "Quite," he answered. "And yet," continued I, "an intimate friend of Orsini explained the whole affair to me, and I believe from his information that no man in his position could have done better." "No!" said he, "I know better; and I also know that he would not allow his men to fire on the Piedmontese soldiers, so that one of the expedition now in Paris said that the muskets were useless." I cut the question short, asking him "Where is Orsini now?" "They say at Marseilles," he replied, "living quite retired, and not interfering in politics." "He does well," I replied, and we separated. I was obliged to swallow this bitter potion, but soon forgot it.

Let us return to the expedition. From all the information obtained in Switzerland, concerning the interior of the Valtellina, I was assured that there was not the slightest disposition to aid any expedition of Mazzini. I may name one of my informants, because he is now out of danger, *Mr. Caprez*, who has many correspondents at Sondrio, and other towns in the Valtellina. I heard the same thing at Poschiavo, and, as was my duty, I wrote to Mazzini.

The signal of revolution was to come from Como, where the patriots were to get possession of the Austrian steamers.* The 20th August was the day named for the movement at Como, by a telegraphic signal we were to be informed of it, and to begin in the Valtellina; Mazzini was Director in Chief of the expedition.

I represented the military part; Maurice Quadrio came to St. Moritz before the specified time; then Mazzini came. We went together to visit Maloja. Some of the Valtellinese came and spoke

* The Austrian government made itself acquainted with these facts. About forty of the province of Como were prisoners at Mantua while I was there, for being implicated in this attempt.

with us. At first they showed enthusiasm; a day after two of those who visited us wrote me a letter, which I showed to Mazzini immediately. It gave us little encouragement, and explained the impossibility of their seconding the movement. Mazzini answered, saying that he should enter, and in any case the Valtellinese gentlemen would have the honour of allowing us to be arrested: these words, to speak truly, were well timed and calculated to infuse some spirit into the people of the Valtelline. In the meantime we waited with anxiety for the hundred and fifty Italian emigrants, who, by Mazzini's orders, were to present themselves for the expedition. It was the 19th, and no one appeared but Rudio, Fumagalli, and Passega, who were afterwards arrested; Campanella, Nicolo Ferrari, and D. B.; besides these there were Quadrio, and a valiant young man named C., who had aided me in the preparations. From Como we received information that the movement there was to take place on the 24th. The morning of the 20th I was arrested by the Swiss gendarmes, because the preparations were so long about, that the police could not help perceiving that something extraordinary was going on. I was with two gendarmes in an inn, and through a young Swiss girl, named Martina, was enabled to send to Mazzini, telling him to proceed, and that I would find means to escape from the gendarmes. Meanwhile the police discovered one hundred muskets and a quantity of ammunition. I was denounced as the owner, and on the 25th I was to be conveyed to the prison at Coira, to undergo a prosecution. This did not suit me. I was tired of prison life. A Russian lady, who was at St. Moritz for the waters, and who lodged at the same inn, took a very great interest in my fate, got information relating to my case from the employés, &c., and with much clevernesss spoke to me in the presence of the gendarmes, and I understood that I should not escape the consequences of the discovery of my attempts. There is no prison at St. Moritz, and for that reason I had two gendarmes constantly sleeping in my room at night, and they never left me by day; I could, however, speak with the said Russian lady, as well as with Martina, whom

I have before mentioned,* a girl of twenty, who also took an interest in me. I said to this girl, "I shall escape." "No!" said she, "for the love of God, no! They will retake and chain you." "As to their retaking me," I replied, "I do not fear; as to the chains, I have known what they are before now, and laugh at them." I told her to gossip with a gendarme, and then shook hands with her. She followed my suggestion, and I instantly seized the opportunity of rushing out of the door, never stopping to say good bye to the other gendarme! I leaped over two or three streams of water in my way, and ran across the fields and woods, and after three hours of sharp rifleman's pace, I arrived at Mount Bernina.

I went to recover myself, in a little Inn close by; I entered, and ordered two eggs. A short time afterwards, some young men arrived; they were huntsmen, who were going on the following morning to hunt the chamois, 25th August. They looked merry and happy, in robust health, and in the prime of life. They had guns and horns, satchels at their sides, and telescopes to find out the chamois. They placed all these on the table, and, with a gay and confident air, ordered some refreshment. I looked at them attentively, and envied their fate. I loved a life of adventure too well not to be affected by this scene.

One of these young men seated himself opposite to me; he appeared to be about eighteen; he addressed me with "*Guten abend*" —good evening (this was the only sentence I knew in German, and with it I had saluted all I had met with on my journey). He would have continued the conversation in German, but I told him I did not understand the language. He asked me if I spoke French, and in my replying in the affirmative, he put the following questions to me:—"Are you going to the hunt to-morrow?" "No," I replied, "I am not a Swiss.† I have just been visiting the Bernina

* La Martina is now living at the Auberge Della Posta, at Silvaplana, near the baths of St. Moritz; if any of my readers should ever go there, they may interrogate her about Tito Celsi.

† I should state here that it is very difficult for a stranger to obtain permission to hunt the chamois in Switzerland.

Mountains, which are so rich in botanical treasures." "O yes, the Canton of the Grisons is very celebrated on this account," said he. After this, with a curiosity which startled me, he exclaimed "Have you come from Poschiavo?" "No," said I, "from St. Moritz." "Oh tell me something about the people who were arrested there then?" "I don't know anything about them," I replied. "What! You know nothing of them? A gentleman named Celsi was arrested there three days ago for having taken part in some political movement. They say that Mazzini and Kossuth are taken too, with many other Italian patriots." "Oh yes," said I, "I heard something about it, but as I take no part in such matters, I can't give you any positive information." At these words with a sorrowful aspect he sighed, and said, "Poor Italians! What a many attempts they make, and so unsuccessfully!" He was silent for a moment, and then said, "I should like to know Mazzini, Celsi, and Kossuth." "Indeed!" I replied. "Yes, very much," he exclaimed with energy. It occurred to me at this moment that he might be very useful to me as a guide, and with that blind confidence, which I always had in moments of danger, I said, "Would you like to know these gentlemen from motives of ambition, or for love to the cause they serve?" "For the cause," he replied. "Well," said I, "*I* am Celsi! I escaped only to day out of the hands of the gendarmes; if you like to arrest me you can; but you will not do it, you have an honest face, you are young and a Swiss; young people have seldom evil thoughts, and the Swiss are generally very loyal. I want a guide, you can procure me one, or deliver me up to the gendarmes."

The young Swiss gazed at me in astonishment, and as I uttered the last words he seized me warmly by the hand, and I knew at once that I possessed a friend. He made me go to bed, and left me, saying, "sleep quietly, I will protect you, in me you have a brother. You must be up at three in the morning; I will call you, and procure you a guide to accompany you." He went with me to my room and kissed me. Notwithstanding his protestations of protection, I slept but little. At the appointed hour he was in my room, and accompanied by him and my guide we were soon on the

road to Poschiavo. After we had walked about three miles, he kissed me, and left me to proceed with my guide.*

The valley Cavaglia can only be traversed by pedestrians. It is very rugged and precipitous, and sometimes (being night) I felt a creeping sensation come over me, in pursuing a most dangerous and unknown route. At eight in the morning I was at Poschiavo, and a friend of mine there told me that the gendarmes were searching for me everywhere. I returned back by the same valley. At about two in the afternoon we stopped in a cowherd's hut, not far from a glacier, as the weather was threatening. There was a terrible storm, hail, rain, and snow in abundance. I had a summer dress on. There was only a little straw, as the cowherd had the luxury of a board. I thought I should have died of cold. The morning was somewhat fine, and we departed. I then knew that one of the gendarmes, desperately irritated at my escape from him, slept at the only hostelry, not far from my hut. He went to Poschiavo to retake me with his own hands; but, luckily for me, the more steps he took with the idea of capturing me, the farther off he was going, as he went south and I north, so that he was not likely to succeed in his intention. At twelve o'clock I was near Samaden; the guide got there a little bread, and we went on towards the valley of Albula, not so rugged as that of the Cavaglia; but only practicable for mules; we of course were on foot. On the evening of the 27th we were in the woods of Coira; the guide, a mountaineer of twenty-eight, could go no further for fatigue; I also was very tired, and sleepy; we had travelled night and day, and a glance at the map will show my readers that our journey was performed in a very short time. Where the ground was very uneven the guide went two hundred yards in advance, to make a kind of reconnaissance, and if there was no danger, he waved a white handkerchief, and I ran up and joined him. This kind of precaution tired us very much.

At Coira amongst the woods I saw and talked with the Engineer Joni, whom the reader will remember; he shook me by the hand

* I regret that I have forgotten the name of my benefactor.

and showed much interest in me. As to me, the necessity of concealing my name no longer existed, so that I said to him "Do you know who I am?" "Certainly," he replied, "you are Tito Celsi." "Not at all," I answered, "I am Orsini." He then without saying a word hid his face in his hands. "Do not mind," said I, "what you said to me the other day; I know what the world is, and have had some experience in it; calumnies do not trouble me." He took me by the hand, and since then he has been one of my best friends.—Those young men who read these words will remember how easy it is to accuse persons who have been, or who are unlucky. The ignorant, the envious, the boastful, are the first to take the opportunity of lowering the chief of an army, the chief of a "fait d' armes," the chief of an expedition; and it often happens under such circumstances, that the reputation of a man depends upon some hidden coward, who uses any base means against the man he envies. But the storm ceases; reason again holds its sway; years pass away; passions are lulled; blindness receives sight; and the cool and impartial historian brings the truth to light, and displays it clearly, simply, and grandly to the entire world.

Let the young patriot, therefore, under similar circumstances fear nothing; but strong in faith, and purity of conscience, go on boldly, pity the weak, and despise the calumniator.

"For time at last sets all things even."

After reposing two days at Coira, I departed on foot with the same precautions, accompanied by another guide towards Zurich. The Swiss government was much offended at my escape, because their amour propre was wounded, as they pride themselves on being the first soldiers in Europe. They sent an exact personal description of me in every direction, by means of the telegraph, and also inserted it in all their papers; so that it was known in every house; but I had only the gendarmes to fear, who were to be found on all the principal roads. With this exception, I received nothing but sympathy and kindness from the noble Swiss.

At last I got safe to Zurich, where I heard from a friend who was on the look-out for me, that the house of Mrs. Emma Herwegh

had been assigned to me *pro tempore*. Before I go on further, I must say a few words about this lady.

I knew her first at Nice. The principal Italian emigrants there attended her parties, and I saw her often; she displayed great friendship towards me, even the very commencement of our acquaintance; her conversation and her predictions about me were very singular. Some called her a romantic woman; I sometimes thought so too, but I must confess that in some respects I was unjust towards her, though, strange to say, she took no notice of this. She said that between herself and me there was a species of magnetic attraction, and that when she saw me I had an influence over her. She told me the following—"You have escaped many dangers, and many more await you; the circle of your life is not yet completed; you will have some pleasant days yet, but some very sad ones. In a few years you will be a prisoner in one of the strongest prisons of Italy, in the hands of your bitterest enemies; you will be very near being led out to die; now remember that Emma will come to save you; you must not die yet, you must be useful to your country again." I used to smile at these predictions. Having one day spoken of my friend N. N., she expressed a desire to see him. I wrote to him, and he came into Piedmont. They met, and she told me that he would become my best friend. Now it happened precisely as she foretold. Mrs. Herwegh is about forty years of age, of middle size, well formed, fair, with a German physiognomy, a face not to be called handsome, a forehead high and large; spiritual and courageous, very intelligent, very well educated, and with an extraordinary knowledge of languages. She possesses an excellent heart, and loves her husband with extraordinary affection; at the same time she feels friendship most profoundly.

Let us return to the expedition. At Como the Austrian government discovered everything; many were arrested, and the attempt was not made. This, united with the absence of the men who should have come to St. Moritz, was the cause of the utter failure of the project. Mazzini, the day after my arrest, left St. Moritz for Zurich, and remained in a village near that city. I know positively that he was very disconsolate; he could not help seeing

clearly what such expeditions were, and how little men were to be depended upon. I know that he gave me praise for my efforts relating to the affair, and I shall ever feel the most lively gratitude for the justice he has done me in this and other circumstances.

This attempt opened my eyes to the futility of these projects. I was at a loss whither I should next proceed. There was no other spot where I could plant the sole of my foot, save England or America. I thought of going to London, but the dissensions amongst the Italian emigrants disgusted me, and I did not go. My uncle was again anxious about me; he acted towards me as a *friend*, but I would not listen to him. Speaking one day in the house of Mrs. Herwegh, Mr. P. C. said to me that the party wanted a man of stamina; and a true lover of the cause should go to Milan, and get the opinions of the different members of the National Committee, individually; so that, by comparing the different reports, he might form a judgment of the feelings of the population. He said there was some difficulty in finding such a man, and I replied that I had no objection to go, because I would get to the Russian frontiers, via Vienna. My friend wrote to Mazzini on the subject. I received a reply, saying that the mission might be extended, and he would send me instructions, if I chose to accept the offer. Considering this, I saw there was still some hope that I might be serviceable to my country; I did not deliberate further, but at once accepted. Then he sent me the following letter and instructions for the Committee:—

"Brothers,—If under existing circumstances, while a war is going on, which limits the disposable forces of Austria, and those which we have upon our territory, the Italians do not act, we are a nation of cowards, and shall have that name throughout Europe.

"If you feel the truth of what I tell you from the bottom of your hearts, as I feel it in mine, we shall act.

"The Italians will do everything if a great, a splendid act of audacity and success shall break the hesitation which reigns to-day, and give to the people again the consciousness of its own power.

"Do you feel capable of this deed? You can do it.

"Examine yourselves well; if you do not consider yourselves capable of being truly great, I do not say of the courage of actions, but of prudence, secrecy, caution, and constancy, do not attempt the enterprise; be not useless victims; think of your families; wait for time to give life to the nation, and do not let me have another illusion to add to the many I have had in my life.

"If instead of this, you feel that you love your country before every other thing, if you feel yourselves tremble with shame and Italian ire in reading in the Austrian journals—'The Italians say much and do little,' and similar outrages; if you can make yourselves serpents three months to become one day lions—behold what you must do—

"To-day is too much agitation, too much suspicion, you must let the enemy sleep.

"Separate yourselves, do not agitate; do not correspond with too much excitement; do not correspond either with Piedmont or with the "emigration." Act in such a manner that no suspicion shall remain upon you. If between now and the time of action you should get yourselves arrested through your own imprudence, you betray your country.

"Three of the best men among you, until the present time never suspected, consecrate three months of labour to mature the plan even its smallest particulars, and to prepare the materials.

"Organize a company of death, like our fathers of the Lombard league. Let eighty young men, robust and decided, selected from amongst yourselves, and the most prudent of the populace vow with a terrible oath.

"Let these eighty be separated, organised in groups of three, or at the most of five, under the orders of sixteen heads of groups known to you; let them promise silence, prudence, dissimulation; let them avoid every occasion of collecting together, of quarrelling, and let them be considered in Italy as wise men. Manage to arm them with daggers, not before the day of action; those who have arms should deposit them until that day; some misfortune

unthought of, might overtake them and reveal the weapon, which would suffice to raise suspicion.

"Some safe man amongst you should consecrate himself to study, observe the habitation of the general, and of the principal officers, heads of the staff, commandant of the artillery, &c., and their habits, especially at the hours when the greater part of the officers are thoughtlessly out, and the operation might happen simultanously. Two or three decided men should serve for each of these important officers; twenty for all; thirty for the . . . . . and the other frequented by the officers; thirty for the . . . or for any other point to be selected, suggested by circumstances in the place.

"When the Austrian army has lost its officers it is lost.

"The people should be cared for, maintained well, kept in good humour, and organized as much as possible; but the project of the officers' vespers must be kept entirely secret; if not, it would turn out a plan totally diverse and false. It would suffice that the good part of the populace should be made aware that at one toll of the bell, or at any other concerted signal, they should go into the square with weapons of their trade, or any others that they can procure. There should be given to them, and to the eighty, a concentrating point in the most embarrassing part of narrow streets and alleys of the city. There they should raise barricades, to serve as a point of resistance, in case they are defeated.

"The vespers completed, the eighty would become the insurrectionary staff, and would guide the people, according to instructions to be concerted beforehand, and upon which we shall have time to understand each other.

"The essential thing is the possibility of finding the number of men that I mention, with the qualities desirable. Can you do this? Then, if other things do not happen in Europe before, this will give them a reason why they should be able to act. All should be matured by the end of December.

"There is no need of frequent correspondence with me, as that is also dangerous. One word is enough, 'We can accept,' and another saying, 'The work is finished, we are ready;' nothing

more. At the beginning of December I ought to receive from you the list of the garrison which you must have, with each corps.

"This preparatory work being concluded, suspend every other with the provinces, as I think of keeping them ready to follow should the people be slow, and even as you think discouraged; this does not matter; to re-awaken the people ten days will suffice.

"As soon as you are ready, I will give you some officers to direct the insurrection following the vespers; some pecuniary means for the first days, and I shall be myself in Milan for that first day.

"I can also promise to give you one hundred muskets, which you want, but I think the introduction of them is impossible. They are intended for you under any circumstances. Tell me how and where they shall be ready for you, and if you tell me, calculating well the probability and the dangers, that you can introduce them, and promise to employ men in that operation, separate from the work for the eighty; because it would not be desirable to interfere with a company so essential; you shall have them ready by the time you say.

"Meditate, and answer me one word. Reflect that many men may be capable of descending into the squares while the barricades are erecting.

"If the affair succeeds, you will have tempered anew the mind of all Italy, and be the initiator of her liberty. The names of the eighty shall be confided to the gratitude and affection of generations to come.

"Adieu! Love your

"JOSEPH.

"September 15, 1854.

"Destroy this paper, not for my sake, but for your own."

"Dear Celsi,—Did you read and understand the meaning? If a daring blow can be struck instantly, I need not tell you that I will do it; and for yourself, and the cause, it will be worth all possible plans.

"If it cannot be done, you can glean from my conceptions and ideas what will be useful at a later period, with certain suggestions, which a little observation will enable you to make.

"Send me, through the first friend you see, a minute report on thin paper; but before this, arrange to send me a word which shall immediately reply yes, or no, to my letter. I must go, and if I know that nothing can be done *now*, I shall go to wait the answer in London.

"With the dissentients speak of union, &c., but get them to declare what *circumstances* would, according to them, constitute the opportunity, and in what cases they would co-operate. Speak of the interior, and how the rest of Italy would act. *Speak* a little about *war*, and how victory depends upon good leadership. Speak of foreign things; remember that an initiated *movement* would *have* support from America. Do not forget to speak and to better things.

"Adieu! Thine,

"JOSEPH.

"Observe, I have given instructions that it must not be delayed beyond Sunday."

(Without date, but at the end of September, 1854.)

I do not make any comment upon these instructions, but I will observe that against the Austrian oppressor, who does not scruple to violate every oath, every law of justice, and who is a cruel aggressor in our country, we are justified in using every means in our power to rid our country of the detestable tyranny which has so long weighed it down; particularly as we have no hope that any of the powers of Europe will help us, diplomatically or otherwise.

But I must say that it is very difficult to find, in our days so essentially material, that stern determination which alone can carry out a plot like the one we have above cited, and the men who were called upon were certainly not those likely to execute it; so that if the attempt had failed, it would have caused the shedding of much blood without any good effect whatever.

After some days I called upon Mazzini, near Zurich, and we made

arrangements. I spoke also with Quadrio, who narrated the following laughable incident:—In the afternoon of the 24th August, he was coming from Samaden with the Cantonal Director of Police, Sig. Janet, who insisted scrupulously on examining his passport. This was the director by whose orders I was arrested. When they arrived near St. Moritz, they met a gendarme, seeking the director in great haste, who caused the carriage to stop, and believing that Quadrio did not know German, the following conversation took place between them:—

"What is the news?" said the Director.

"Celsi has fled!"

"Fled!" said the Director, "fool that he is, we must re-take him."

"Oh!" replied the gendarme, "it is nearly impossible, he is too wide awake," &c. &c.

Quadrio smiled, as he understood every word.

Before leaving for Italy, I was again overcome with melancholy. I was sick of everything. A sad presentiment told me that I should see my children, my uncle, my brother no more. I wrote to the two latter that I was going into Asia, so that they should have no suspicion that I was engaged in a new conspiracy. I sent the letters open to Mr. Colombo, of Nice, to forward them; they were dated from Geneva, so that the police, if they opened the letters, should not know where I was. To give the reader an idea of my sentiments at that time, I transcribe the identical letters which I obtained from my brother since I have been in London:—

"Messrs. Orso and Leonidas Orsini, Imola.

"Geneva, 28th September, 1854.

"My dear Uncle, and dear Brother Leonidas,—I duly received yours. By the time this reaches you another will have come into your hands, or you will get it about the same time. I asked you to take my children. I depart to-morrow for Marseilles, whence I start for Constantinople, and then to Asia. In case I die, here are two memorials for my little ones, with honest advice; consign it to

them, and read it to them when they shall be old enough to understand it. You will see from what I write, how much interest I take in their education. As soon as you receive this, employ Colombo to get the children away. I renounce everything; I desire nothing for myself, my dear uncle; whatever you may do for those dear little ones, I shall consider as done to myself; and if I live I shall remember it with eternal gratitude. The two children are ours; they have our blood, they have done no evil, they are innocent. You have treated me, and regarded me as your own child since I was nine years of age; continue that love, that affection, that tenderness, and be good to them, as you have been kind to me. I go far away; I should have liked to embrace you again, to kiss your hands, to show you personally my lively sense of gratitude for what you have done for me, for what I know you will do for my dear little ones, but I cannot. I ask you a thousand times to pardon me, and excuse me for the faults I have committed, and for the annoyances I may have caused you in any manner whatever. I go alone; but my conscience is tranquil, as I have never failed in my duty as father, relative, or citizen. I have made sacrifices; I have made them to see my country free, not that I myself should reap the benefit, but that others should, my children, and my countrymen. I go with pain; I go away leaving everything; but with two thoughts in my brain; with two objects in my heart; the one, my two children, my uncle, and my brother; and the other, my country, for which I have passed through danger, fatigue, sacrifices, although for the present unavailingly. With these lines, addressed especially to you dear uncle, in renewing the prayers for my children, and thanks for everything, I ask your benediction, and from my heart I wish you a long, tranquil, and happy life; receive a respectful and affectionate kiss, from your

"FELICE.

"To thee, dear Leonidas, I especially confide the care of my children; thou art young, thou hast been a father, and thou knowest what filial affection is; thou mayest be again a father. In thy last letter thou saidst that thou wouldst give life and blood

for me; now I do not ask this, but I ask thee again to have a paternal care for my two children; to have affection for them equal the children which thou mayest have thyself. I and my friends shall be grateful, and thou wilt never be sorry for having fulfilled my wishes. I also address these words to thy wife, my sister-in-law, although I have not the pleasure of knowing her personally. A word on education. Take care that it does not consist in an excess of bigotry; religion, properly understood, can only make virtuous women; bigotry falls into excesses, and every excess is a denial of the *true*, of the truth.

"I give thee all these warnings, in case I should die within a few years; because when I get settled, I should prefer certainly in four or five years to watch over their education personally. For the present they only require to be free, to run about, to play, and develop their physical powers. Ernestina, who is also called Lucy, is only three years old, and Ida only one year.

"Remember thy Felice, who will always remember thee with paternal love. Thy

"FELICE.

"To Ernestina and Ida Orsini—

"Switzerland, 28th September, 1854.

"My dear Daughters,—These few lines, together with two little hearts, which contain two locks of my hair, will be consigned to you when I am alive no longer; you will also receive a portrait greatly resembling me, and I have left the necessary instructions with my brother Leonidas, so that you may have it, and keep it in memory of your poor father.

"I left you in your tender age; you were very little, and the last time that I ever saw you was in the prison at Nice. I was driven from Piedmont, because I had conspired against the *foreigners* who occupied my country.

"The vicissitudes of Italy do not permit me to watch over your education myself, and I have not had the sweet pleasure to caress you in your most beautiful period of youth.

"In the lines which I have written to my brother Leonidas and

my uncle, I have explained that I leave everything to you. I have begged them to transfer to you two everything which they might have intended to do to my advantage. I have recommended you more than myself, because I am anxious they should love you, and take the greatest care in your education. I go to far-off lands, embittered by everything. I carry with me two thoughts—of you two dear children, and that of my dear country; and I trust that my occupations, my sacrifices, may be useful to both. If I die soon, it will not be my fault that I have not executed these two objects; it will be that of death.

"Before concluding, I must give you some advice, which you will retain, my dear children, as a paternal memorial, and which may be a valuable guide to you throughout your lives; *at least I hope and wish so.* First, *believe in God!* I have a firm conviction of his existence. Second, *possess unalterable principles of honor!* Mark! I do not mean those *malleable* and *material* principles; no, but those which are *universally recognized* as such by all *people* and *nations*, which do not alter with the *changes of time*, of *country*, of *governments;* I mean those principles which are eternal truths, *absolute, immutable*, not depending *on any one's caprice.* Pay *attention to this. Everybody* considers *himself honorable*; but this is not always seen in *his acts*, but instead of it we find *deceit, hypocrisy, equivocation*, and cunning *words to injure* others. This is what the greater part of men do, who regard the principles of honor as a *piece of Indian rubber.* When the true principles of honor have taken root in you, as I have explained, and that they are considered by you as the *basis* of public and private morality; you must necessarily be *lovers of your country, honest, affectionate towards your parents, pure in your youth, pure and faithful to your husbands to whom you may be married;* in fine, loving towards your children, and adorned with the finest qualities which can be desired in women, destined by God and nature to embellish the life of man, and to render his existence less miserable.

"Gain as much *instruction* as you *can*, and inform yourselves well as to what belongs to the *familiar* and *domestic life*, and recollect that the greater part of the crimes and errors of men proceed from

ignorance, that enemy to *civilization, progress, honor*, and the *liberty of nations*. Remember, that as soon as you can use your intellectual faculties, the world will seem a paradise to you ; everything will smile on you, it will seem like a beautiful spring full of sweet smelling and beautiful flowers, a spring which promises everything lovely and dear that the imagination can conceive ; all that is lovely will smile upon you, and your hearts will expand with sweet hopes and affections towards whatever fascinates you, towards that ideal—beauty, goodness, and love, *which alas in reality do not* exist. My dear children, do not believe in or be dazzled by the appearance which this world will at first present to you. *Be careful.* It is but the appearance, the *external surface which fascinates*, and if you are dazzled by its witchcraft, disappointment must come,—and then—and then,—you will find an immense void ; a void which you would never have experienced, if you had looked upon the world as it really is ; a void that will show you but too plainly that the world is full of *rottenness, deceit, and ingratitude ;* that we must not here seek the summit of felicity, but a tempered contentment. You will fall into *despair*—into tears,—you will wish to retrace your steps, but you are too late. Give ear to these words which your father composes with tears in his eyes ; I hope that you may never suffer the lightest of the misfortunes experienced by me ; the least of the disappointments in friendship. If you marry, be careful how you make your selection ; let him be honest, honorable, a lover of his country ; let his heart be large, and let him be capable of true friendship, and be careful to return it on your part with *conduct equally noble*, and an *affection equally pure.* Be faithful to the husband whom you select for your life-companion ; let the very thought of infidelity strike you with horror ; *destroy yourselves* rather than fall into that fault ; an error like that, nothing can ever remedy ; the *pardon* which might be *conceded* does not remedy the *evil ;* in you remains an *eternal stain*, in the husband an *eternal rancour ;* an *eternal remembrance* of *your guilt*, of *your dishonesty ;* remember that such an action on the wife's part poisons the *husband's* existence, if he has a heart, or a feeling of honour ; that it extinguishes domestic peace for ever ; that it

destroys domestic tranquillity; that it causes the love and sweetness, which should exist between husband and wife, to cease; cools and abates the *love* of the parent for his child; that it, in fact, casts dishonour upon the *husband*, upon *you*, upon all the family. Take care of yourselves, and keep this as a general maxim, that the greater part of men are bad and wicked;* and lastly, in leisure moments, cultivate your minds with pleasing and moral reading, which will have the effect of guiding your minds early towards good, and nourishing you with the fruit of wisdom. Do I weary you with this long letter? Pardon me! I must have written to you, even if I had not wished. These lines have been the first, and may be the last I shall ever address to you, and, as you perceive, they are written by the hand of your unhappy father.

"May you have a serene and a long life; take a thousand and a thousand kisses from your father, who carries with him the pain of not being able to see and embrace you, impeded by the infamy of men. Receive the paternal benediction of your

"FELICE ORSINI.

"Farewell, farewell, farewell from my heart."

After this, I prepared my passport with the name of George Hernagh, and on the 1st October, 1854, Mrs. Herwegh accompanied me to the coach office in the evening, and I started for Italy. I passed Lucerne, St. Gothard, and Novara, and proceeded to Turin.

* The reader will perceive that this letter was written in a moment of great depression.

CHAPTER XIII.

Turin.—Wishes of the Refugees.—Italian hopes excited by the Allies.—Meeting with the Marquis Trotti.—Arrival at Milan.—Arrangements with the National Committee.—Venice.—My Passport irregular.—I present myself to the High Police and obtain permission to remain.—Trieste.—Vienna.—Public Monuments.—Theatres.—The Emperor and the Empress.—My Melancholy.—I set out for Hungary.—Pesth.—Arad.—Hermanstadt.—My arrest.

At Turin I met several friends; they trembled on seeing me, and said that being a Mazzinian,* all the emigrants, with some few exceptions, were against me.

They said that the Sardinian government would cause any one to be arrested who was seen in contact with me; that public opinion was for independence, and for the Sardinian government, which they believed favourable to it; that Mazzini's party was reduced to a nullity, &c. Though these assertions were in a great measure true, yet I did not attach much importance to them. I said that I was about to proceed to Asia for the Turkish war, and that my journey had no political signification. I then departed for Milan. At the station of Mortara, if I do not mistake, I found the Marquis Trotti of Como. He stared at me for a moment, and I, fearing he had recognized me, for he was a friend of mine, did not hesitate about discovering myself to him. I went up to him and took him by the hand; he knew me instantly, and wondered to see me there, and asked me if I was about to enter

* I do not know what *Mazzinian* means. I was in concert with Mazzini, when I thought that most of the Italians recognized him as their head, and that he had the physical and moral means to effect a revolution in Italy. Being convinced now of the contrary, I do not connect myself any longer with conspiracies; and that there shall be no mistake, I feel myself bound to declare that I am with any one, *save the Pope or a foreigner*, who will effect the liberation of my country. I have never served men, parties, or government, but my principle and the Italian cause.

into any political affair again. I said, "no," but begged him on his honor to promise that he would say nothing about having met me, and he did so. We talked about Italian matters, and he said that all the emigrants based their hopes upon the Sardinian government; that the allies, as was well known, had promised to assist Sardinia if required; that it was necessary to keep quiet; that if Mazzini committed one of his usual imprudencies he would have no one with him, &c., &c. I then proceeded on my journey.

Upon arriving at Milan I made enquiries amongst the National Committee, and gave the instructions by word of mouth, and repeated them several times. They were precisely the same as those I have lately given to the reader, although I had left the original instructions in the hands of a friend in Switzerland, in case of my arrest. The Committee begged to have them in writing. I hesitated at first, but not thinking that Mazzini had directed me to simpletons, I at last granted their request, telling them to destroy the paper when they had well studied it; and they gave their words of honour. I did not tell them my true name, nor that of Hernagh; neither did I tell them where I was staying at Milan. They received me as Tito Celsi, a name that I no longer used. I had meetings with certain of the people; they were disheartened through the affair of the 6th February of the preceding year; they did not speak very favourably of Mazzini; they complained of being deceived, that he never showed himself; that he had promised a Commissioner should have been sent to Milan by the 20th of August (1854); but that none had arrived; that they had uselessly destroyed the telegraphic communication; that they had spent money, &c., &c. I sought to encourage them, I shook hands with them many times; I assured them that at the new attempt, Mazzini would be there personally; that I was going towards Poland, and that if I should be called to Milan for the affair, they would know who I was by my actions, and not by words, as I should do my duty. These assurances had their effect, and they appeared well disposed; I wrote so to Mazzini, sending the letter to Mrs. Maltilde Herden, at Zurich, a name assumed by Mrs. Herwegh. I said in my letter, that the young

men to whom I had spoken were devoted, and apparently well disposed. I expressed the conditions they wished, and begged him earnestly not to fail in the promises made. They wrote to Mazzini to the same purpose. I had to speak to a higher class of persons at Milan; I asked the members of the Committee to put me into communication with them; they knew nothing about them. This proved to me that, notwithstanding their intentions, they had no connection with the influential classes of the city.

I afterwards departed for Venice; I could not continne my journey at once, because my passport was *visé* for Lombardy only. I was compelled to return to Milan, and the police said that I must go back to Turin. This going to and fro was very dangerous. I went personally to the chief employés of the high police at Milan, and acted with such presence of mind that I was permitted to send my passport to the Swiss representative at Turin, and to remain six days in the city.

During this time, I again saw some of the Committee, and we arranged about the conveyance of certain muskets, &c. I took the opportunity of examining all the military positions of the Austrians within and without the walls, &c., and witnessed the morning and afternoon manœuvres in the Castle Square. I was surprised at the precision and celerity of the troops, and noticed that they had made many improvements since 1848. At last I again departed for Venice, having received my passport with the necessary vises.

I left Venice for Trieste, and we had a terrible storm. I was lying in my berth, when a man approached me with a very sinister aspect. He was a Modenese Jew, whom I thought I had met before. He had a book in his hand, and was recommending his soul to God. To avoid spending a florin for a berth, he had seated himself in the saloon, where he was pitched from one side to the other, according to the movements of the vessel. The sight of this man filled me with sad presentiments, and a feeling of horror; he was short, ugly, with eyes protruding and expressing fear, hair standing on end, and one cheek bone much more prominent than the other. On regarding him attentively, I

recognized Moses Formiggini. I had seen him at Bologna in 1848. We landed at Trieste, with difficulty. In disembarking I met the Jew again, and he said, "Your face is not new to me." "Indeed!" I replied. "I think I have seen you at Bologna," said he. "It is possible," I answered, "because I was in one of the Pope's Swiss regiments," "Oh!" said he, with a disagreeable smile, showing an ugly set of yellow teeth. Then I turned from him without saying a word.

At the end of October I was at Vienna. I made some good acquaintances, and went to examine the many curiosities of the city, the monuments, &c.; amongst others, some by the celebrated Canova. I was then admitted to see the Imperial Palace; nothing surprised me after having seen the interior of some of the palaces of the Italian and Roman nobles. What struck me was the presence of many sentinels within the palace walls; indeed there were so many that the Emperor might almost consider himself a prisoner. I saw Schönbrunn, and I was surprised at its beauty and grandeur.

At Schönbunn and at the Imperial Theatre I had a very near view of the Emperor and his wife; there is nothing beautiful in either; they are two German types without expression. A phrenologist would merely discover matter, useful only to produce matter. The Emperor dresses always in uniform; this disgusts the citizens and the ministry; the Emperor knowing this, has made every civil employé a military one also, and every one is obliged, particularly on solemn occasions, to wear uniform. I went to see the tombs of the Imperial family; contemplated the coffins in the vaults, and stopped before that of the Emperor Francis, which is raised above all the rest; it was he who caused so much suffering to Silvio Pellico, and many other Italians. I stopped again before that of Joseph II., which is simple, and near the ground, as he desired; this was very appropriate; the former was a tyrant, the latter, for a Prince, was a wise man. The sight of Francis' tomb made me repeat mentally the following words:—"You will injure the Italians no more, Emperor! You are to-day equal to the lowest among men; your crown, your treasures, your soldiers, all

could not save you from the scythe of death. Time has reduced you to nothing, and perhaps at this hour you are paying for the misery which you caused many families, and for the blood which you shed."

The population of Vienna is good and hospitable, the youth liberal, and studious; but the police system is such that every one fears his neighbour; politics are rarely discussed; spies are everywhere. Setting aside these drawbacks, no city offers more allurements than Vienna; government nourishes pleasure purposely, and foments corruption. I visited some of the manufactories, but these are nothing after seeing those of England and France.

I went on several occasions to the Imperial opera, and heard some of the German operas performed with rare precision, and with a great profusion of scenic decorations.

While I remained there I sent several reports to Mazzini. I told him to take care what he was about; that the Austrians were powerfully organized; that the revolution might be effected in Italy; but the thing was, could it be sustained when once effected? That without an army it would be impossible to fight; that Austria with her corporals' stick can get as many soldiers as she desires from her provinces, some of which are populated by semi-barbarians; that he should not believe too much, since many promise where few keep their word; that I told him my opinion as I spoke from my conscience, and for my country; that if a new movement finished like that of the 6th February of the preceding year, we were lost; yet if he persisted in making the attempt, I should return at the opportune moment to Milan, to take care that the affair should go on as well as possible. I held the correspondence with Mazzini through Madame Casati, of Zurich, now deceased, and through Madame Herwegh, who sent them to a friend who forwarded them to Mazzini. I also wrote in the same tenor to my friend Charles L. at Genoa, an intimate friend of Mazzini. During my sojourn at Vienna, I attempted to enter the Austrian service, with the intention of getting up a propaganda in the Italian regiments, so as to attempt a diversion when an Italian revolution should take place. Kossuth and Mazzini having previously

expressed themselves in favour of this being done. As I had a Swiss passport, I could not have had a better pretence to speak with Marshal Salis, who was a Swiss in the Austrian service; I had known his father, then deceased, an officer in the Papal service. I found a Swiss who was a friend of his, and he gave me a letter of introduction to him. I sent it to Gallicia, where he commanded a division. I had a correspondence with him, and found that I should be accepted as a cadet after my examinations. I desired to enter with the rank of a superior officer, which I said I had held with the Swiss in the Roman war, and at last he gave me the opportunity to undergo the examination for the Staff. I was to have been examined in German, which I studied continually, but as no one could be admitted as an officer according to a law in 1848, I refused to commence my career as a cadet, because I did not get a superior grade, I should not have been in an influential position to effect a propaganda, as I desired, among the Italian soldiery. I therefore gave up my plan.

Knowing that the Italian regiments were quartered in Transylvania and the Danubian provinces, I thought I would proceed thither to examine matters, with the intention of joining the Turkish army, in case I could find no chance of becoming useful to my country. My intention always was to be in concert with Mazzini and Kossuth. I made preparations for my departure.

A word about the Jew, Formiggini. I met this man often at the Café Francais, opposite St. Stephen's Cathedral. He frequently said he remembered me, and at last repeated that I was Orsini. Finding it useless to deny any longer, I told him I was Orsini; that I was travelling for my own private matters, and that as I was precluded from travelling under my own name in the Austrian States, I had assumed the name of another. Although he did not believe me, he declared that he would remain silent. The danger of being recognised is very great for a conspirator, who like myself sees so many fresh faces; yet it is no use minding it; it is precisely the same as soldiers going to war and exposing their lives.

I was so accustomed to my position, and to my assumed name,

that I felt quite at home, and thought nothing of the dangers to which I was exposed.

At the beginning of December I set out for Hungary, and saw Pesth, and Buda the historical fortress. I passed Arad, and slept there; the fortress will live in history as the scene of the infamous murder of many Hungarian Generals, by orders of Haynau, at the beginning of the present Emperor's reign. I wished to enter, but was refused. I found Hungary a very fertile country, inhabited by a handsome and robust race, and I perceived everywhere a deep hatred to the Austrians. I reached Hermanstadt, where I was arrested. There I suffered hunger, illness, and solitude, and underwent my first interrogatory.*

In January I was sent back to Vienna; I was chained, and my journey thither lasted fourteen or fifteen days. It was so cold that the Danube was frozen over; my sufferings were horrible, and sometimes I was nearly insensible through cold and hunger, and never expected to reach Vienna alive. I was there handed over to the High Police, then to the Provincial Criminal Court. As to the prisons, I found them indescribably horrible; of the interrogatories I had nothing to complain. There was nothing against me relative to my mission, and nothing was found upon me. I was liable however to be confined in a fortress through my antecedents, when they knew that I was Orsini. However, my conduct before the judges awoke sympathy, and if they could have helped me they would have done so. I observed a great jealousy between the police and the Criminal Tribunal, which if it had continued would have been useful to me. One fine morning at the end of March I was awoke, consigned to two gendarmes, and a superior commissary of police, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and told that I was about to be sent away. I wished the thieves good bye, with whom I had been placed, and the poor fellows were affected. I was so weak that I could not stand; the gendarmes supported

* It is useless for me to repeat all that I have said in the "Austrian Dungeons," to which I refer the reader for any information which I have not given in this work.

me by my arms. I was compelled to depart from Vienna in custody; though I was treated with much kindness on the journey, and no longer chained. This signified nothing; the reason was, my wretched state of health; it was not in my power to attempt an escape. In sixty hours I was within the walls of Mantua. This is the strongest fortress in Italy; there despotism shuts up the patriots when condemned to death. Those guilty of political crimes who enter those dark cells only go out to be conducted to the scaffold or the galleys.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mantua.—Fresh facts which could not be given in my Book of "Austrian Dungeons in Italy."—Madame Herwegh and my Friend N. N.—Their admirable conduct.—Madame Herwegh sends me the Saws and Opium.—The Gaoler Tirelli.—Austrian Sentinels and the Opium.—Laughable scene.—My Saws broken.—I receive two more.—Miss Louisa of London.—Thoughts about my Country and Children, which wonderfully raise my spirits, and develop my energies.—At half-past one o'clock of the 30th March, 1856, I escape from Cell No. 4 of the Castle St. George.

At the sight of the vaulted roofs of the castle, in the middle of the night, with the rain, and dead silence, observing the serious looks of the guards and the Commissary, my mind naturally recurred to those patriots who, some months before, had only left that gloomy building for the scaffold, and I said to myself "How shall I ever get out?" I ascended the stairs, and when the usual ceremonies were concluded, I was placed in the cell No. 3. I was very ill. I held communication with some prisoners by means of the wall; and among the rest with Calvi. I suffered from hunger the first and second day, but it was as nothing compared with what I had felt at Hermanstadt and Vienna. How horribly I suffered in those two cities! Those agonies remind me of the poor! How many families have not food to give their children! I languished in prison, but I knew the reason why; but how many are free, who without any demerits of their own, find none to help them! When I see the poor in the streets, I cannot forget my own sufferings from hunger and cold; and while I have a penny, I consider it my duty to help them!

My first examination, presided over by Sanchez, was terrible! My fate was decided. The instructions of Mazzini, which I had written at Milan, were placed before me. This was a great shock to me, as I had no idea that they were in the possession of the Austrians; my physical powers were prostrated by illness and starvation, and I had hardly strength to speak; yet, such was the internal re-action I felt, that I showed an extraordinary force of

character, which gained me the respect, and sympathy, even of the judges. When I think of it now, I am astonished at myself. Every time I was requested to give some particulars, I replied "I am not a spy." When they insisted, I said "Let life go, but my honor shall remain as a heritage to my children." When they asked me why I had so constantly acted against the Italian governments, I answered, "Because I have ever loved my country; for the liberty of which I would always make any sacrifices, and am ready, at any moment, to give my life; but for the future, in affairs of more importance; not in such projects as have given so many victims to the Criminal Court up to this time."

During my imprisonment I had about thirty interrogatories. All was discovered, even to my shaking hands with the people to animate them, &c. In the process there was a letter of Mazzini's, in which I was mentioned. It contained these words:—"Give 1000 francs to Felice Orsini; he knows what to do with them." This was addressed to the members of the Committee of Milan, and found there. There were many other papers relating to other prosecutions, &c. After this I had to fence about a good deal. In all my examinations I admitted all that it would have been absurd to deny, and avoided the rest as well as I could with circumspect denials. The Hungarian to whom I had given instructions at Geneva had confessed everything.

Casati, the chief gaoler, always treated me with respect, as he did poor Calvi. At last I was permitted to write to Madame Herwegh, and to obtain this, I adduced that as she had held one of my children at the font, I considered her as one of my own relations. I would not write to my relations at Imola, because the knowledge of my confinement at Mantua would have been for them a sure sign of my speedy departure from this world, and would probably have caused my uncle's death. I was afterwards enabled to arrange the means of my escape through Madame Herwegh; in what manner I can never disclose. It is a positive fact, however, that she possesses the originals of all the letters I then wrote to her; they are in part decipherable, and there are necessarily many repetitions, because I wrote nearly at dusk and at intervals.

What exists in them is sufficient to give the reader an idea of my state of mind at different epochs of my imprisonment, and of what occurred within my cell. I give them as they are, and make one or two comments upon them. Madame Herwegh was in correspondence with my friend N. N., who, with a rare abnegation, always sent the money for my subsistence. Madame Herwegh and he did everything; to them under Providence I owe my life.

In other preparations for my flight, Madame Herwegh was assisted by C., another friend of mine, who showed an extreme devotion. To prevent Madame Herwegh being compromised in case my letters were intercepted or discovered, I pretended to write to a male friend.

Here are the letters. The following was preceded by two others, which were not well understood, being written very hastily:

"Mantua, 6th August, 1855.

"My process is becoming more and more embarrassed. On the 20th of last month I had an interrogatory; some reports came from Modena, saying that I had escaped from their gendarmes. I replied, I knew nothing. The Hungarian of Geneva has confessed. He has given all the particulars relating to the presentation of Tito Celsi. I answered, that I was in England, and could not be in two places at the same time. Then, after five or six days, I was brought before him . . . . . I do not know the result. The thing (or process) will be very long; I asked the judge, he answered 'For heaven's sake do not speak of time.' . . . . . .

"Now, they show me more attention; they treat me not as a man who tries to parry, but as a known and proved enemy. I speak frankly, I know my fate, and I am prepared. It is with conspirators, as with soldiers who go to war, and foolishly imagine that they can do so without being wounded. As to the rest, having declared that I would compromise no one, that I would not be a denouncer, that I always loved my country, they know what they have to do; and I consider myself like a man in a decline, who may live one or two years. . . . . .

"When the sentence is about to be pronounced, I shall be advised of it three days beforehand. Then I shall show with the greatest frankness my principles towards my country, demanding, without humiliating myself, that I may be shot, because I would not have the legs of the hangman on my shoulders. In my next letter I will let you know how you can get the opium introduced; so that, instead of conducting me and my fellow-sufferers to the gallows, they shall find us already dead. I am very tranquil; I have some sad moments when I think of my children, but that is all; man should be prepared for everything, and death is nothing when one gives up one's life for one's country. The only evil is, that I think such sacrifices useless, and I see no disposition on the part of our people to rise. When everything is sacrificed, those who die are called fools, and if they live they are calumniated. But let us change the subject. I am always alone; however, paper and books are not denied me; the inspector lends me his: they are few, but good. I am composing a book.—Now there is an extraordinary surveillance; but flight is possible.—Poor Calvi is always near to me; we know nothing. My opinion is that they will not execute the sentence until there are more persons to suffer with him. He flatters himself, and says, if things remain quiet, they will execute no more persons for simple political offences; but I, who do not believe in miracles, do not delude myself. A cordial salute to Peter and the others. We shall meet in Dante's paradise. If by chance they do not execute the sentence, they say that it will be commuted into twenty years' imprisonment; but after all there is little to laugh at in this . . . . . .

"To-day I made the usual sign to Calvi, who replied not. I hope they have not placed him in another cell."*

"Mantua, 4th September, 1855.

"Farewell books! The Inspector who had them has been changed. He was not . . . . . but humane. The cells are not damp, but the heat and the gnats kill one. Farewell Calvi! The 4th of July he was hanged, and

* When I wrote the above lines Calvi had been hanged.

died well. The second will be myself, and it is no use deluding one's self. They say that the aggravating circumstance with him was, that he had been an officer. I was . . . . . because his companions would not give me the sad news, as my position was similar. I am half . . . . . otherwise the doctors tell me I should not last, so that the expenses augment, but I hope it will not go on many months. No one can so well resign themselves to die as those in miserable and solitary situations , ... and I repeat that it is better to die in prison than go to the scaffold. For three days I have had the "contestazioni." There is an autograph letter of Mazzini's from Piedmont. It speaks of . . Franchi, and says "Give 1000 francs to Felice Orsini, who knows what to do with them." This fact, which I do not . . . has given me the fall. I made known that not . . . more with . . . . . since . . . . . but they made attempts, and from this it appears that I have not stated the truth. It is then clear in my case that all would be contained in the transmission of instructions. But they wish to give an example, as they call it, and from one example to another they continue yearly to hang people . . . . . .

"It appears that the letter of 6000 francs was addressed to those of Milan."

"13th September.

"I said nothing about the passport; I was asked at Vienna how I possessed it, and I answered from the Hernagh family; they believed it, and asked no more. . . . . .

"It may be that I might require a place of concealment, but I will try to do without it, because I know the difficulty in a place like Mantua. Under any circumstances it can only be done in winter, when the nights are long—in December for instance. The judge has assured me that the process will not be finished until the end of January, so that there is time without hurrying anything. . . . . .

I am greatly obliged to our friends, but my life must not compromise theirs . . . and then it is always like drawing in the lottery. I repeat it, the difficulty is in what takes place after. . . As to the mode of getting the money there, . . . I will let you know afterwards . . . . but the police . . . . . There is an incredible surveillance . . . . . ."

Without proceeding further the reader will perceive that the letter treats of the preparations for my escape. The letter continues:—

"The letter of the 6000 francs, which were intended for me, contains various names, amongst whom a certain Pini of Piedmont, Pontila, Ricci a Tuscan, Parenti, and others. Two coffee houses are mentioned, one at Florence, and the other at Pistoja; and there is the name of Nicholas Fabrizi, Mazzini's Agent at Malta. . . . . .
I was able to discover . . . . . .
I have had communication with . . . . . .
by means of signal rappings on the wall. The government has got everything in their hands, and it seems that the letter with 6000 franks was addressed to De Giorgi.

"The police have taken the copies of letters written to Piolti. The keys are deciphered, the names discovered, &c., &c. De Giorgi has been firm, and has only done the indispensable . .
My points of defence are, that I was proceeding to the war in the East. . . . . .
that for potent family reasons and troubles, and to show that they acted without reason, I had retired completely from political affairs . . . . . .
But the attempt of the Valtelline, Sarzana, &c., remain, as well as my declaration that I was always ready to sacrifice my life for my country, whenever there was a chance of success; and again, that I was no spy, and would compromise no one. . . .
They look upon me as a man with a kind of patriotic monomania; but beyond this, there is no hope to save one's neck. Poor Calvi deposed nearly in like manner. He went out to die dressed entirely in black, with gloves of the same colour, with a cigar in

his mouth, accompanied by two guards, as he wished to go from hence without handcuffs. There were many persons waiting to see him come out, but not a citizen was seen at the place of execution. He was left hanging until sunset, and they buried him at the foot of the gallows. He confessed beforehand, and showed the greatest indifference. This is a fact;—I know it from one who accompanied him. If he had desired to live he might have done so, by making a humble declaration. He said 'No! I will die; I will never lower myself, neither will I serve those who oppress my country, and whom I detest.' These are nearly his own words. A true hero! If it happens to me, and I am unbound, it is likely enough that I shall do something. At all events I shall be dressed in black. Here are the white gloves, given to me by Madame, and never yet used. Who would ever have thought it? . . . . . .
A thousand shakes of the hand to Madame, a kiss to Peter, and to A; come *un colpo di cannone*."

So that the reader may understand these last words, he must know that Mrs. Herwegh gave me a pair of white gloves before I left Zurich, and that I had still preserved them new, when I entered Mantua, and intended to wear them for the first time on my road to the scaffold. A young Italian sometimes visited Mrs. Herwegh, who used to sing. One of his favorite pieces was the 'Calunnia' of Rossini. He interested himself on my behalf, and not desiring to compromise him by mentioning his name, I made Madame Herwegh understand whom I meant by repeating a line from his song.

"5th October, 1855.

"I only understand some words—as to the opium I warn you to put a small part aside, so that I warn you to act accordingly.

"Our affair is an infamy of the police. Bideschini, who is free, and was paid by the government, introduced himself amongst those of Milan by orders of the police; he tried in every manner to make the conspiracy assume greater dimensions, and getting as many victims as possible into the net, to cause the abortion of the whole scheme.

"They wished Calvi to ask for mercy, but he would not. This is the way to lower men, and to show that the government is merciful, because the brave man will not ask mercy of the enemy; I should be in the same position. I would not even ask to be shot, let what will happen. When it is done it is over; but this will happen if I am not able to carry out the plan which I have studied and meditated upon so long . . . . . .
I will never humiliate myself before those whom I detest, while I live . . . . . .
An excellent young man named Grioli has been condemned to eighteen years. The companions of Calvi are at the galleys. I am assured that Calvi compromised himself somewhat by his behaviour to the judges. A kiss . . . . . .
a good shake of the hand to Madame H, whose conduct shows that hers is not the common friendship. A kiss to . . .
and . . . . . .
if there is . . . . . .
and to all . . . . . .
and what are my little ones about? Where are they? Poor little things!"

"Mantua.

"I take this opportunity to write to you again. Nothing is changed or likely to change. Do not fail to let me have plenty of opium . . . . . .
The greatest fear is, when I shall have got out, as the country is flat . . . . . .
As to the rest I have foreseen all that is possible. I know exactly the plan of the castle; the ditches are sometimes wet, sometimes dry. They are always well guarded, but that does not matter. Be sure of that. Let the saws be good and well tempered. . .
I might protract the affair until winter, but I have no confidence. An order has come from Vienna to terminate the process as soon as possible, and I should not like to be too late. If you knew what a procedure there is against us you would be astonished. I have known all." . . . . . .

There is written an account of the Tribunals, which is found in my book "Austrian Dungeons." The letter thus continues:—

"Twelve Hungarians have been arrested in Mantua, and sent to Milan. Adieu. Let all be precise, good and well tempered saws. . . . . I have had a fever for a month, but I am getting better, and my bodily vigour maintains itself. Adieu again."

"Mantua.

"I am always watching. Many things are smoothed over, but he who has time does not wait. The process is going on at an incredibly quick pace, and this resolves me to lose no time. A hearty shake of the hand to Madame, and a kiss to friends. Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!"

"Mantua.

"Quick, quick, quick, and quick, otherwise all will be useless; I write and give my word of honour for the last time for what we treat of. We do not speak of anything but what is necessary, ... the probabilities diminish, but it is better to die with a weapon in one's hand than perish in a dungeon . . . . . Write immediately, in six months all preparations will be useless . . . . . I write nothing in detail about the plans as this mode of writing is compromising . . . . . Every time I write I am surrounded by dangers. Write to me directly; if not, I shall take some violent means 'coutê quo coutê,' I am determined . . . . . If I had believed the impossibility of everything from those who are outside, I would have sent my . . . . . a letter to my brother, and I was certain . . . Now it is too late. Last night it snowed, and it was up to one's knees. But I do not hesitate . . . . . Adieu from my heart to Madame and friends . . . . It is very deplorable that from without there is no agent at Mantua. What weakness in a party! . . . . .

I confide more in Mrs. Emma than in many others, who only promise and chatter. I say this with all my heart. What delusions ! ! !"

" Mantua.

" Everything was very well managed . . . . .
The gaoler, at ten in the evening, could hardly keep upright.
. . . . . .
Things remain as before. If you can within three days send some more opium, do so, and never mind anything else . .
On the 10th inst., another gaoler will arrive from Vienna, because this one is but provisional. If he goes away, I am lost. I shall have no longer my usual facilities. . . . . .
Cordially I say to you, adieu. Aid me also in this."

" 1st February, 1856.

" I gave the ' bianco' (this meant Morphine) on the 20th, in the doses indicated—but nothing—the opium on the 6th had more effect . . . The ' bianco' should be old. What I wrote has been verified. The new jailor arrived. All the abuses introduced within the last three months, when we could get what we liked for money, are abolished. The old jailor has been sent away, and is without occupation . . . The man &c. . . . is no longer here.

" Everything here is now on the same footing as it was under Casati. There is no more contact with the soldiers, and the turnkeys tremble. . . . . .
But I shall open a road by means of the saws. . . .
If my friends had said that it was impossible to get the money in time, it would have been done in the same manner. . . .
A sign that they think more of themselves than of one in misfortune. Let us speak no more of them. . . . .
The occasions I have had will never offer themselves more, and if I do succeed in escaping, it will be the effect of chance and individual daring. *Thank our friends a thousand, and again a thousand, times in my name.* What a spirit of nationality !

"Luckily nothing has been discovered of the preparations for which . . . . . .

"Yesterday, I spoke to the president about my cause. I asked him if the sentence of death would be executed, because this is the sentence which will be given by May at latest. He answered that he would not delude me, but there was reason to hope that the soul of the Emperor might be inclined to clemency. I do not believe it, let it proceed as it will . . . . One must perforce put on a good countenance. I shall die despising those who have done me evil, and my false friends. I shall have in my mind the friend who has not forgotten me in misfortune. The indecision of my friends has caused me to throw away that money which would have kept me eight months . . I can no longer depend on friends, neither will I. You will send by return of post the few lines written to . . . A thousand times good bye! May we see one another again; when, I shall not dare to conjecture. If I get the chance I shall do it; if not, I must undergo what is destined. In every case I thank you a thousand and a thousand times."

To explain these two letters I must say a few words.

When I first had the idea of attempting to escape, I knew that if I succeeded in putting the sentinels and turnkeys to sleep, I should have it in my power to liberate the most compromised, if not all the prisoners. I did not think of myself alone, and I studied with this aim what was necessary to accomplish this end. With time, tact, and constancy I found the necessary opportunities to enable me to carry out my plan. In fact, one evening I succeeded to get opium put into some of the beverages of the turnkeys: I was with them in the jailor's room; for an instant their eyes swam and they staggered about the room thrusting their lanterns forward like blind men, saying, "What is the matter? Oh this is fine, we can no longer see." One of them nearly fell, and leaned against the wall. But this effect lasted only a short time. The chief jailor, Tirelli, had drunk of the opium with the rest. On him the effect was greater; he threw away his cap, and his eyelids were red and half open; he tried by every means in his power to stand upright, and touching

his forehead repeated "What am I, what am I?" As to the sentinels the effect was very trifling, nothwithstanding the strong doses they had taken. The great quantity of brandy which they take usually in the winter operated as an antidote. Tirelli the jailor fell upon a prisoner's mattress in one of the cells, and slept profoundly; the turnkeys took him out, and gave him a great quantity of rum and coffee. I was coolly watching this scene, and saw that my plan had failed—it ended in a comedy. No one suspected that he had taken a narcotic, and believed it to be the effect of the wine. I was again shut up in my cell.

In the morning the jailor Tirelli was somewhat stupified; some one had told the president that he had got terribly drunk. In eight days, although he had been there for twenty years, he lost his situation. The opium which I used was sent to me from Switzerland. Before Tirelli departed, I attempted again with morphine which I got from London, and which was sent to me through Zurich. Mazzini knew all about it. I tried to give the morphine to Tirelli and the turnkeys; as to the sentinels it was impossible; but seeing that I was so nearly discovered I did not renew the attempt. The new German turnkey came; I was kept in very close custody. I no longer went into the jailor's room to make up his accounts, as it was customary for the prisoners to do in turn under Tirelli and Casati. Placed in No. 4, I owe my escape entirely to force of will, constancy, and audacity; by means of them alone was I delivered from the prison of St. George. I possessed these elements of success; I say so, and am proud to confess it; and in this also I recognise the powerful hand of Providence.

"Mantua, 10th February, 1856.

(These letters are all addressed to Mrs. Herwegh.)

"It would take too long to narrate all the affair, but if half were done by the 16th, all had been done; as to me, I hope to be in time. and able to tell you myself . . . . . I wished again to be alone, to go on with a book which I had already began. I hoped to go into a cell which I had explored. I had arranged as well as I could with the turnkeys, but the

president decreed me the worst cell in the prison; after being alone some time, I told him that the light only entered late in the afternoon; he replied, that the cell I desired was not secure, as the roofs were near it. I resigned myself. He also said that in case of an escape, all the members of the Special Court of Justice, and he among the first, would have been nailed,* or to use his own expression, '*acciuffati*,' by order of his government. This shows that the Austrians wish to retain me in their power. However, I have a will, and it appears that I shall at last take advantage of the occasion. My window is very high up in the wall, with two thick gratings, and one is not approachable without sawing the other; and then there is another thinner grating; and the window is thirty yards from the ground; I have measured it myself. There are about twelve feet of water in the ditch during the heavy rains. I have only half done my work, and all by means of the saws; but one broke, and I fear the same accident might happen to the other; you must therefore send me two or three others of the same quality; send immediately, because if the ditch is full, I must wait till summer, and I do not know if I shall be then living. He who has time does not wait for it. I do not repeat anything, because I know you; so that all you have done, will not be in vain. I have made the preparations for descending. Certain it is, that without courage I should never have commenced the work, which I have half finished, notwithstanding the daily and nightly visits every two hours, but the will, and carelessness of life, and yet the desire to live, in spite of those who wish one's death, be they open or concealed enemies, makes a man able to do those things which afterwards look more like fiction than truth. I have calculated everything; I have no fear about their discovering the preparations; all depends upon whether the means to descend (which I have well calculated) do not fail, and cause me to break my neck. Well! If this happens, it is a sign that my hour is come. I put aside every melancholy thought. I count

* I have used a common word to explain the meaning of the Italian word, although not the *literal* sense.

upon the two or three saws being sent directly, and I confide in your infallible and unalterable friendship. Adieu from my heart. Adieu to you, to you, and again to you! A kiss to . . . tell him that I am in No. 4 of the castle, &c. Again adieu, and a thousand affectionate things to one whom I esteem and love as a mother."

Being uncertain of my ability to terminate the work, and to make my escape, on the 13th of March I sent the following letter to my Uncle and Brother. It was the first since my arrest. It might be the last. Who could have foreseen what happened afterwards. When I wrote it I was very sad; my children, whom I had not seen, made tears rise into my eyes.*

"Post mark
Mantua, 15—3.
30 centimes.

"Addressed,
Pontifical States,
Mr. Leonidas Orsini,
Imola.

"Imola post mark,
17th March.

"My very dear Brother,—My presentiments did not fail me when I sent you the memorials for my children, and my last dispositions, which purported to come from Switzerland. I was on my road to the war, and on the Austro-Ottoman confines I was arrested at the end of 1854. Not liking, as long as I could restrain from doing so, to renew the pain you suffered in hearing of my arrest in your States in 1844, I was silent about my misfortune to you and my family; but now I know that they are informed of it, I break silence and give you my news.

"Here I pass the time well enough, considering my position; I am permitted to have books and writing materials, which comfort me, and lighten that melancholy which assails me daily when I think of you all, and my dear children, whom God knows if I shall ever see again.

* *The original letter*, which I had sent from Imola after my arrival in England, is in the hands of Mr. J. D. P. Hodge, of Glastonbury, my dear friend, to whom I presented it.

"What is about to happen to me I know not, but at all events it is well to pluck up courage and prepare for whatever may happen. God has granted time, so that all our family may have courage, and coolness of mind.

"Until now I have had what was necessary from my friends, through Madame Herwegh, who held my second child at the font, and with whom you must be by this time in communication. I shall afterwards send you rather an extended plan for the education of my children; you will all recollect that they will take my place, that our blood circulates in their veins, and that the happiness and well being of the children depends upon a wise and judicious education; for the present I will say no more about that.

"Every now and then you shall have news from me; you will answer this, confining yourself to giving me an account of the health of you all, and sending me one hundred zwanzigers, (about £3 8s.) which I absolutely want. Underneath you have the address. You will give an affectionate kiss to my uncle, to papa, to the children, and my respects to your lady. As to you I repeat, courage! and again courage!—Life is a vision, death is the quiet of the heart, so says Byron, wisely, to my thinking, in these lines, which I recall to my memory:—

> 'What is death? a quiet of the heart,
> The whole of that of which we are a part;
> For life is but a vision.'

"Again I recommend my children to you, and embracing you affectionately, believe me thy

"FELICE.

"Mantua, 13th March, 1856."

P.S. Here is the address—

Mr. FELICE ORSINI,
at the Imperial and Royal
Court of Justice at Mantua.

Signature of the President,

Seen, VICENTINI.

"16th March, 1856.

. . . . . .

There was . , . If the wings of Icarus do not melt I shall be free. We shall surely meet again . .

"Now adieu, adieu, from my heart! I hope all is well calculated, and it seems that the circle of my life, which you reminded me of at Nice is not entirely closed. We shall see. Adieu. My regards to good and true friends, who are unluckily too few." . .

This is the last letter I wrote to Mrs. Herwegh, and I continued to work. I make no comments upon the letters, as the reader will consider under what circumstances they were written.

In the ten months which I passed in solitude I had opportunities of meditating much upon humanity, upon the liberty of peoples, as well as of that of Italy. To find myself in the hands of those who sought my death, to see the apathy of those outside, regarding my death or life, the thought of the many disappointments which I had never thought to survive, were the reasons which made me despair of everything. I sometimes did not believe in virtue; man appeared to me a hive of wickedness and egotism; the most monstrous govern families and rule society. The thought that I should die without benefiting my country rendered my approaching death more bitter; the thought of leaving two children to suffer and to weep rendered the few days that I had to live more melancholy and sad. I remained for a time half stupified by the greatness of my misfortune, yet I never had an idea of suicide; I have had this thought when free, but never in misfortune; the idea of suffering and dying for my country rendered me stronger. I would never have committed an act of cowardice. The idea of suicide hovered about my brain at the thought of the hangman being on my shoulders—a ridiculous prejudice which passed away as soon as conceived. A man's actions defame him, and not the death or torments which tyranny and despotism may inflict upon him! I remembered that I had duties towards my family, my country, and my God. I thought that my example might

be useful to my fellow-countrymen; I resolved therefore to live, and bear my trials boldly. If I had to die, I would die with dignity, and with that air of contempt which becomes us if our conscience is clear, and strong in its own rights, unjustly attacked. My letters cited above will show that these were my true sentiments, and my judges knew it. When I thought of Calvi my tears came, and I wished to follow him. Behold, said I, another victim immolated at the altar of despotism, and perhaps uselessly for Italy. Is it possible that this can last long? Is it possible that Italy will continue to permit her best sons to be dragged to the scaffold? Is it possible that they do not rise against their executioners, against those who despoil and mock them? All this seemed like a dream to me; but, alas, it was a fact! If I suffered for the loss of Calvi, let the reader remember that I suffered for my lost friend; for the patriot slain by our enemies; for the young soldier lost to Italy, and who would have been able and willing to render her great services; and at last I suffered in the inmost recesses of my heart and I say it without shame; my destiny was death by the gallows; with all the courage I possess, I could not look upon the idea without a shudder at my approaching doom; I will not cover myself with the cloak of hypocrisy, and pretend to be bolder than I am.

I often thought of the advice which I had received from Miss Louisa in London; and oh, how often I confessed, how rightly sho had judged! Those words, which contained within themselves a love of country, friendship, and a wisdom by no means common, descended gratefully into my heart, and reminded me of that amiable girl who uttered them. Then I said humanity is not bad after all; there are good people, and those on this globe who are the incarnations of virtue, goodness, and love! I grew stronger then; in the midst of all my thoughts and misfortunes I took courage. The few and rare courtesies of the men who guarded me, confirmed me in this opinion. Let us live! I thought, and the nobility of soul rose powerfully within me. I felt full of enthusiasm, and although enfeebled by inertness, by the heat of the season, by the want of appetite, I felt capable of attempting even the im-

possible. My enemies were nothing before me; my country, my children, and Louisa, whom I seemed destined to see again, induced me to pronounce the word, *I will*! That solemn word which in the last moments of my imprisonment made me forget the dangers and fatigues I had to pass through.

When I was placed in the cell No. 4 moments of melancholy and scepticism returned to me; then hopes, then new moments of agony, weakness, and the hopelessness of success. Such internal thoughts belong to the man who finds himself overtaken by the greatest of misfortunes; who wishes to extricate himself, but in vain. Little by little I conquered, but sometimes I fell, crushed by fatigue and pain. In the two months of work and watching, I rarely took food of any kind, I slept very little, I worked, worked, worked; and yet I had no headache. It would appear impossible that my weak body could bear up against so much. After the first days of work, I found my left elbow grazed; I felt severe pain; I tried to saw the bars using both my hands, leaning my left elbow on the window sill, which acted as a lever. This caused my elbow to bleed through the pressure and action. Nevertheless I arrived at the end of my work, and this sufficiently shows what influence moral power exercises over the physical.

The night between the 26th and 27th I attempted to escape, but my mind was not sufficiently calm. The great depth, when seen by the eye, made such an impression upon me that I dared not make the descent. I waited two days, and when I did get down, I possessed a coolness which surprised me. Without that I could not possibly have succeeded. When my calmness abandoned me I fell, and if this had happened a little before, I should have been killed. When in the ditch, and seeing that I had no force, no strength to ascend the counterscarp, I became resigned. "God so wills it," I said. I remained quiet, slept, and I even now find nothing extraordinary in it. I was fatigued through working so long, as well as for want of sleep. Before daylight I could do nothing, It was necessary to be quiet, and not make the slightest noise; therefore I slept. Ought I to have felt excitement? My fate was not changed. I considered myself while in the ditch the

same as if in my cell, waiting to be consigned into the hands of the executioner. Until I was free I had not confidence, but prosecuted my preparatives with all the coolness possible, to arrive at my aim. Calm, yes, very calm! "God so willed it!" This is all the explanation I can give of the happy result. Not being able to ascend alone, was perhaps a good thing for me. In every circumstance of my life I have seen the signs of Providence, but never more so than in this fact. We will suppose that I had mounted the counterscarp on the margin of the lake, to go upon the Bridge of St. George. I might have gone over the Bridge, but whom should I have met? What road should I have taken? Amongst the many I was likely to see, should I not have met a traitor? As it happened I did not! Those who drew me out of the ditch were few, but they saved me. I felt, as they did, a reciprocal interest, the moment we stood face to face. I said to them "You see what you are about?" and they replied "Follow us, and fear nothing." This will explain, sufficiently, how fortunate I was. Two others, before they came, refused to help me; well, after my flight, they boasted they saw me, and would not aid me. They were arrested by the Austrians, and condemned to three years at the galleys, for not informing the authorities what they had seen in the ditch. Divine justice!

My deliverers conducted me towards the lake, and hid me among the reeds in the morass.

My escape astonished the officers in garrison, and so great was the crowd that went to the castle, that the governor prohibited re-union of people, and posted sentinels in the "Galetta" Square, whence my prison window could be seen. While this was happening, I was concealed in a reed brake, breathing the free air with sufficient coolness, which, after fifteen months, was conceded to me by the God who created all men free.

I find, to explain more fully the circumstances of my escape, advisable to insert the following letter which I wrote from Switzerland to Mazzini, which appeared in "The Daily News" of 8th June, 1856, and subsequently in the other papers, with the remarks of of the editor:

"*Escape of Felice Orsini from an Austrian Dungeon.*

"The simple and unaffected account of his escape from the Castle of St. Georgio, Mantua, which Felice Orsini gives in the following letter, is full of the most varied interest. The courage, resources, and self-reliance of Orsini himself are the first things that strike the reader. Next comes the rancorous cruelty of the Austrian Government, as is shown by the character of the cells in which they immure their prisoners. But the most important truth revealed by the letter is the moral isolation of the Austrians in their Italian dominions. In descending from his prison window Orsini injured one of his feet so severely that he was lamed. Day dawned, and the streets became filled with passengers before he could emerge from the castle ditch. There could be no doubt that he was a prisoner broke loose. Yet the casual passers-by did not hesitate to help him out of the ditch, and allow him to go his way unchallenged. From Mantua till he gained the frontier was a journey of eight days. Strangers befriended and concealed him—no one betrayed him. He was an enemy of the Austrian—that was sufficient recommendation to hospitality and protection. The Austrians, it is clear, are surrounded by a population who detest them. Among these enemies are men like Orsini, who can work their way out of dungeons in which men of ordinary mould would have abandoned themselves to despair, and whose first use of their regained liberty is to renew the internecine struggle with their hated tyrants. Against such adversaries no combination of police spies and military mercenaries can permanently prevail:—

"On the 25th of March I was sent in charge of two gendarmes and a superior police officer to Mantua, where I was again examined by Baron Sanchez. I then learnt that the documents relating to the political mission I had fulfilled in Milan in 1854 had fallen into the hands of the Austrian Government when the Milanese committee was arrested, and that I was doomed to die on the scaffold. In Mantua I was examined at least twenty times.

"On reaching Mantua, we stopped in the large courtyard of the castle of St. Georgio. On each of the four sides is a tower, and the castle is

surrounded by a ditch seven or eight yards wide and six deep. On the side near the bridge of St. Georgio is an arched way passing under the street, which leads from the bridge to the city. By means of this arcade, when the waters of the lake are high, the ditch round the castle is filled with water. The whole is strongly guarded on all sides by a large detachment of troops with artillery.

"At the time of my escape orders were given that all ingress and egress should be forbidden between the hours of 8 p. m. and 5 a. m.

"When political trials are going on, the prisoners most jealously guarded by Austria are always sent to the Castle of St. Georgio, and after the revolution of 1848 an express order was sent from Vienna that the fortress should be exclusively used for the detention of political prisoners. The secret cells are in the upper story, and in the lower story are kept the archives of the city of Mantua. All the cells except Nos. 12 and 7 have at the windows two rows of thick iron bars, about a yard apart (which will give you an idea of the thickness of the walls,) and outside the outer row is a thick grating of iron wire. The worst cells are Nos. 3 and 4. No. 4, the smaller of the two, is the one from which I escaped. It is about six paces long, and rather more than three broad. The cells 2, 3, and 4 open into a corridor guarded by eight soldiers, changed every twenty-four hours. There is a sentinel posted at the single door which leads to all the prisons, and the others watch the doors of the cells. At night all these regulations are even more rigorously enforced, and there is a special sentinel for the cells 2, 3, and 4, who hears the slightest noise, and reports it to the keepers, who sleep in a little room opening out of the corridor which leads to Nos. 2, 3, and 4. This room has two doors, and every night the door leading to the court-yard is shut, and the inner door is always closed, and has a sentinel posted on the inside. In the daytime there are three keepers charged with the surveillance and service of the prisoners. These are changed at eight o'clock every morning. One of these is responsible for the prisoners, takes them their food, and makes the daily and nightly visits, when he alone enters the cells, another meanwhile guarding the door with a chain. This last has charge of the keys of the upper and outer door, which is, as I told you, also guarded by a sentinel. No one can enter or leave the castle without his special knowledge and permission. Each of these various officers is bound to keep watch that the others do their duty, and has a separate responsibility in case of the escape of any prisoner. Besides all these, there is the capo custode, who has the surveillance over the whole, sleeps in the castle, governs and orders all, and has under him the corporal and all the men

of the guard. In the night-time he keeps all the keys, and the keeper has to apply to him for them, in order to make his nightly visits to the cells.

"The day visits are made at 6, 8, 10, 12, 2, 4, and 6 o'clock; the night visits at half-past 9 and half-past 1. They then examine the state of the irons of the windows, the walls, &c. In the intervals of the regular visits the keeper comes in and out at all hours, so that the poor prisoner has never a moment of quiet.

"From these details you can see the impossibility of escaping even with the help of one guard—at least three would have to be in the secret, and even then false keys would be necessary, as the keys are all kept by the capo custode; and once out, one would find oneself in the midst of Mantua, as the castle has only one entrance, which leads into the city. There is, therefore, no other mode of escape than the one I took, of letting myself down from the height of thirty yards into the ditch. But how did I contrive this escape? By patience, and a firm determination to attempt and endure anything in order to free myself, to work again every possible injury in my power to the detested Austrians. Animated by this hatred to Austria, I assumed a new character, and, after seven months of solitary and most rigid confinement, during which I was never allowed a light, or even a glass to take the medicine necessary for my fever, I contrived, by my quiet and uncomplaining conduct, to make the guards so satisfied with me that they ceased to take the trouble to examine the bars of my windows. I had obtained six little saws of the very finest steel, but how I had obtained them the Austrian Government will never know. If poor Colonel Calvi, who was confined in cell No. 2, and with whom I had kept up a correspondence of signs through the wall, had not been so soon executed, he and I should have escaped together from the castle. I had once asked the President of the Tribunal, a German, if he thought the sentence of death recorded against me would be put in execution. He answered, he should be sorry to awaken illusive hopes—perhaps no, perhaps yes—and that was all.

"About the end of January I was put into cell No. 4, the worst in the castle, and I almost despaired of ever being able to escape from it; the window was more than two yards from the floor of the cell, and to work I was obliged to stand on the back of my chair. The rows of iron bars were a yard apart, the outside grating being 1-10th of the distance beyond. The bars were extremely thick, especially the inside ones, and the height from the window to the level of the ditch was thirty yards—I myself measured it with a string.

"I could not work at night, because the noise of the saws, though very slight, would have been heard by the sentinel, who, after the half-past 9 o'clock visit, came every five minutes to the door. I worked therefore in the day-time, and my ear had become so accustomed to the step of the sentinel, that before he opened the door I always contrived to get down and put my chair in its place, and sometimes I would be walking up and down humming. I covered over the marks of my work with brick-power mixed with black wax and bread. By thus working in the day-time in the intervals of the visits, in twenty-four days I had cut away seven of the inside bars and one of the outside ones, where they were fixed into the wall, and from the wall I had extracted eight bricks, which I hid in the straw of my mattress. As for the cord, I had thought of that before. On the 1st February I kept back, without their knowing, the sheets that I ought to have sent away to the wash; and on the 1st March I kept back the towels, which were as wide as the sheets, and a little longer, and by cutting these into strips I was able, on the 27th of March, to make my cord, fastening it with sailor's knots. I let it down into the ditch to try its length, and found it even longer than necessary. The 28th and 29th I passed in great fear of discovery, being more than usually persecuted by the attentions of the sentinel, so that I could not attempt my escape. I therefore pretended, during those two days, to be ill, and did not rise from my bed, for fear they might chance to examine my straw mattress. They had ceased, in my case, to examine the bars. At half-past 9 o'clock on the evening of the 29th, at the usual visit from the capo custode, I pretended to be asleep; but the moment they were gone, and while they were going the round of the other visits, and so making some noise, I rapidly removed the iron bars I had cut—made up two little bundles of necessary clothing—fastened the cord to one of the remaining bars, let it down all its length, hid the bars I had removed in the straw, and then lay still again till the second visit at half-past one o'clock. I again pretended to be asleep, and the instant they were gone I rose, and quite calmly proceeded to let myself down by the cord. When within about six yards from the ground I felt I could no longer sustain myself. I looked at the depth below me, and let myself drop. A sort of swoon came over me. I however moistened my mouth with an orange I had the precaution to have upon me, and lay for some moments quiet, to recover myself. I then dressed myself and wandered round and round the castle, seeking some means to get out of the ditch, but I had so hurt my foot in the fall that I could scarcely walk. I hoped to escape from the ditch into the lake, but the entrance to the lake was

barred by a grating. I then endeavoured, with the help of two nails, to scale the walls of the ditch, about 18 feet high, and had almost reached the top, when the foot I had hurt failed me, and I fell to the bottom. Fortunately there had lately been a little water in the ditch, and the soft mud prevented the sentinels hearing the noise of my fall. I remained there in the dread of being re-taken, till 5 o'clock in the morning, when the city gates were opened, and then some people went by. I called to them, saying that the night before I had been drunk and fallen into the ditch, and begged them to help me out. Some refused; but at last some bolder ones helped me, and I was dragged out with much difficulty, as I could scarcely help myself. My hands were cut in many places. I was very lame, and covered with the mud of the ditch above the waist, yet in that condition I had to cross the bridge within gun-shot of the castle. What happened after that I must not tell. In eight days I was in Switzerland, and able for the first time to attend to my foot. What the Austrians would have done or given to get me again you can imagine. Police circular followed circular, and telegraphic despatch followed telelegraphic despatch. All letters were indiscriminately stopped and opened at the post-office, and perquisitions made in every part of Mantua, but this did not prevent the citizens from openly rejoicing over my escape. We shall now soon meet.

"May 20th, 1856. "FELICE ORSINI."

CHAPTER XV.

A week in the neighbourhood of Mantua.—Genoa.—Friends there.—Letter to Mr. Mauroner at Vienna, who denounced me to the Police.—His reply.—Opinion of the Press in Sardinia.—False Friends.—Painful Discoveries.—Many persons believing me utterly lost, became enemies, and now make demonstrations of their friendship for me.—Resentment and tendency to Scepticism.—This is overpowered by the love of my Country.—I reflect on my duty to God and Men.—Confirmed by true friends, N. N. and Madame Herwegh.—Zurich.—I re-peruse the Letters written to them from my Prison at Mantua.—Impressions.—Friendship of Peter Cironi.—Mazzini's Letters.—I arrive in England.

I remained all the day amongst the reeds. I had a razor and shaved, and also drank some brandy which they brought me. I was free, and I again felt the sentiments inspired by the passage from confinement to liberty—a feeling which no one can ever conceive, save those who have been long imprisoned in a narrow cell. I thought of the past, of what I have gone through, and I was astonished at my success. I could see the birds flying above, and their songs broke the monotony; a light breeze moved the slender heads of the reeds, the sun which shone brightly tempered the cold which I felt from standing in the wet and muddy ground. The men who had saved me came three times to see how I was getting on, and took no heed of the danger. Looking at me, one of them said "You are a great man; what courage! the Mantuans say that if you are re-taken, the Emperor ought to give you a medal." "My dear fellow," I answered, bowing my head, "Do you know what medal they would give me? the gallows, be sure of that." In the evening they came to take me away. I tried twice to rise, but fell to the ground like a broken reed; I could not proceed. I then seized each of them by the collars of their coats, and they dragged me away like a dead body. They were over their knees in mud, and kept on saying, "What a deal of trouble to get hanged for!"

meaning, that if they were discovered, their lives would be forfeited. Nine o'clock in the evening came. I was carried to a small gig which awaited me; they embraced me as brothers, and wishing me God speed, covered me over with straw. I passed the patrols and sentinels, which were numerous along the road, and was saved. For eight days I remained in the neighbourhood of Mantua upon the bare ground, exposed to the weather, and without medical aid. Yet the poor people in whose hands I was, brought me on two occasions a linseed poultice to allay the inflammation in my legs, caused by injuries I received by the fall into the castle ditch. These poultices did me much good; they brought me also every evening some bread and wine. Every day one of them went into Mantua, and through them I knew all that the government was doing to secure my re-capture.

After a few days I succeeded in corresponding with some of my friends, and I found that they were ready to sacrifice money and life to save me. Some of them were old friends of mine, and those who were not already friends, instantly became such. When I attempted to thank them, they said they required no thanks, that they had acted as they had done for the Italian cause, and their duty was to save a man, who had been of service to it, and who inwardly felt that he should again be useful. My friend N. N. came expressly from the Roman States. Whenever it was necessary he was most profuse with his money. At every fifteen miles there were gentlemen's carriages and horses, so that in a few hours I was out of the Austrian territory. I met patrols, and, to my great amusement, a man whom they had arrested in mistake for me.—I shall never forget the sacrifices of these young men, who displayed so much devotion and courage on my account.

Their words, that *I should one day be again useful to my country*, remain impressed upon my mind to this day; to show my gratitude to these noble youths of Lombardy, and to prove that they were not wrong when they uttered them, I have sworn to consecrate my life to Italy, the land to which I dedicated my youth; I leave every private affection, every family tie to engage in this great work. No human power shall impede me; but when I work

for the independence and liberty of Italy, I do not mean to become the *blind instrument of a party, or of an individual.*

When a great action has to be done, the projector must take the right means to win, and not simply be contented to fall with *honour.* In this manner only we may some day hope to see our foreign oppressors beyond the Alps. The young men whom I have known in Lombardy have proved to me that virtue exists; the elements therefore live for the regeneration of the country, and what is wanted is the wise, subtle, and capacious mind to carry into effect.

Talking, poetical aspirations, fanaticism, never regenerate a country; but sacrifices, and not fictitious virtue. Italy requires deeds, deeds, deeds, to save her!

The first direction I took in going towards the frontier was that of Switzerland; but at the lake of Como I was compelled to stop. There I changed my direction, entered Piedmont, went to Genoa, and took refuge at the house of some Lombard refugees, all excellent young men. I was received with enthusiasm; they wished to know all the particulars of my escape; this excited me, and when I went to bed for the second time for many days, I could not sleep at all; I rested myself, and I received every kind of affectionate care and solicitude. Some of my good friends came to see me. I remained as quiet as I could, because the intentions of the government were not known, and I did not wish to be imprisoned again. During this time I read the foreign and native papers, which spoke with wonder of my escape. Before leaving Genoa I left a letter with posterior date, to be sent to Mr. Mauroner, Director of the Viennese Journal, the "Italian Courier," and at the same time I desired my letter to be published in the papers. After my departure this was done. I report my letter and his reply, so that the reader will see that Moses Formiggini, the Jew, the evil face whom I met on board the steamer, going from Venice to Trieste, was the primary cause of my arrest, and Mr. Mauroner the secondary; but God who is ever just does not fail to punish the infamous. The former after causing my arrest became insane, and was shut up in a madhouse at Vienna. The second was not

spared even by his own government, because through my judges I knew that he was the vile spy who denounced me, and his name will be scouted by all honest men in Europe. I confess that I feel no sorrow for the *denoument*.

"To Mr. Mauroner, director of the "Corriere Italiano," published at Vienna—

'At length I played them one as frank,
For time at last sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong.'

BYRON—MAZZEPPA.

"Sir,—I am safe and free; you thought me dead, or near to death; your right hand was raised, and your pen ready to announce in the "Italian Courier" *that Felice Orsini had been hanged at Mantua*, for the crime of high treason. This would have filled you with joy, and your mind would have been tranquil; a tranquillity which has been interrupted for a moment, I mean in the interval between your denunciation of me to the police of Vienna, and my arrest at Hermanstadt. My imprisonment in the Austrian states was death, which I should have met some months after, upon the bastions of Mantua; and you, convinced and certain of that, were free from any fear that your denunciation of me would be discovered; but it is not so written that triumph is always to crown the *cowardly* and *infamous*.

"When you heard from Moses Formiggini that I had been in Vienna, you flew with him to denounce me to the police, and I congratulate you much. I knew from reading your party journal, that you are capable of calumniating and calling those persons infamous who do not think like those who have *salaried* you, but I did not think you would descend so low.

"Will your denunciation of me procure you some title of Baron, Chevalier, or Count? Or will your pockets be some hundreds of florins the richer for it? Your friend Formiggini has already been

rewarded in a condign manner—he has been in a mad-house at Vienna.

"But do you think that all this will pass away quickly? Sir! Time settles great affairs; if you knew the particulars of my life, and my late escape from the castle of St. George, at Mantua, you would be easily convinced, that I am not accustomed to forget insults, and that fear has not much influence over me.

"It may happen that we may one day meet in a country not placed under the Emperor of Austria; but even if this does not happen, know, that when I please, I am the man to go even to Vienna, when you least think it, to give you that lesson which a man capable of becoming a denouncer merits.

"I passed days 'd'inferno' in my cell when thinking of you, of your companion spy, and of the sneers of the Barons Sanchez and Corascinti. Your name, your person, which I saw several times at Vienna, and those of the others also, were always before me, and infused new ardour into me, to overcome the obstacles which prevented my flight from the castle of St. George. I was patient, I pretended to be as timid as a hare for twelve months, and I have my reward; *liberty, the fulness of my powers, and the readiness to revenge myself on those rascals who were driving me to the scaffold.*

"But how came I to know that you were my principal denouncer? Sir! Conspiracy, which can do so much when well conducted, furnished me with the means; and if these had not supplied me, you must know that the magistrates, who are obliged to know all about the compilation of the political processes, make no mystery about the *accusers and spies.*

"While they study to discover the smallest particulars about the conspiracies, while they willingly accept the denunciations and accusations, while they smile upon the spies, they detest and despise them from the bottom of their hearts.

"There are deeds universally held amongst men to be base; nor can length of time, change of circumstances, or places, while the world exists, ever make such men be respected or considered *honest.* The spy system is ever so; governments, particularly in political matters, continually use secret or public spies; they flatter

and allure them with every kind of argument as long as they want them; but when they have once gained their purpose, they reject and cast them off, leaving them exposed to universal curses and contempt. *You* are certain, *noble Sir!* not to miss such a destiny; and I, in the meantime augur it, and wish it with all my heart, although it is but the smallest part of what such as you deserve.

"FELICE ORSINI.

"Italy, 17th April, 1856."

The justification of Alexander Mauroner.

Mr. Mauroner, of the "Corriere Italiano," denounced by Felice Orsini as the spy who caused his arrest, his detention in the fortress of Mantua, and would have probably caused his death, if he had not saved himself by flight, seeks to justify himself regarding the very grave accusation, in the journal which possesses nothing Italian but the name, and the language in which it is written; but the justification is more terrible than the accusation, and is a fresh argument in favour of the truth of Orsini's assertion in the letter first published by our paper, and reproduced by many Piedmontese and foreign journals. We think we shall be enabled to place a seal upon the terrible accusation of our fellow-countryman and friend, by laying before our readers the exact answer of of the director-editor of the so called 'Corriere Italiano.'

Mauroner thinks of justifying himself with the following note inserted in No. 122 of his journal:—

"In the 'Italia e Popolo' the letter of a certain Orsini appeared, addressed to our editor in chief, and in which this individual, arrested in Transylvania, and taken to the fortress of Mantua, from whence he succeeded in escaping, with the most barefaced impudence, would make the responsibility of his arrest fall upon our editor. We are in a position to declare the contents of that letter false, because Mr. Mauroner never knew the said Orsini, and was only aware *a couple of months after his arrest*, that a Mazzinian agent of that name was in the hands of the imperial authorities. All that we know is that a person of Jewish appearance, called twice

upon Mr. Mauroner, the first time to offer him some correspondence from Italy; the second, to ask him advice in a mysterious manner, *he having travelled*, as he stated, *from Trieste to Vienna with an emissary of Mazzini, who was going to seduce the Italian regiments at Bukharest, where they made part of the occupation of the Principalities.*

"Notwithstanding the gravity of the communication, Mr. Mauroner only replied to the individual of altogether a suspicious appearance, that such facts *belonged to the Imperial and Royal Directors of Police, and not to a Journalist, and that he had better go there, if the thing were true, and if he wished to make a communication of such a nature;* and it seems to us that this answer will be found natural to any one who understands the Austrian legislature."

We said that the apology of Mauroner was more terrible than Orsini's accusation. In fact the Director of the 'Italian Courier' confesses that a person "of Jewish appearance," that is Moses Formiggini, went to him, to "ask mysteriously a *piece of advice* relative to an emissary of Mazzini, who had travelled with him from Trieste to Vienna, and he piously sent the person of Jewish appearance to the Director of Police." Doubtless in order that he should go to take *advice from the Director*, fraternally inviting him to communicate with that innocuous employé.

And in order to excuse his baseness, the honest Mr. Mauroner finds that his sending the Jew to the police office "was the natural result, for any one who understands the Austrian legislation."

"Natural" for any one who has a consience like Mauroner, who after affecting liberalism and democracy in 1848, has since passed to the service of the Austrians with arms and baggage."

To return to my narration. I became acquainted with the conduct of my so-called friends during my imprisonment. They believed me dead in reality, and some of them, from whom I had the right to expect a friendly hand, pretended not to know me. Such is the world. But it is not entirely populated with such men; there is a minority of good men, who compensate for the majority—the bad.

It is not given to many men to go through what I have, and

when I returned into the world, it was like a resurrection from the dead. I then knew all the sensations and opinions of my friends during my supposed death. What painful discoveries! These, and many other facts, which it would be superfluous to repeat, made me again tend to scepticism; and to say truly, if it were permitted to become a sceptic, I almost think I should have been justified in becoming one. But this time also, meditation and philosophy helped me. If we were sceptics, what would become of honesty, virtue, and the finest gifts of God? No more duties, no more noble sentiments, no more merit in good deeds; all would be reduced to egotism, and to material interest. The bad would be esteemed; even woman, who, when her beauty is accompanied by virtue, is the most lovely being created, would then be only an instrument of sensuality; love of country, insanity; acts of heroism, nothing! If scepticism prevailed, man would have nothing more to do than to cut his neighbour's throat. Let such tendencies keep afar from us, and I wish my young fellow-countrymen to keep aloof from such a pestiferous evil, the worst that can happen to a nation!

When my health was restored I went to Switzerland. I wished to see again the second person to whom I owe my life, I mean Mrs. Herwegh. I went to Zurich. All seemed a dream to me. She told me that my time was not yet. We spoke of her predictions so strangely verified. She showed me all the letters which I had written to her from prison on the eve of my execution; now I was free, and held them in my hands. Strange combination of circumstances!

From Zurich I wrote to my uncle and brother; the age of the former, and the influence of the priests and the Papal government over both, had the effect of making them act perhaps not quite so well as they had before. I had written to them a letter expressing some resentment, and my old uncle wrote a letter himself, in which he expressed his own and my brother's opinions in order to justify themselves. On receiving their good letter I could not help shedding a tear. I pardoned them; and I wrote to my uncle that it was not for him to justify himself, as I

had received so many proofs of his love. I thanked him for all he had done; said that I should always be grateful; that I wished him a long and happy life; that I should rejoice to embrace him, my brother, and children, once more. I asked a certain sum for travelling expenses, and for the first months of a fresh exile. As during my imprisonment I had some cause of dissatisfaction with them, I said that I desired nothing more, for which I gave my word of honour. My wish was granted. I keep my word, and shall do so, while I have physical and intellectual powers left.

Man should never be idle. To whatever grade of society he belongs his faculties should not lie dormant; but be used to gain a competence for himself, and a good education for his children, if he have any. These are the true principles of honour, which every wise man possesses. Prejudices belong to the weak; to remain in idleness, and at the expense of others, is a sign of a low order of mind, and carries a mark of dishonour with it.

It is impossible to express what my friend N. N. did for me in a pecuniary point of view, and yet he wrote to me again with fresh offers of aid. I answered that I needed nothing. This friend has been more than a brother to me. If I ever heard of his being in any danger, no obstacle should impede me from going to his assistance, and I should *succeed*.

Madame Herwegh showed me the following letter, written in French by Mazzini to her, relating to my escape:—

"17th April.

"Madame,—I cordially thank you for the news, and for the celerity with which you have communicated it to me. I did not reply because I expected another letter. Is he not only free, but in safety? Has he passed the frontier? I again begin to be uneasy. I count upon you and Peter for a word to re-assure me when you can send it.

"Yet once more I thank you for all that you have done for our friend; we shall never forget it. Your devoted

"JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"Mrs. Emma Herwegh."

I afterwards received the following letter from Mazzini:—

"5th May.

"Dear O . . . ,—Thou art saved by a miracle of audacity and good luck. It is needless to say with what joy I heard the news. It is yet a mystery to me how thou wert arrested in Transylvania, but of this and the one hundred other things which I am desirous to know about thee and others, we shall have time to speak at a future time. I do not know how thou reached the confines from Mantua; I wait with anxiety to know the particulars, which thou must think about publishing.

"The affection which Mrs. Herwegh has shown truly merits your gratitude, and that of us all. Farewell—Love always thy friend and brother,

"JOSEPH."

These two letters are sufficient proof of the friendship existing between us. I then answered with full particulars of my escape, in the letter above reported.

In Switzerland I suffered from the periodical fever, but bodily re-action came to my aid. My leg was always very painful, and I still used leeches. The cause of this bodily re-action, was undoubtedly the excitement and tension of body and mind during the two months which I passed in labouring for my delivery from prison. Yet notwithstanding my bad health, I did not forget Italy, and having received a letter from Mazzini, advising me not to move from Switzerland except in case of danger, as some movement might happen in Italy, in which I might become again useful, I felt my heart again beat with joy. Past dangers were nothing; I was prepared to meet new perils.

From Genoa I also received letters from some of my friends, whom I had been unable to see. I cite one from N——— F. who had used great efforts in my favour during my imprisonment, although I had rarely spoken with him; I consider this a sign of the most sincere friendship. The few following lines are sufficient to give an idea of his wisdom and goodness:—

"Friend,—I have got your note, and thank you from my heart. I joy with you on the success of the attempt. To complete and effect courageously such an enterprise, was a proof of such strong will that it merited to be crowned with success, and it was; but take care not to become vain, and not to abuse this smile of fortune; another time she may change it into a smile of derision. Preserve your friendship for me, and do not speak of gratitude. What I have done is nothing; it was a duty truly felt, but poorly put in practice. Adieu, for the present, until fate permits us to shake hands freely. Love me, and believe in the love and esteem of your

"N.

"14th May."

This letter will show what noble and generous hearts yet beat in Italy.

I must say a word or two about Peter Cironi, another most noble Italian. He constantly assisted Mrs. Herwegh in sending the necessary things for cutting the iron bars, &c. My letters from Mantua clearly demonstrate this. Ceroni is a native of Tuscany; he has a cultivated mind, and a profound love of his country, for which resaon, he is an exile; and his honesty, modesty, and virtue, are worthy of ancient times. Now I am upon the subject of those who assisted me in my escape, Cironi told me that G. M., although he had little hope of my success, as well as General Garibaldi, were not slow in their endeavours to assist me, as the following letter will prove, written by Garibaldi to Cironi:—

"Porto Vecchio Corsica,

"6th December, 1855.

"Dear Cironi,—At the moment of my departure for Sardinia, I received at Nice your letter of the 27th of last month, but I could not do what you desired. Since your departure from Nice I have not seen Colombo, and I thought it useless to seek him. I am truly sorry for our poor friend, and am of opinion that you

must turn to some other expedient to assist him I shall contribute my poor obolo when you tell me where. In the meantime, believe in

"Yours,

"GARIBALDI."

I may mention that Colombo is an intimate friend of my family, and my friends sought through him to establish a correspondence with my relations.

Finding myself somewhat better, in the month of May I procured another passport under a feigned name, and traversed France. As I run the risk of being arrested in my journey, I had arranged with Madame Herwegh the means of escape again. She left me with these words—"Wherever you go, never write, if it is not necessary; when you are in any danger let me know, and I will save you." She accompanied me to the station, where she saw me off. I esteem and love her as my mother.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dover.—London.—Reception.—Mazzini.—Bodily Reaction.—Fever for four months.—Tendency to suicide.—My Children.—My Book, "Austrian Dungeons in Italy," published.—Lectures in London and the Provinces.—Sympathy of the British Public.—Bodily and mental strength restored.—Mr. Joseph Cowen, Walter Savage Landor, Mr. J. D. P. Hodge, and Thomas Allsop.—Liverpool.—Family of Mr. Peter Stuart, my Friend and Benefactor.—Lectures there.—Edinburgh.—Sympathy of the Inhabitants.

After leaving Paris, I embarked for Dover from Calais. In the Channel I felt free for the first time. When I got to land I went up some steps, and met a policeman who assisted me. I looked at him, for it was such a novelty, that a policeman should offer me his arm in a friendly way, without conducting me to prison. I said to myself, "Two short hours ago there was not a foot of land on the Continent where I could stay without danger of being arrested. Here, instead, the policemen offer their aid, and respect me. This was another turn in fortune's wheel, and I had seen many. The weather was foggy, the houses almost invisible. This seemed very dismal to me, after leaving a climate like Italy, but I looked round, and said with pride, "Here I am free!" I afterwards went on to London. One or two days after I visited Mazzini. He received me with joy, and showed the greatest confidence in me. He exposed the plans already attempted, and new ones to be carried out in the future. Through friendship for him, and love for the cause, I told him to take care what he did. *That it was necessary to succeed;* that if the plans had a good foundation, he might rely upon me, and that I was again ready to meet new dangers. During the first days I was in London I called upon certain English families, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, amongst whom I may mention the Crawfords, a distinguished family, who have always shown the greatest sympathy for the Italian cause. I was invited thither with Mazzini to

dinner. Some days afterwards Mazzini departed for Italy. While he was there, some Italians in London were of opinion that certain parties in the Roman States should be supported. I wrote to him to this effect, but do not know whether he ever got the letter.

Amongst other friends whom I sought was Louisa; she was missing, and I confess this caused me some pain. Wherever I went I found the kindest demonstrations of sympathy, and the same from Italians of every political bias. Nevertheless, amongst the fools and charlatans, who are plentiful in every nation, I found some envy. Poor fellows! they would have enjoyed having the name, without the sufferings and dangers which I had undergone.

I called on Kossuth: he was moved on seeing me, and treated me as a friend and brother. He was astonished at my escape, and said that history did not show one equal to it; that when he heard from Mazzini what I was attempting, he had told him it was impossible.

I soon began to feel another bodily re-action; I suffered some severe attacks of fever, and sometimes a terrible swimming in the head. I had some moments of sadness too, a most indescribable melancholy. I remembered my children whom I had not been able to see, and the servitude of my country. I slept little, and was sometimes so excited that ideas of suicide frequently crossed my mind. I used narcotics, and some of my medical friends advised me to avoid noises, or any kind of excitement, They told me that if I lived a quiet life for six months, I should get perfectly well, and so it turned out; but that which did me much good was force of will, and a stout heart. About this time I wrote the book "Austrian Dungeons in Italy."

A short time after I had been in London I saw Colonel Thür, who had returned to England, after his arrest by the Austrians in Wallachia. Later, I also met Colonel Ribotti, and these meetings appeared like romantic dreams, yet they were true. I heard of Thür's arrest, while in my dungeon at Mantua, and recollect repeating, "There is another man dead." Who would have thought at that time that we should have met in London, free. Ribotti's

history is very romantic. The reader will recollect his name. In Florence, and in Rome, I was his friend and companion in revolutionary expeditions. After the popular demonstrations of 4th February, 1848, at Rome, I departed for the provinces, he for Calabria, and commanded the insurrection there. He was taken on the sea; imprisoned at Naples, and no information could be obtained about him. When I was civil and military commandant in the province of Ascoli, I suspended three sentences of death, to get possession of my friend, but in vain. I heard with pleasure that Ribotti was chief organizer of the Anglo-Italian Legion at Malta, and some months after we met and shook hands in London. Does not this clearly show the hand of Providence?

As the autumn approached, I proposed to give some lectures as a means of creating an opinion among the English in favor of Italy. I gave my first at Brighton. I had never before spoken in public except to my soldiers, and what made the matter worse, I had to speak in English, so that I had a good deal of timidity. I rallied, but I must confess it caused more trouble than the descent from the castle of St. George. The audience was most indulgent, and received me with great applause, although for the sake of truth, I fear that I was not very well understood. When the lecture concluded, the ladies surrounded and shook hands with me; they wondered that I had not become old and half dead. I told them that if nature had given me a weak body, I could never have passed through such a terrible ordeal.

From thence I went into the North. It was a good school for me. I found a free and most intelligent population. When I finished the lecture, the workmen took my hand in their horny palms, and said, "We hope you will succeed in your good cause." During this time I received the hospitality of Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Blaydon Burn, near Newcastle; there I was made an honorary member of the Institute, to which Kossuth also belongs.

I found in Mr. Cowen an excellent friend, a good father to his family, and a true lover of liberty, devoted to the Italian cause.

I then returned to the Metropolis, and gave some lectures in Kent, which excited the same enthusiasm. During these journeys, I

regained my mental and bodily strength. I feel now quite well, but am obliged to remain continually occupied, otherwise my old enemy melancholy assails me. I have a strange tendency to be alone.

After, I went to Bath, where I knew the old and venerable poet, Walter Savage Landor. I remained at his house, where he treated me with every kindness.

During this time Mazzini made me understand that several movements might take place in which I could take part. I replied that I should always be ready for any fact which presented any likelihood of success; that if I had *under me the elements of the past expeditions I should not move; that in the next fact in which I should be engaged I would succeed or die; in fact that I would not make myself ridiculous.* Since then, he acts according to his conscience in favor of Italy, and I according to mine.

Whatever may have been the means employed by Mazzini, Italy is nevertheless deeply indebted to him. It is a great pity that a man like him should always have failed in his attempts, and what is still worse, that they often resulted in nothing but heart-burnings to the patriots themselves. Such a man deserved indeed a far better destiny—but man proposes and God disposes.

It is very painful to me to be obliged to speak in this manner; I feel the greatest friendship towards Mazzini, and I would desire to have nothing but what was favourable to say of my old friend and comrade in conspiracies. But what is the use of deceiving each other by false adulations? We must look upon each other for what we really are, and then try each of us by the means in our power, although these may be weak, to contribute our small offering to the Italian cause.

Italy wants at the present moment a man who shall have the confidence of the whole nation; of a man, who by his voice alone can rouse it; of a man, who shall possess the military and political genius necessary to procure us our redemption. This truth is an incontestable fact; he who thinks to the contrary, let him take his place in the arena; let him call the Italians to arms; let him prove the falsehood of my assertions, and I shall be delighted to find myself deceived.

But this much-desired man, the Washington, so to speak, for Italy, will yet arise, and from the mass of the people; because in all great and stirring epochs Italy has never been wanting in great men.

These truths are very sad to confess; but the interest of the country, the advantage of the national cause, and the desire not to deceive a great nation like the English, who take so much interest in the welfare of my country, oblige me to relate things *as they are.*

Truth alone can deprive us of these illusions which have hitherto been the causes of our ruin. Let us see what we are; let us see what our means are; let us see what we can, and ought to do, in the present state of Europe; and when we have found the right way, let us pursue it boldly, without regarding the obstacles that may intercept our path.

Italy is ready to rise, to fight, and to make any sacrifice necessary to secure her independence.

The lower classes in the kingdom of Naples only are ignorant and superstitious, and know nothing of the state of Italy; it is quite otherwise, however, among the middle and highest classes; and for the others, they form such a small and unimportant a moiety of the whole population of Italy, that they will never be an obstacle when the Italian war breaks out.

Italy is republican by tradition, and as in ancient so also in modern times, she owes her greatness to her republics.

But although the Italians in general wish for a republic, we must acknowledge that they are not organized in such a way as to make their principles, or rather their simple aspirations, triumph.

I repeat it once more; after the attempt of the 6th February, 1853, the republican party became completely disorganized, without influence, or means. To fight an army we must have soldiers —where are our soldiers? Where, to explain myself better, where has the republican party an army? No where! It is on this account that the generality of Italians look now to the government of Piedmont; the only one hostile to that of Austria; the only one that gives any degree of liberty to her subjects, and which nourishes in the Italians hopes of a war of independence.

But truly speaking, what can the Piedmontese government do? Could she enter upon the war heartily? Does she desire it? Would she receive in her ranks in all good faith those republicans who would be silent as to their principles, for the sake of the cause of independence? For myself I doubt it, and I have the most positive grounds for doubting it!

Italy finds herself at the present moment in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined; this state of things, however, will not last long, because all depends upon Napoleon, and this man will not be tolerated long, with his government based upon despotism and treason. This system resembles a frail edifice, which in order to sustain it in its position must be constantly propped up anew. When these means fail it will fall, dragging along with it others in its ruins.

But why does everything depend upon Napoleon? Because he has a large army at his disposal, which united with that of another despotic power of Europe, would cause the scale to lean to their side.

A war of independence in Italy would cause the French to blush for the position in which they now stand. France will awake from her present sleep; Napoleon knows that well, and for this reason he will join all the continental despotisms to crush in the bud the efforts of the Italian patriots.

A war of independence in Italy; a revolution in Paris; a war of principles and republicanism in continental Europe; these are the three great events which would rapidly follow each other. The European despotisms know this very well, and they hold compactly and unitedly together to resist the torrent, which sooner or later must overwhelm them. If the Piedmontese government begin the war in good faith, the Italian nation might, through gratitude, choose it as chief of united and independent Italy; but it is not probable that the Italian people would remain monarchical if the rest of Europe became republican.

We must recollect that Italy is not in the isolated position England is, and that she must suffer from the influence of her neighbouring nations. It is on this account that I think Piedmont would never begin a war to rouse the hopes of the republicans.

As for me, I must nevertheless declare that I shall always be found where there is a war with the Austrians, or against any oppressors of my country. My unalterable principles are *republican*, but my first thought is independence, because without *independence* liberty is a dream. "Fuori lo shaniero" (Away with the foreigner!) should be the cry which should cause all Italy to rise.

When we are independent we shall be strong and respected; we shall be lord of ourselves, and we shall be able to rule the events in that great war of principles which must speedily regenerate all the nations of Europe.

I have declared my opinions; I have not the vanity to suppose that they are perfectly correct, because in the present condition of minds in Europe, it would be folly to pretend to establish anything positive in political matters.

It is on this account that I confine myself to the question of *independence*, to obtain which we must put *words aside and act* with judgment.

I believe that it is the sacred duty of every Italian patriot to follow any Italian government (so that it be not the Papal) which will put itself at the head of the great war of Unity and Independence. But once more I repeat—*let us cease talking, and act.*

As to myself, I shall follow this course, and if I survive the battle of liberty; if the form of government which shall be established by the nation be monarchical, I shall withdraw from public life, because, when my country shall cease to need my services, I will never serve a government which is contrary to my political principles.

I must say this much—if the Italians are not united in the next struggle, they will deserve to be considered as cowards by all the other European nations, and to remain in slavery for ever.

To continue my narrative: I went into Somersetshire, and in the small town of Glastonbury, I enjoyed the very cordial hospitality of the family of Mr. Bath, and of that of Mr. Hodge, his nephew. The simplicity of their private life, and the purity of manners of the inhabitants of this ancient town, re-called to my

mind what I had seen in the mountains of Switzerland, and in the smiling plains of Tuscany.

I subsequently visited Liverpool. I was received there with so much enthusiasm that I was truly moved. In the inhabitants I found a people active and generous; a people who possess the spirit of enterprise in the highest degree, and this sufficiently explains how their town has become, in fifty years, one of the largest in England.

Here I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Peter Stuart (to whom I was presented by Thomas Allsop, a most noble-hearted Englishman). I found Mr. Stuart surrounded by a numerous and flourishing family; he is a most liberal, true, and generous man, and his brothers, Henry and John, are worthy of him. We feel a reciprocal friendship for each other, and I shall ever regard him, not only as a friend, but as a benefactor. It is a singular circumstance, that the many true friendships I have formed in my agitated life, have for the most part been unexpected and instantaneous. It was so with my friend N. N., with Madame Emma Herwegh, and, lastly, with Peter Stuart; and to these three, with sentiments of the most profound respect and gratitude, I dedicate these memoirs.

While speaking of Liverpool, I must mention the family of Mr. John Finch, from whom I received all the kindness possible. Mr. Finch is one of the most active and liberal men in the town, and has always taken a most energetic part in the affairs of the liberal party.

With him I attended a grand banquet, given to Mr. William Brown, in the magnificent concert room of St. George's Hall, which was partaken of by eight hundred persons. This festival gave me an idea of what a great and free people is. In this hall, on the fifteenth day of April, 1857, were assembled persons of every variety of religious opinion; and there the interests of every class were represented; a dignity and calmness reigned throughout, which commanded respect. And all this to give a proof of gratitude and honour to Mr. Brown—to a citizen, who from nothing, through activity, honesty and perseverance, has made himself enormously rich—to a citizen, who has given spontane-

ously £30,000 to build a Free Public Library—to a citizen who expends his wealth, not in dissipation or wanton luxury, but to raise the poor, to enrich the town with public monuments, and to do good to humanity. Among the liberal and benevolent men of Liverpool, I must not omit to mention Mr. William Rathbone, who through a long life has spared neither money nor pains to benefit his fellow-men, and who is universally esteemed and respected by all his townsmen.

Such men are not to be found in despotic States; they are the fruits of free countries. Honour to England! which contains within her bosom men such as these, who recall the virtues of our ancestors. When civic virtue and honesty shall be considered by public opinion as the true qualifications to form a great man, conquerors and adventurers will no longer be able to find the means to crush the liberties of nations, and despotisms will be banished from the earth.

Before concluding, I must speak of Edinburgh, the *Modern Athens* of the British Isles. The ancient city, which, with its severe and noble architecture, recalls to our minds what the Scotch people once were—a people proud and generous, and who struggled so heroically for their independence.

From them I received the most profound marks of sympathy and respect. I found myself in the highest as well as among other classes of society there, and I met every where with the same cordiality, and I might almost say fraternity.

The family of Professor Gregory and of Mr. G. F. Barbour were so kind as to receive me into their house, and through them I found myself in close contact with Sir George Sinclair; General Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisban (Astronomer); Mr. George Combe, the well-known Phrenologist; Professor Simpson, who first perfected the use of Chloroform; Professor Macdougall, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; Charles Cowan, Esq., M.P. for Edinburgh; Mr. Paul; Lord Murray, Lord Advocate of Scotland; Rev. Dr. Guthrie; Miss Catherine Sinclair, the Novelist; the Hon. Mrs. Greme; Mr. Haldane.

Among the persons favorable to the emancipation of Italy I must not omit to mention Mr. Scott, of Edinburgh; Mr. P. A. Taylor, Sydenham; Mr. G. Crawshay, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; G. A. Langford and Samuel Timmins, of Birmingham; and Charles Augustus Howell, Darlington.

Wherever I have lectured in England I have been received by the public with the greatest enthusiasm, and they have endorsed my protestations against the occupation of the Roman States by the Austrians and French; and in doing so they have given evident proof that they understand the Italian question.

The Press everywhere reported my lectures, and the notices were as favourable towards me as those which my "Austrian Dungeons" received, and contributed to spread sentiments of hatred against the oppressors of Italy.

In England I have found noble men,—men, who as soon as they have declared themselves your friend, became so with their heart, and not simply with words. They feel what liberty is, and, better than any other people in the world, they know how to appreciate every act of audacity and courage undertaken to gain it.

The kindness shown me by the above-mentioned families, and the British public generally, has awakened in my heart the most profound sentiments of gratitude. After Italy, which gave me birth, I esteem England as my second country. I am only a humble individual, but if the day should ever come (and may God keep it far distant) when England shall need my blood to defend her liberties, I shall be proud to shed it for her. God has left me nothing more that I can do.

DOCUMENTS.

DOCUMENT I.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Pope's Legate at Bologna.

This circular is written as a letter to the Legate Vannicelli. The Cardinal informs the Legate that he has assembled a congregation of Cardinals to decide upon the measures to be taken relative to the affairs of Rimini. By this despatch we may judge of the confusion likely to arise in the State. The object of the letter is purely political, and in it we perceive that the business of the High Police is carried on by the Secretary of State's Office in Rome. It is, however, somewhat singular that other circulars to different Provincial Officials are dated from the Home Minister's Office. No mention whatever is made of the Monsignor delegate for War affairs. By this it is clear that the military movements are entirely left to a Cardinal, who holds the position of Chief of a province. It is not difficult to conceive what *disorder and confusion* must arise from such a system. I leave it to the good sense of my readers. What I affirm is fully borne out by the documents contained in this work, and which have relation principally to the political and ecclesiastical affairs of the Papal States in 1843, 1844, and 1845.

From this document we glean that the government entirely confides in the Swiss troops and the Centurioni; the former are soldiers who fight for the government which pays them best, and the latter are irregular militia belonging to the most abandoned class of the community, who serve only for pay and plunder:—

"54542—5.

"Most Eminent, Reverend, and Esteemed,—The Courier of yesterday having brought me the sad news that Rimini had fallen into the hands of the rebels, I did not lose a moment in convoking a congregation of Cardinals to deliberate upon such a grave matter. They were unanimously of opinion that Rimini would be surrounded by the *Swiss* troops, which are now in the four legations, and that it should be reduced again to order by military measures, and to the obedience of the Holy See. His Holiness deigns to give his full approbation.

"Your Eminence will afterwards have the goodness to take measures with their Eminences the *Legates* of the *adjacent provinces* that a sufficient quantity of *Swiss troops,* furnished with artillery, be despatched to Rimini, to accomplish the above end. Your Eminence is authorised to call into active service what number of volunteers you may deem necessary for the occasion, as also any other species of armament, and to make all those dispositions required by the importance of the affair.

"His Holiness believes that your Eminence in this grave matter will give luminous proofs of energy and sagacity; not only operating to the end of preventing the renewal of such an event in other places, but that it may be extinguished in the one where it unfortunately developed itself.

"The well known gifts of your spirit and your mind spare me from impressing upon you how indispensable is a strict union with the other legates, and the necessity of union with one object only.

"In the hope of hearing shortly the happy result of your operations, I renew the protests of my profound esteem with which I most humbly kiss your hand.

"Of your Eminence,

"The most humble, most devoted true Servant,

"L. Card. Lamrruschini."

"Rome, 27th September, 1845.

"No. 2423. P. P.

"P.S. I send this despatch by a special messenger to Florence, so that your Eminence may have it with safety and with speed.

By the same means which seems the only one open, your Eminence, and their Eminences the other *legates* will receive by the Courier of to-day, a despatch of the *Secretary for Home Affairs*, by which their Eminences are empowered to suspend, and change, if necessary, each in his own legation, those police agents comprising the governors who do not enjoy their confidence, replacing them with other clever individuals attached to the government, and I give this hint for your Eminence's guide."

DOCUMENT II.

Monsignor Capaccini, Substitute in the Secretary of State's Office, to the Governor of Rome.

This letter advises the Governor that the Secretary is informed that a general movement is preparing throughout Italy, and that although the Chiefs of the Provinces have been made aware of the coming storm, and twelve individuals pointed out to them as persons to be watched by the police, the Governor's attention is anxiously drawn to the approaching crisis. The result is a double espionage on the part of the police and legates. This document also shows, that each petty Italian State possesses various kinds of police—the state police, the police relating to the other Italian States, and that in correspondence with Austria. Each works separately and is independent of the other, and they give the result of their espionage to the ministers, under whom they directly serve. Where, for the reciprocal benefit of the governments, it becomes needful to communicate with each other on the measures to be taken, the Chief Ministers, or the Secretaries of State give information, obtained by means of their diplomatic representatives.

From this fact alone the reader may understand that the system of police throughout Italy resembles an immense net with extremely small meshes, from which it is not easy to escape :—

(" Very confidential.)

" High Police—6226—Rome.

" *From the Secretary of State's Office, 15th Jannary,* 1837.

" The revolutionary propaganda for some time past exhibits an extraordinary activity in England, France, and Spain, with the

view of disturbing tranquillity in Italy. They are anxious to raise a simultaneous revolutionary movement in Piedmont, and in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, during the first half of next March; although nothing is yet matured, they wish also to make an attack by sea in the neighbourhood of Leghorn; and this expedition would be under the direction of the revolutionists of Barcelona, by which it seems that the principal nucleus of the force would be a Battalion, intended to be recruited, probably in Corsica, since at this moment the Bonapartist party, which has still some power in Corsica, is united with the Republican party.

"Until now, the dominions of the Holy See are not directly aimed at, but we count upon the effect which would be produced by contemporary movements in the Sardinian and Sicilian kingdoms, and the descent of the exiles in Tuscany.

"From the information that we possess it seems that the special Committee charged with all these intrigues to the damage of the tranquillity of Italy are in correspondence with

"*Loreti*, of Foligno,
"*Malpieri*, of Bologna,
"*Serpieri*, of Rimini,
"*Rossi*, of Forli,
"*Pirotti*,
"*Ciccolini*, of Macerata,
"*Candelari*, and
"*Ricotti*, of Ancona,
"*Salvatori*, of Pesaro,
"*Lopez*, of Fano,
"*Martignoni*, and
"*Gentili*, of Rome."

While each of the Chiefs of the Provinces is advised of the suspected correspondence of their respective jurisdictions, the Governor of Rome is requested to extend his vigilance over the persons herebefore mentioned, and especially over the two Romans.

"For the most Eminent Secretary of State,

"F. CAPACCINI, Substitute."

DOCUMENT III.

Correspondence between the Cardinal Legate of Bologna and Cardinal Lambruschini, relating to the surveillance over a certain Roman, named Peter Galli. It is interesting as displaying the astuteness and inquisitorial spirit of the Cardinals.

"38487—5. ("Very confidential.)

"Most Eminent and Reverend, &c.—Your Eminence could not have fulfilled my wishes with greater zeal, in what I expressed relating to Galli, than in the exact news which I find in your reserved despatch of the 15th instant, No. 566.

"*Although in the searches made at his house we have found nothing bearing upon political matters*, still they have not been entirely useless, as he kept prohibited arms. *Although this measure was taken under the pretence of searching for smuggled goods*, avoiding every political colouring, it would not appear to me opportune to proceed against him by a formal process. On the other hand, as he is a very bad fellow, which is already known to your Eminence, and therefore his residence in this city is dangerous, I have for this reason, as well as for the crime, found sufficient motives to banish him, obliging him to go to *Rome, where* a strict political watch may with greater security be kept over him.

"Agreeing with my design, it will be desirable for Galli to be summoned before the police, and his departure intimated to him within a term of days, which shall please your Eminence, who will kindly let me know, so that this *General Direction of Police* may be advised *thereof in time*.

"I beg of you to receive the protestations of profound esteem, with which I most humbly kiss your hand.

"Your Eminence's

"Most humble, devoted, and true Servant,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 20th July, 1843."

"40560—5.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

"Most Eminent and Reverend, &c.,—Your Eminence has evinced your customary solicitude respecting the communications made to you in my private despatch of the 20th July last, No. 38187, relative to the Roman Peter Galli, whom you enjoined to repair to this capital, where he has now arrived.

"Monsignor the Governor of Rome, director general of police, to whom Galli proceeded in order to return home, explained to me that as Galli had his business and family established in your city, it would be perhaps better for him to return thither, now that the public tranquillity is re-established, and where he might be subjected more efficaciously to *strict surveillance*, while on the other hand at Rome he would lead an idle life, without means of subsistence. Whatever may be the weight attached to these opinions, and as by the confidential letter of your Eminence of the 15th of the aforesaid month, No. 566 last, he is painted in such dark colours, I should be glad if your Eminence, after considering all the circumstances, would give me your opinion in this matter.

"I take this opportunity of repeating the protest, &c.

"Your Eminence's

"Most humble, devoted, and true Servant,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 16th November, 1843.

"Sig. Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT IV.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Legate of Bologna, recommending a vigilant and accurate surveillance over the Liberals, communicating Reports of the Consuls at Marseilles, upon the direction taken by General Prim.

("Very confidential.)

"58595—3—5

"Most Eminent and Reverend, &c.,—The most Eminent Legate of Urbine communicated to me the *identical letter*, which your Eminence had the goodness to enclose me, with your very reserved despatch of the 6th instant, No. 2689 last. The information, however, which you furnish me with, to withhold some of the news contained in the same paper, *although exaggerated*, has contributed to diminish that impression which it naturally produced upon me. From the 3rd of last January, with No. 2609 last, your Eminence had assured me of the favourable disposition of the *present students*, and I rejoice to hear this now confirmed by you. Beyond this the *Papal Consul* in Marseilles has informed me that you had foreseen the direction taken by Prim towards Montpellier, and what was believed as to his return into Spain. It is certain that if this new intention of his be verified, the evil-intentioned will lose an active and enterprising leader, in whom they confide so much. Notwithstanding these, a clever and *accurate surveillance* is the best guarantee against these insane projects.

"Afterwards taking into serious consideration the great inconveniences which you state arise, in the providing and transport of military effects, I have advised the Presidency of War to adopt without loss of time those measures which necessity requires, and to punish those who are found to be culpable, thus fulfilling their respective duties respecting so interesting an object.

"With profound esteem, &c.,

"L. Card. Lambruschini.

"Rome, 14th March, 1846."

DOCUMENT V.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Legate of Bologna.

Treating the policy of allowing Silvani, the lawyer, to return to Bologna, the words of Silvani are sufficiently humble; those of Lambruschini show the difficulty of granting concessions in political matters. Silvani had been nearly twenty-three years in exile, and did not belong to that class of liberals, whom the Italian governments are pleased to call *factious persons, wild revolutionists, &c.* His ideas were tempered with moderation. Notwithstanding this, we see the rigour which the government thought desirable to use towards him. The letter of Card. Lambruschini is a system of Jesuitism, rarely exposed so clearly, and the reader will peruse with interest the passages which I have remarked as worthy of great attention :—

"32463—4.

"Most Eminent, &c.,—The Holiness of Our Lord, to whom I have referred the sage advice given by your Eminence, with the esteemed despatch of the 27th of June last, No. 215, upon the instance of the widow Silvani, to enable her son, the lawyer, Anthony, to return to this city, and remain for a short time, has deigned in his sovereign clemency to grant the boon, having particular regard to the more than octagenarian age of the suppliant.

"The stay, however, of Silvani in Bologna is *limited to two months only*, after which the same must without delay return abroad, as he must be strictly *watched by the police during his sojourn in that city*, and your Eminence will have the goodness to render that *political ministry* responsible for the conditions hereto appended.

"Respecting the binding down of Silvani to remain in his country house, as your Eminence has hinted, *I shall permit myself the observation, that perhaps in such a case the surveillance could not be so well exercised over him as in the city, and beyond this it does not seem to me that the boon would fully correspond to the aim which was in view when permission was accorded him, viz. to console his aged mother, from whom Silvani would thus live separate in his house*, for she could not remove without great danger into the said country house, to enjoy the presence of her son. As to this however, I leave myself entirely to the great wisdom of your Eminence, who will select the way you deem the most opportune to the circumstances.

"I have the honour to repeat the protests, &c.

"Most humble, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 2nd July, 1842."

DOCUMENT VI.

In a paper, relating to the process against a certain Michael Accursi, the instructions from Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary of State, (1831) were discovered about his (Accursi's) arrest, as well as that of other individuals. These papers are very curious, and clearly show the determination of the Government to invent political guilt, where none really existed. In the subjoined instructions, the reader is requested to observe attentively the words in italics:—

Michael Accursi—

(a.) Let all the papers be seized of whatever nature they may be.

N. Franceschine, Shopman of Scalambrini, the Bookseller.

(b.) *Although nothing should be found in the Library, yet let some book be taken—pretext prohibited.*

Judith Nelli, Widow, Artist.

Arrest and personal as well as domiciliary search. (a.)

Arrest and personal as well as domiciliary search; also in his master's shop, situated opposite the Torlonia Palace. (b.)

Domiciliary search.

Finding nothing, she must undergo an *immediate* examination in her own house, interrogating her as follows:—

If she has any epistolary correspondence in the *Pontifical States*, or *abroad*, and *with whom*.

If she is accustomed to receive letters directed to her, to consign to *other persons*, and *to whom*, and *why*.

If she has any relations or acquaintances at Perugia, and Spoleto, and with whom.

If she is accustomed to go to *the post, or send for her letters*, or if the letters are sent to her house *with the proper address*.

	If she knows the Advocate Joseph Cometti; if *she has had, or has,* or *expects letters directed* to him to consign to other persons, and to whom.
	The *ability of the examining Judge will supply* the rest, as the occasion may require. If nothing important is elicited, she may be left subjected to the order to present herself. In the contrary case, she must be arrested and conveyed to the Castle.
Peter Sterbini.	Order given for his arrest wherever he may be found.
	A search at his house in Rome notwithstanding.
Advocate Cometti, of Lurgo.	Order given for his arrest wherever he may be found.
	A like search of his house in Rome.

DOCUMENT VII.

The Director of Police, Cavalier Curzi, to Cardinal Spinola, Legate of Bologna, informing him of the results of the surveillance over a certain Lucarelli, who had arrived in Bologna.

To His Most Reverend Eminence Cardinal Spinola, Legate of Bologna.

"No., 30, P. P. "Bologna, 10th March, 1843.

"Most Reverend Eminence,—Since the 15th of last January the engineer, Joseph Lucarelli, coming from Gubbio and Pesaro, has been staying in Bologna, with superior permission to establish some lotteries. The undersigned Director of Police did not *omit to cause him to be watched to ascertain his conduct* during his stay in Bologna, and he was informed by a confidant of the said Lucarelli, that he had been seen in the company of persons suspected, and compromised in political affairs, expressing liberal sentiments to some of them. The vigilance over him being then redoubled, I am informed to-day, that from the fluency which the said Lucarelli possesses in conversation, he is considered by the liberal party as a spy and confidant of the Government, for which he is fallen in the estimation of the said party. The undersigned not knowing if the said Lucarelli has in reality any secret mission from the superior Government, believes it his duty not to relax the due surveillance over him, and he would most humbly beg your Most Reverend Eminence to observe, that during the two months in which Lucarelli has been in Bologna, he has had sufficient time to have executed any commission of lottery, which might have been confided to him.

"J. Cav., Curzi, Director of Police."

DOCUMENT VIII.

Cardinal Vannicelli, Legate of Bologna, to Monsignor Sacconi, at Florence, and to the Governor of Castiglione.

This treats of the *surveillance exercised* over a certain Mr. Coccann, Professor of Mineralogy, who was examining the *mountain regions* of the Porretta. This paper is a proof of my assertion, that no *Italian or foreigner is exempt from the rigorous surveillance of the police from the moment he enters an Italian city.*

"M. 2472. P. P.

"To the Most Illustrious and Reverend Monsignor Sacconi, Chargé d'Affairs for the Holy See, Florence.

"Bologna, 11th October, 1845.

"It has come to my knowledge that a certain Monsieur Coccann, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the Royal University of Aix, accompanied by a certain Ascanius Nanni, of Prato, was some days ago on these Porretta Mountains, and in the government of Castiglione, impelled, as he said, by the desire to seek mines of valuable stone and shells. Persons *worthy of credence* assure me that during the short time the said Professor occupied in the above mentioned tour, he displayed to the persons with whom he now and then became acquainted, much erudition in every kind of science, not without accompanying his discourse with a *certain Charlatanical* air.—Everything that he saw was an argument for him to speak ill of the *Pontifical government, and even entering into political conversation, and declaring the attempts of the revolted to render Italy independent as premature, and explaining when and how this might be verified in future.*

"He showed no difficulty in conversing about religious affairs, upon the greater and minor power of the Bishops, and upon the fallibility of the Pope."

The letter concludes with requesting Monsignor Sacconi, Papal Minister at Florence, to make enquiries as to who the mineralogist really is, and as to his antecedents, and there is the subjoined letter, also written by Card. Vannicelli to the Governor of Castiglione, on the same subject, in which we find the following passage:—

"I should much like *to know the tour made* by the said *fellow*, (Soggetto,) *what passport he had, and what means; with whom he conversed most*, and what conversation he held when not speaking of his scientific pursuits, having well-founded doubts that he spoke ill of the Papal Government, and disseminated amongst those mountains pernicious doctrines and false principles."

DOCUMENT IX.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

This document brings to light an important fact, viz. that when passports are granted by the Roman Government, certain *conventional marks* are made thereon, indicating the suspicions attached to the bearer, or the contrary :—

"41424—5

"Most Eminent, Reverend, and Esteemed,—I find the wisdom of your Eminence very opportune, in the reflections contained in your private letter of the 21st of last month, No., 1210, relating to the requested return to your city of the Roman, Peter Galli. I glean from your letter, that your Eminence would not object to grant the demand made by him, but for a stipulated time; I have allowed him a passport with the *sign of a gravely suspected person*, in order that he may return to your city, and remain for a space of time under the authority of your Eminence.

"I honor myself on this occasion, &c.,

"Most humble, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"To the Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT X.

Amongst the papers of the police, two tables, or forms for the last six months of 1847, were discovered, with the conventional signs, as mentioned in the foregoing letter, and we subjoin them, as they not only serve to confirm the truth of the system mentioned by the Cardinal, but are also a proof that the spirit of the priestly police, after the Amnesty of Pius IX., and even during the boasted Reforms, continued to be the same that animated the Governments of his predecessors:—

Table of the Conventional Signs for the Three Months of July, August, and September, 1847.

Free from Suspicion.	Suspected.	Amnestied.
17 June, 1847.	17 June, 1847.	17 June, 1847.
Nothing.	The first number of the date is highest.	The highest number is the second number in the millesimal.

The N.B. preceding is confirmed.

Table of the Conventional Signs for the Three Months, October, November, and December.

Free from Suspicion.	Suspected.	Gravely suspected.
2 Oct. 1847 .	2 Oct. 1847 „	2 Oct. 1847 :
One stop only after the millesimal.	Two small commas after the millesimal.	Two stops after the millesimal.

The preceding N.B. is confirmed.

" 566—2084."

DOCUMENT XI.

Cavaliere Pisoni, Papal Consul at Genoa, to the Cardinal Legate at Bologna.

Giving him the most minute details about the movements of certain *suspected* persons.

("Very confidential.)

"Pontifical General Consulate
"in the Duchy of Genoa,
"No. 247. R. S.

"Object. Most Eminent, &c.—

"A certain Peter Sander, of Ancona, a waiter by profession, presented himself on the 27th of the late month of September, at the Pontifical Consulate, at Marseilles, asking a 'Visé' for Genoa and Rome, but that Consul refused to let him have it; while I find from the last 'Visé' of his passport at the Nuncio's Office, at Paris, it bore the *signs of suspicion*, and limited the visé only to Genoa, giving me warning to take the steps which I might consider necessary for the continuation of Sander's journey to Rome; who, on arriving the 28th of said month, immediately presented himself to me, demanding my authorisation to proceed to Rome by land. His views are known to myself; but I refused, and have granted him the visé by sea, on board the steamer called the 'Tuscan,' which left hence for Civita Vecchia, the 4th instant, and I have advised of everything, not only the *apostolic delegation there*, but also Monsignore the Governor of Rome, and begged them to use the *precaution and surveillance* which they may deem necessary; and I also informed them that I was assured Sander acts as a messenger to our refugees, and my belief is that if he

were charged, as is likely enough, with some mission for Romagna, it must have failed, and this is precisely in conformity with what your Most Reverend Eminence entrusted me in the private despatch, No. 907, of the past month replied to by me. The individual of whom we speak was furnished with a passport of the Supreme Secretary of State, dated the 10th March, 1837, and he asserts that his object in going to Rome is to see his mother.

"I will afterwards inform your Most Reverend Eminence, if in any of the *steamers which touch* at the Mediterranean ports there are any pontifical subjects engaged as waiters; and it would seem, from what is reported, that they are in a position to serve as couriers to our subjects residing in the State, and the refugees abroad, and precisely for this reason I shall keep an eye upon such waiters.

"From what I am assured, it appears that Corsica is the refugees' point of aim, and some have already gone from Marseilles, and while I inform the superior government of these two affairs, I take the opportunity, &c.

"Your most humble, &c.,

"The Consul General,

"CAVALIER PISONI."

DOCUMENT XII.

THE SPY SYSTEM.

While governments exist, which, instead of being the administrators for the people, consider themselves as their masters, under the pretext of divine right; while the foundation of their power is based not on satisfying the true intellectual and physical wants of the people, and in the equal and just division of human rights; while society is broken up into classes whose interests are diametrically opposed to each other, we must ever expect to see a struggle, either open or concealed, against the strongest; whence it arises that armed despotism is used by the strongest against the weakest, and it sows suspicion broadcast. By these means families, friends, citizens of the same town, become jealous and suspicious of each other, often concluding by arming for mutual destruction.

The spy system is a striking argument of the weakness and corruption of a government, and has been exercised by the ancient as well as the modern despotisms; but never more so than in these times of boasted progress. There is no State on the Continent of Europe where it is not resorted to in a most frightful manner, thus proving the moral weakness of the European governments.

If the empires of Austria, Russia, and France; if the Continental monarchies avail themselves of espionage as the second element next to their armies for governing, it is not surprising that it is studied as one of the fine arts by the Papal Government, which is universally abhorred by its own subjects; a government which possesses perhaps greater elements of corruption and

iniquity than even the last Courts of the Lower Empire; a government where nepotism is the rule, not the exception; where simony is part of a system, and where the State is degraded by the intrigues of Cardinal and Priest. The documents we possess fully disclose the working of the Roman spy system. If the spies are Italians, upon our heads let the shame fall; but has not every nation some vile unworthy son, ready to prostitute genius, friendship, everything sacred, to the highest bidder? With pride I say it, that looking with an unprejudiced scrutinizing eye into Italian society, we find fewer spies than in certain Continental nations; and the proof is, that Italy is the only country in Europe where conspiracies against tyranny are formed, and brought to maturity, notwithstanding the severity of the government, and the high rewards offered to any one who will reveal a plot against it; and notwithstanding the Austrian law, which punishes with five years at the galleys, any individual who is aware of a conspiracy, and does not denounce it to the authorities.

When the documents I now publish are examined we shall find nothing to detract from the Italian national and moral character; the infamy must be attributed to the Papal Government, which ever seeks to corrupt and demoralize the people so unhappily placed under its hated rule.

I now come to the documents, and I only give those which prove my assertions and statements, although I possess many others of importance.

DOCUMENT (a).

The police of Camerino, addressing Monsignor Mattei, Archbishop of the said city, requests him to keep a strict watch over sixty-nine persons, a list of whom is enclosed; the list however is not amongst our documents.

In the following letter we find that the surveillance of the sixty-nine individuals is confided to the pastoral exercises of the Archbishop. Now what can these words pastoral exercises mean, if not "by means of the confessional, through which the Catholic priests succeed in insinuating themselves into the bosom of

families, and thus make themselves acquainted with all their secrets." But this is pretty generally known, so that it is useless to enlarge the subject. I will cite one document, which demonstrates that the confession is one of the means used by the police, and is to be found in the history of the late events in Italy, by F. A. Gualterio, where, under the heading Document XII. there is a letter from Cardinal Castiglioni, Bishop of Cesena, who afterwards became Pope Pius VIII., addressed to Cardinal San Severino, Legate of Forli, in which he says—"All this news I can communicate to your Eminence for your guidance, but I must premise that I do not know it through the confessional, nor by a natural secret, but the mode of communication forbids my revealing it without a tragedy."

These last phrases give us cause to think that espionage is generally used through the confessional, often relations accuse each other, often most intimate friends do the same. This is a proof that the means taken to discover every one's secrets has been carried by the clergy to the highest degree of immorality and corruption.

("Most confidential.)

"*To Monsignor Mattei, Archbishop of Camerino.*

"Camerino, August, 1823.

"I enclose to your Reverence the note of sixty-nine individuals of your diocese, whom we have reasons to believe belong to some secret society, and especially to the sect of the Carbonari. Knowing your zeal not only in spiritual concerns, but also as regards the public tranquillity and security, which the said societies are desirous of disturbing, I turn to you, trusting you will attend to my representations, and will cause, as far as is compatible with your pastoral exercise, a special surveillance to be placed over the said individuals, and keep yourself informed of every possible result.

"In the confidence that from your letter you will cheerfully aid so salutary an effect, I conclude by renewing my sentiments, &c.

"THE DIRECTOR OF POLICE."

DOCUMENT (b).

"38452—5. ("Most confidential.)

"The Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate at Bologna.

"Most Eminence, &c.,—The communications which your Eminence was gracious enough to impart in your confidential despatches of the 21st and 26th of last month, Nos. 527 and 529, p. p. were of great importance, and I hasten to tender you my thanks. Concerning the relative news therein contained, I have considered it opportune to apprize those governments principally interested, in order to avoid unpleasant consequences. Your Eminence will continue to show your usual zeal in all things tending to maintain the public tranquillity of the State, and keep a strict watch over those factious men who endeavour to hide their infamous designs. The news which you will continue to favour me with respecting them will be most grateful to mé, and I will take the energetic measures required by the circumstances.

"I am informed that the individual of whom your Excellency makes mention in your most confidential despatch of 24th April last, continues to render useful services as you are aware. I take this opportunity of most respectfully kissing your hand.

"Your Eminence's most humble, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 1st July, 1843.

"The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT (c).

Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State to Cardinal Spinola, Apostolical Legate at Bologna.

In reply to certain letters of Cardinal Spinola, who desired information respecting Joseph Lucarelli, of Gubbio, who had arrived at Bologna, was much in company with the liberals, and thought by some to be a secret agent of the government. In the two letters of the Secretary of State, which are here given, an extraordinary amount of Jesuitical subtlety is shown. He recom-

mends, both secrecy and delicacy. These documents are sufficiently convincing that the Minister of Surveillance is one of those whom the Papal government and the high dignitaries of the church principally rely upon. Comments upon this fact are unnecessary, as it will be more clearly shown as the work advances.

"(Most confidential.)

"Most Eminent, &c.—The person to whom the respected despatch of your Eminence, of the 15th inst., No. 457 pp. alludes, had no commission from the Secretary of State, as hinted by you, but was spontaneously offered by him. It was considered advisable to take advantage of it, but not with perfect confidence, as an opinion upon it was reserved for a period more opportune, or rather after being enabled to estimate the importance and interest the reports about such a delicate affair might afford.

"This is the state of the matter, but it will be a valuable aid if your Eminence will give me some account of the results of the surveillance over him, which must be managed with both secrecy and delicacy, so as not to discourage him in his enterprise, supposing him to be as sincere as he promised; nor to compromise his personal safety with the factious. I consider it superfluous to observe to your Eminence the necessity of your making this your whole guide in the business, as indeed your well-known ability and acuteness will readily perceive.

"I honor myself herein by repeating, &c.,

"Your Eminence's, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 18th March, 1843."

DOCUMENT (d).

The Secretary of State to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna, respecting the Spy Lucarelli.

("Most confidential.)

"Most Eminent, &c,—I have to thank your Eminence for the news you honored me with in your most confidential letter of the 24th of last month, about the person to whom it related. The

news which emanated from your wisdom enlightened me considerably, nevertheless it would be most agreeable to me for you to continue to exercise the same surveillance over the person, which I mentioned in my despatch of the 18th March last, referring to the same subject. And this would be more expedient at this time, as I have received news, but it does not seem much to be relied on, of some excitement amongst the factious.

"In the meantime, I have the honour, &c.,

"For his Eminence the Cardinal,

"Secretary of State,

"Your most humble, &c.,

"VINCENT SANTUCCI,

"Pro Substitute.

"The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

"24th April, 1843.

"No. 475. P. P. ("Most confidential.)

"*The Most Eminent Cardinal Lambruschini, Rome.*

"Most Eminence,—I can assure your Eminence that I have kept under my eye the person whom you deigned to indicate to me in your respected letter of 18th March (most confidential). The person to whom it refers is still in Bologna, and strays into the Province with made-up pretexts. He has placed himself in some sort of contact with me, and he exhibited some zeal by giving me some information of trifling importance. He has done the same thing spontaneously with the Director of Police. In this manner he covers and justifies his conduct, in frequenting the most suspected persons in society, and in holding general conversations of a bad tendency, as I learn from other agents.

"Thus I perform my duty in informing your Eminence, and in carrying out the mission confided to me by your Eminence in the above mentioned despatch. In the meantime, I have the honor,

"CARD. LEGATE OF BOLOGNA,

"UGO SPINOLA.

"On the back, 475. P. P."

DOCUMENT (e).

301-306

The Secret Agent Lucarelli to the Governor of Rome.

Saying that he can no longer remain in the legations, as he is known to be a spy by the population. This letter is very interesting. He calls the Romagnuoli "Canaille," without making any distinction whatever, because they are unfavourable to the Pontiff and his government. We can see from his assertions how deep was the hatred in those provinces against the Papal dominion. He then makes certain suggestions likely to eradicate these evils, and proves himself a man who would do any vile thing to satisfy his vengeance, and his brutal disposition. We are made acquainted with those persons also who showed themselves the most zealous in the persecution of the patriots during the political troubles in 1843, 1844 and 1845, among whom we find the name of Cavanna, a Colonel of the gendarmes, who is now in the active service of the Sardinian police. It is strange to find the Liberal government of Piedmont employing men who served under a system of terror and inquisition, against which the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio spoke so eloquently in his work on the last events in the Papal States. But in the present day we often see these singular contradictions! Returning to our subject we find revelations which utterly disprove the assumed mildness of the Tuscan government. The spy Lucarelli is continually complaining of the mild proceedings of the Papal government, and we infer from his confession that it is a system full of demoralization and disorder:—

"High Police, Rome—36290.

"Your Most Reverend Excellency,—It has been a true consolation to me to be enabled to kiss your Excellency's hand, and to receive such encouraging words, and to preserve more than ever a most religious affection for my Sovereign. During the twenty-two years that a profound mystery concealed me from the eyes of the wicked I was enabled to render most important services to the government, but when vain, envious, and hypocritical men commenced to speak aloud of my actions, to make my zeal publicly

known, they pointed me out to the rebels as a victim worthy of death. I was no longer useful, I was compelled to abandon the legations. Now I am in Rome, not like everybody else, to ask for a recompense, but to lead a quiet life, to get some profit from the same speculation in a library, which gave such excellent results to the Papal government, and thus to place myself in a position to educate my sons. As I have sacrificed everything for my sovereign, I have even exposed my life, yet I shall never fail to invoke loudly the protection of all those who represent him, and particularly of your Excellency; not the protection of simple words, but so that I may return again with honour into society, and that you may aid me in this aim is my desire. Behold then a few lines which will serve to enlighten you as to the state of Romagna, and I hope to Heaven that your Excellency, with your genius and energy, may again reduce this once Christian people to fidelity to our sovereign.

"As your Excellency was staying in the legations some years ago, you must have observed that there was already a commencement of moral disorganization, but not a general confusion as we see at the present time. The present generation, commencing thirteen years back may be considered as lost; its pride should be humbled to put it out of its power to do worse, and to think of educating the future generation. The Romagnuoli of the present day are such 'canaille' that they wear the colours of the Pope or of the Liberals according to the benefit they may derive from it, so that the evil is not only in the machinations of the Liberals, but in the mass, which is so utterly demoralized, be they ecclesiastics or laymen, poor or rich, men or women, that they have nothing human about them save the form. All blaspheme Jesus Christ, the blessed Virgin, and the Holy Pontiff, with the very lowest epithets, and it seems as if they enjoyed an eternal consolation in treading under foot those august names. The priests are indescribably wicked, without ever endeavouring to make themselves better. I have often heard them boast of the most disgusting actions, utter the most sacreligious heresies, and speak of politics in the most abominable manner; and they concealed the

rebels, as much as the country curates, in the first disturbances at Bologna in 1843. I well know with what marks of infamy the names of certain ecclesiastics are registered in the political processes, and if those men to whom the spiritual education of the people is confided are such vicious examples to them, what marvel is it if the people grow up incredulous, proud, and brigands! And to priestly dissoluteness, the plague of the employés may be added, who are mostly ignorant or perfidious, all greedy and insatiable. I have not found one amongst the Romagnuoli who is satisfied with what he possesses, who blesses the prince who governs; who boasts of serving his sovereign with a conscientious and disinterested principle. If they succeed in any fortunate affair, they are instantly clamouring for remuneration, and if they obtain it, they are not content, they are continually complaining because they consider themselves insufficiently paid. For money everything is prostituted, and to the sale of justice, non-observance of the laws, private vengeance, and subterfuges, the poor Cardinal Legates are blinded. Those poor employés, truly supporters of the government, who belong to other provinces are taxed as over zealous, as indiscreet, and visionaries; they are scorned, discredited, and every hope of advancement taken from them. The vile facts of forty-three and forty-five prove this: when in forty-three our most well disposed Curzi through the very detailed information which I was the first to give him, as may be seen by the process, and who afterwards got possession of many details himself, implored his Eminence Spinola permission to imprison Zambeccari and his fellows, to impede their rising, a crowd of hypocrites had such influence with that purple worthy, that using his authority he said to Curzi, 'If you put them into prison I will liberate them. They tell you dreams. We are informed that all is tranquil.' When Cavana in July or August, 1845, went to Fusignano to imprison the gardener of Calcagnini, he wrote in energetic terms to be permitted to arrest Beltrami and his companions. Spalazzi said to me, 'The captain is a fanatic, who does not know what he is about; he goes about to find pretexts to ingratiate himself with the government; all is quiet, and he is only dreaming of revolutions,

so that we have commanded him to return to his post.' Cardinal Ugolini was so sure of Beltramis's innocence, that when he presented himself to Feoli he kept him to dine with him, and this was only some days before the revolt broke out, and Feoli knew in what boat Beltrami was rowing, because he had been informed thereof by Ghigi, of Ravenna, and besides Feoli had the impudence to say so to Beltrami himself. What did I not say to persuade Spalazzi to get rid of a certain tailor, Anthony Sambi, of Ravenna, sent back to Italy from Paris by order of Mazzini, and to make proselytes to communion, as he had confided to me. He contented himself with giving him a simple warning, because his brother had recommended him. When poor Freddi, Bedini, Zambelli prayed, supplicated him to impede the rising of Rimini, they gave the Cardinal Legate the most minute details of the liberal machinations, who should be with the most eminent Gizi, but the infamous Lambertini persuaded him of the inutility of preventing such a scandal. If I merit the name of slanderer in giving the epithet of infamous to Lambertini, your Eminence may consult in your most confidential letter the most Eminent Vannicelli, the bishop Zamba, the governors Massioli, Agabiti, Mascelli, and the Judge Piselli. His swindling, his cheating, are notorious to everybody in Forli; all know that for money he would sell the keys of St. Peter to the devil. I advised him that they had in his province communist meetings, especially at Domenic Amadori, the surgeon's, who had heard from a certain innkeeper, named Bendandi, that a murder had been committed on the person of a certain man who had refused to commit a theft in proof of his sincerity, before taking the society's oath. He took no more notice of my information than if I had never spoken. How often have I spoken to him about Ceruti, the Engineer of the Sappers, to get him expelled from the corps as a well-known sectarian; about Emidio Zoli, and many others, but he would not understand. Not being able to do anything but evil, he even told Ciro Santi the views of Piselli against him. Poor Ravajoli was slain, and he took no trouble (perhaps because he was afraid) to find out the authors of the deed, as if it had not been committed. It is

a precious thing to see in the present day in his post this director of rascalities, who is so alarmed that he is accompanied home and to the office by Agents of the Police. What shall I say, too, of the scandalous deeds of the Ravenna Commission, of which I am a witness myself. I know well what trouble poor Freddi took to keep the judges of accord, who either through pride, or envy, or carelessness, were quarrelling all day like the canaille in the streets, rendering themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all, and they knew not what they said or did. This is the way in which the government loses its moral power, this is the reason why the brigands are so bold, why the well-disposed are scouted, scorned, and humbled, and sometimes fall victims to the most infamous persecution. And, in fact, was not everything tried to get Curzi out of his post? Not being able to accuse him of cheating, they tried to ridicule him, calling him a courtier and a useless man. In order to ruin Freddi, as they were not able to accuse him on account of his attachment, his zeal, his disinterestedness, which have reduced him to distress, he having spent all in espionage or in charity, they accused him of being a spendthrift, and his affection for a friend has caused him to become a mark of scorn. Poor Bovi, who would not permit himself to be deceived by bad characters, because he kept the process with which he was charged with the greatest secresy, fell sick, and was lost, not without discredit to the Government. It is necessary that you be convinced that the Romagnuoli, to whatever party they belong, wish to remain alone, and it is a dangerous thing for a person from another province to interfere with them. They desire to be absolutely independent, and the words law, religion, Pope, they desire to cancel from their vocabulary. And because they desire to get rid of the ecclesiastical yoke, they invent the most absurd stories about the Pontifical Government. And it is a great misfortune to see that they often succeed in their intent, because they alone are able to excite such a prejudice against Our Lord, for to name the Pope in Tuscany, Lombardy, or Piedmont is the same as mentioning a ridiculous, if not a contemptible, name; and ought not provision to be made to stop

this? To provide a remedy, should not these impious persons be prevented from propagating their demoralizing doctrines, from instilling these infernal doctrines into the minds of our poor youth? The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who recognized what a plague was drawn into his States, who saw the distant menacing cloud, renounced his system of mildness, and has sent away from his States all the strangers, blown thither by the political tempest; and those amongst his own subjects, who were tainted with political affairs, he caused to suffer a rigorous imprisonment, where they had bread, water, and the bastinade, in proportion to the zeal they had shown, without troubling himself about the annoyance of a regular process. When they are liberated they do not for very shame speak of the past, and are afraid to associate with their former companions. To great evils energetic remedies must be applied, because too much mildness is taken for weakness, and augments the force of evil. The Legations are immensely rich, and can support the expenses requisite to keep them in subjection; but these sums, although the land is so rich, impoverishes the country, because the money circulating among the people would in a great measure diminish their miserable condition. Let a powerful foreign force therefore be taken into pay, which will keep them in order. Let them be sent to protect the government officials and political parties of known probity and of recognized energy. Let priests and holy monks be distributed who shall again preach the Gospel, and let them entirely devote themselves to the religious education of the youth, and even take it, where they consider themselves justified, out of the hands of their parents. At the expense of the large districts great buildings should be undertaken, with roads, and canals, which will give occupation to the people; whose attention should also be attracted by amusements, which should be principally on the holy days, the most dangerous for machinations; and those who blaspheme God, the Virgin, or the Pope, without regard to age or sex, should be imprisoned, and fed on bread and water, accompanied by the bastinade, and always in a politic manner, with the greatest secrecy. These people must be regarded in the light of a colony

of barbarians, who need a new school of civilization. Three or four years of a government of iron, modelled on the Austrian system, will for ever relieve them from even the possibility of thinking about political machinations.

"Your Excellency will pardon these expressions of my zeal, as to my manner of thinking relative to a government for which I have willingly risked all my youth, and accord me the honor of your commands, and your protection, and permit me to kiss your holy hand. I remain with particular devotion and submission your Reverend Excellency's

"Most humble, &c.,

"JOSEPH LUCARELLI.

"Engineer.

"Rome, 30th April, 1846.

"8—2. P. 7th May, 1846."

DOCUMENT (f).

Lucarelli to the Governor of Rome.

The following is an excellent lesson to those who are tempted to become spies of factious governments on individuals. Those by whom they are used endeavour to get out of them as much as possible, and while they are necessary they are well treated by their employers, who pay them well, but in reality they heartily despise them. There are certain things which are held as infamous among men, and neither time nor place can remove the contempt they will ever be held in. Such are spies, such their authors and employers; governments avail themselves of their services in great numbers during political emergencies, they tempt and solicit them with every kind of argument, but once their aim attained, they unscrupulously leave them to universal contempt.

I shall be sufficiently repaid for any trouble I may have had in collating these documents, and any danger to which I may be exposed by thus publishing the secret wounds of despotic governments, and the vile conduct of individuals, if these letters tend to

guard from iniquity any individual who should have an inclination to exercise the abominable trade of a spy.

We possess many other autograph letters of Lucarelli, but do not publish them as they are only interesting to the Italians generally—

"EXCELLENCY,—Yesterday morning I burned with the desire to meet with your Excellency and receive words of consolation on my many afflictions, but I was so suddenly seized with a tumult of passions, that I became unable to hold any conversation whatever. I was only anxious to leave your presence, as I felt the approach of death! Your Excellency has a kind heart, and if you could read mine, if you could conceive my unhappy situation, and the horrible picture unveiled to my eyes as to my future, perhaps you would look with compassion upon me.

"Monsignor, do not believe that I am a spy, but an unfortunate man, whom a fanatical zeal has brought to ruin, while he believed himself worthy to be seated upon the altar of glory. All that I have done for the Government has been performed from a conscientious principle solely, and this is the reason why I have never asked nor accepted an obolo of reward. Because I have gained everything by my profession of engineer, by my studies. I was ever profuse of my money in travelling; in confidential agents; in fact in everything that I thought would aid the Holy cause which I defended. Fanaticism for this cause induced me to renounce even the pleasure of residing with my father, my wife, and a most worthy family, by whom I was adored, and I was content in the thought that some day I should one day live in the midst of them in tranquillity, and gain enough from my studies to enjoy it with them. Instead of which, I find myself precipitated into an abyss of misery, condemned to weep over my zeal, my profession, my acquaintances; the little genius which God gave me has become a nullity in a moment, and although I have been loyal, faithful, and zealous, I am now in disgrace, whilst the subverters of society joy in their impiety, and have even the consolation of embracing their families once more. Designated as infamous by a corrupt society, I have taken refuge in Rome to

escape the poignard, where I am condemned to a most unhappy life, destined to see, at no great distance, an unhappy end, if your Excellency with piteous hand will not save me.

"I hoped to have found my bark of safety in those political writings which you have in your hands, but now times are changed, although men are the same! I was nearly persuaded that the defunct Pontiff, in recompense for my sacrifices, would have permitted me to give two or three copies to each parish, and thus I should have had sufficient to provide for my private wants. But now may I hope the same? Would your Excellency counsel me to publish them with certain modifications; and, publishing them, will you graciously assist me, that the reigning high Pontiff may deign to accept, and reward me for them?

"May your Excellency take compassion upon and succour the most unhappy man who kisses your hand with particular affection and submission, protesting himself

"Your Excellency's, &c.,

"JOSEPH LUCARELLI,

"Engineer.

"Rome, 2nd July, 1846."

DOCUMENT XIII.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

The Cardinal confesses that small faith can be placed in the reports of the secret agents, but notwithstanding, as is clear from this collection, maintains its existence and authority by a vast system of secret espionage.

("Most important.)

"52801—5.

"Most Eminent, &c.—From the reports which I have received from the High Police, that the Liberal party limits itself at present to pleasing projects about Italy in general; to countenancing some rebels living in Greece, and in Spain; and to making the execution of plans more easy, without however being silent as to the danger to which they expose themselves. From this it would seem that the supposed accord between the Neapolitan and Tuscan Liberals, was not well founded, as your Eminence communicated to me in your very private despatches of the 9th and 11th instant, No. 2314, and 2316 last.

"Whatever may be the faith placed in trusted agents, I think they merit very little; and it is not to be doubted, as every one agrees about it, that the revolutionary faction is wanting in the necessary and principal elements for their plots, that is money. The zeal of your Eminence, however, in maintaining full activity, your part in political vigilance is very laudable, and is most important in the preservation of public tranquillity. I thank you for your immediate reply, informing me of what had come to your knowledge about this affair, and with the most profound respect I humbly kiss your hand.

"Of your Eminence,

"The most humble, &c., &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 16th July, 1845.

"The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT XIV.

Cardinal G. M. Della Somaglia to Monsignor the Governor of Rome.

Informing him that the Secretary of State is compelled to arrest a certain "Villa," because in consequence of information received from his parish priest, the said Villa is considered to be a member of the Carbonari society.

This is a proof that personal liberty in the Roman States is a condition depending on the simple will of a priest, who is thus enabled to dispose of any persons whom he considers obnoxious. In this manner private revenge may be securely obtained, and we ourselves have frequently been unwilling witnesses to the miseries suffered by innocent men who have fallen under priestly displeasure or suspicion. It is by no means rare to see a father or a brother arrested in the bosom of his family, under the pretext of interference in political affairs, whereas in reality the man is wholly innocent. These arrests frequently happen because the victim considers the honor of his wife or child as more sacred than the good will of his parish priest—

"No. 42736.

"*From the office of the Secretary of State.*

"The 2nd June, 1828.

"As Raphael Villa, of Meta, has contracted matrimony with his fellow-peasant, Restituta Chiarelli, who seems to be the girl who was forcibly taken away, and the said Villa being reported by his parish priest as a violent Carbonaro, and under the eye of the Neapolitan government, the government of his Holiness cannot do less than cause his arrest and consignment for the abduction, although he has since contracted legitimate matrimony, as well as for his fellowship with the sect of Carbonari.

"G. M. CARDINAL DELLA SOMAGLIA.

"Monsignor the Governor of Rome."

DOCUMENT XV.

Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

In which he advises him to cause a domiciliary search to be made in a political sense at the house of Peter Galli, under the pretence of seeking for smuggled goods, he being a merchant. In the following letter all the cunning and forethought of a dexterous detective is displayed. Priests will ever be priests; dissimulation is their first attribute, it is a part of their education, and they can no more get rid of it than the leopard can change its skin. I do not speak of the many noble exceptions to this rule, but of priests in general, whose natural moral rectitude is made to cede to the false education of the Roman Church, and from the time they put on the black gown, they imbibe maxims tending to hypocrisy, aud contrary to human progress and liberty, considered under a personal and intellectual point of view.

As to those priests who mingle in political affairs their address and hypocrisy is reduced to a system.

Their first thought is the Papal government, to sustain which they do not scruple to break the Divine laws in the most scandalous manner.

(" Very confidential.)

" Most Eminent, &c.,—I am informed that in your city, Peter Galli is residing, and that he is a most dangerous character under a political aspect, and one of the most active in the sectarian plots.

" It would not be inopportune, but on the contrary very useful, if his house was searched under the pretence of finding some

article of smuggled property. His business as a merchant would countenance such a measure. I should desire, however, that this matter be confided with all secrecy to Cavalier Curzi, your Director of Police, advising him to be careful that the execution thereof succeed, and without giving it a political colouring.

"In case the search should produce useful results, those measures should be adopted which may be considered opportune to the object, in order to paralyse the evil influence that the said Galli, as I am led to believe, would exercise upon society.

"Meanwhile I leave the matter entirely to your wise judgment, and take the opportunity, &c.

"Your Eminence's very humble, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 11th July, 1843.

"To the Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT XVI.

Cardinal Ugolini, Legate of Ferrara, to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

Stating that under the special word "smuggling" he has caused a political search to be made in the house of Anthony Pirazzoli.

This letter is an additional proof of the truth of what I lately asserted.

"Most Eminent, &c.,—Immediately on receipt of your Eminence's esteemed letter of the 7th inst., No. 1, P. P., I directed the Governor of Lugo to execute a strict domiciliary search, under the pretence of seeking smuggled goods in the house of Anthony Pirazzoli, to seize if possible, and in such case to make sure of the book belonging to a political emigrant, of which he is the reputed possessor. I have just heard that the measures were taken as ordered, but without result.

"In the meantime, &c.,

"Your Eminence's, &c.,

"Most humble, &c.,

"D. CARD. UGOLINI.

"Ferrara, 17th January, 1844.

"His Eminence the Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT XVII.

Present state of the infamous Jewish nation living in the city of Ferrara, and in the best situation, being contiguous to the great square, viz., their vices, conduct, abuses, and disorders, of various kinds, which daily happen in the said city.

Alexander Migliari, of Ferrara, was one of the most zealous confidential agents of Leo the Twelfth's government. He was in direct correspondence with the Pope, with the principal Cardinals, and employés of the State. We possess many documents which throw a light on this species of relation, but we only give one report of Migliari at length, when he had not the official power to act secretly in the name of the government. After he was accepted as a government agent, he assisted in most of the blind and furious persecutions of Leo the Twelfth's government against the liberals. During this reign, which was an epoch of violent reaction, most of the wealthy families of the State emigrated abroad.

I make no comments on the following report; I leave that to the discernment of the impartial reader. This paper seems to belong to those times when the Dominican friars lighted up the fires of the Inquisition; and yet the writer was only reporting the occurrences which happened in the Papal States only thirty years since:—

"1st. It is well known to the Christian world that this people, the Jews, were admitted into the Roman States, as old clothes men; but the incautious tolerance of the first rulers gave them the boldness to launch out in dealings of every kind, and to extend their projects in such a manner that step by step they have become in the present day most powerful and domineering,

not only over the Christians, but even over the government itself—and behold the evident proofs!

"They lord it everywhere, because, as they have no distinctive sign, they dress like any Catholic citizen, and introduce themselves into the coffee houses, the re-unions, the theatres, the clubs, private conversations, &c., as well as in the churches, at the ecclesiastical ceremonies, and in every other place which seems good to them.

"2nd. In the present day the said Jews are the richest proprietors, because with their astuteness, craftiness, rapine, and extortions, they have despoiled the greater part of the proprietors of their property, by which means they have become possessors of more than a third of the property in the Ferrarese State. And through this wealth they not only keep horses, gigs, chairs, carriages, and livery servants in their service, but also stables, coach-houses, and habitations in the best places and streets of the city of Farrara.

"Upon this last paragraph I shall be told that it cannot be that they live in various parts of the city of Ferrara, being compelled to limit themselves to the Ghetto;* but the writer hereof maintains that in appearance only the order exists that they shall be circumscribed to the Ghetto, but notwithstanding they have in their power the same houses which they inhabit, and go thither by day and night as they choose, and very often because of the theatre they remain out of the Ghetto, also with the privity of the police, and the porter of their Ghetto, and this can be proved if the government desires it.

"3rd. These people possess many other houses in the said city, which they use as magazines for hemp, oil, timber, wood for carpenters, grain, old iron, for wine, slaughter houses, &c.; they trade in every and any article of merchandize, and other things, as well as in brokerage, and letters of carriages, so that they take away every branch of industry from industrious Christians; remembering also that some of these places belonging to them being in

* A portion of most Italian cities where the Jews are compelled to reside.

remote localities, it happens (and this is a fact) that they conceal stolen goods there, as well as smuggled property, and the government and justice can with difficulty discover it or act against them.

"4th. The greater part of their servants are Christians, and particularly the maid servants, towards whom even for the slightest fault they utter the most infamous and black oaths, blasphemies, and curses. More than all this, it has been discovered that they sometimes have a guilty knowledge of their servants without distinction of sex, ...

. . . . . .

. . Considering that the greater part of the maid servants remain actually to sleep in the houses of the said Jews, five and six months in the year, they learn their customs and prayers, and forget Christian orations, so that when they return to their families in the mountains, they remember nothing, and actually teach other people Jewish things; and they very rarely return to their family as pure physically as they left it, but often some are . . . by a Jew; and more than this, during all the time that they are in the Jews' service, they observe neither Christian holy days, nor vigils, nor fasts; neither do they go to mass nor to benedictions, nor sermons, nor to any religious exercise.

"These Jews are become so proud, that they ill-treat any Catholic at their will, whether male or female, rich or poor, belonging to a holy order, in office, &c., and this is because by means of bribery they obtain the favorable consideration of the government to such a point, that in the offices in the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals they have such astonishing boldness, that they overcome not only their adversary but the authorities themselves.

"5th. Seeing, as I have said before, that they wear no distinctive mark, they also go to the religious ceremonies, they blaspheme the faith, particularly when they are in their schools, "conversazioni," and meetings.

"6th. In fine, these people are formed of most infamous materials, and are not only bitter enemies of the Catholic faith, but most pernicious to the Catholics in general in every way, and under every aspect.

"And as there is no one to watch them, as he whose duty it is to do it is bought over with gold, they go as we say to the right and to the left doing exactly what pleases them. We have the proof of their boldness, insolence, wickedness, and dissolute customs, inasmuch they commit any crime most impudently, at any time and in any place, and they even strike the Christians, and wound them in broad daylight, committing assaults, as happened a short time ago in the house of a certain John Barbi, clerk to the ex-senator Contajni, when an armed Jew surprised the family of the aforesaid, and would have slain the wife if she had not escaped. This Jew was arrested, imprisoned, and condemned; but afterwards the affair blew over. They considered him an idiot, and the cause of this was the sums of money spent to purchase justice.

"7th. These Jews are too friendly with Christian women, single and married, and in walking about the city, particularly on Saturdays, their holy days, if they meet any woman who pleases them, they annoy her; if she pays no attention to their jokes and insinuations they insult her, and, if she permits, they appoint the hour and the place of meeting, and conduct her to the said houses, which they have at their disposal, or shops outside the Ghetto, and there pass . . . . . and sometimes entire weeks; in fact they make fish of all that come into their net, and sometimes in companionship with some Christian, whom they keep in the back-ground in this and other crimes.

"8th. A marvellous thing is this that none of them are inscribed in the sectarian lists, but they do not fail to foment conspiracy and subsidize with money the sect of the Carbonari, and keep them supplied with intelligence and other matters.

"This will serve as a hint to the government; and it can all be proved, and reproved, and while the writer has means, dress, and arm, he will discover much more than what is herein contained.

"A. M., of Ferrara.

"Rome, 30th October, 1826.

"P.S. The said Jews also take the liberty to place themselves in the commercial squares before the shops of the tradesmen, with every kind of mercery, hardware, and other wares, so taking the trade from the said shopkeepers, already burthened with so many taxes, house rent, shopmen," &c.

DOCUMENT XVIII.

In order to show the indications from which the High Police judge an individual, and how the registers are kept, some notes are here published, made by the Bolognese police. These are contained in a sewed book of the said police, which has the following title :—

"NOTE.

"Of the individuals indicated as suspected in political affairs in the most confidential despatches from the Secretary of State's Office, 10th April, 1844, No. 43317—9th May, No. 43391—14th May, No. 44212, and of the results of the researches and watchings over them.

"Colonel Riccardi, of the carabineers indicated as a stedfast perverter of youth. In the acts of the military commission, 1843 and 1844, the name of this individual does not figure; although in the documents and registers of the police of 1831 is to be found the following annotation respecting him :—'He co-operated in the revolt of 1831, in which on the night of the 4th February he led the rebels; he was named Town Commandant by the factious, a rank which he occupied during the first revolt, and the subsequent anarchy. Under his direction, and by means of his agents, he instigated the people to arm, and march in favour of liberty; he was amongst those who refused to allow the civic guard to wear the Pontifical cockade. When he knew that the rebels could no longer make head, he commenced a system of moderation; and opposed himself to the cries of the evil-minded, who during the anarchy wished to pull down the Pontifical arms.'

"Calzoni Valentino—indicated as a sanguinary member of the society.

"This name does not appear at all in the documents of the military commissions of 1843 and 1844, nor in those of any moment in the old or recent police documents. However he is considered, from assumed confidential information, a very bad fellow.

"5th. Pilla Anthony—is indicated as a courageous man who possesses influence with the youth.

"6th. Pizzoli Andrew, an advocate."

"This note gives us important revelations. We have observed before that if a man possesses courage, or influence amongst the youth, he is considered by the police as a dangerous man. We find another fact confirmed, viz., that the police place one of their confidential agents in the same dungeon with the prisoner, to extract information from him under the guise of being a fellow-sufferer. This is a specimen of the lengths to which the immorality of the Roman government can go. Although this system has often been considered, it appeared to the generality of people too infamous for belief, but now it is clearly proved by the document which I transcribe.

"26. Pizzola Andrew, advocate."

"In the first place, in the documents of the police relating to 1831, we find the following annotation regarding him. He co-operated with the rebels, with the Greek students boarding in his house, and with other factious persons, whom he also had in his house. On the night of the 4th February, he was a warm anarchist, a principal fomenter, a worthy ally pupil of Professor Costa. During the forty-four days, he was appointed Criminal Professor; and during the anarchy he had the rank of Captain Reporter of the Military Commission.

"It will be necessary to refer to the printed account, relative to the rebel bands of 1843, at page 139, and following in order, the prisoner Julius de Maria, who figures as he who sent to the rebel bands the revolutionary letters, described from page 16 to 17, &c., of the said account. This done, it must be known that a clever confidential agent having been placed with the prisoner De Maria, reported that De Maria, speaking with him about the choice of

some one to defend him, said—'I would select the advocate Pizzoli, but I abstain in order to cause no suspicion about certain letters which fell into the hands of justice'! From the document we learn that De Maria had consigned the letters to the messenger, upon whom they were afterwards discovered, in a place very near to Pizzoli's house; and, besides this, the very concise style is characteristic of the said letters, and bearing the well known style and characteristic of the advocate Pizzoli. A simple comparison is sufficient to make such similitude patent.

"From secret confidential communications from good persons, we find that Pizzoli was one of the five forming the supreme junta of the revolutionary conspiracy of 1843, and called the Very High, but there is nothing about it in the process," &c., &c., &c.

DOCUMENT XIX.

The Canon Bernard Tiribassi, Chargé d'Affaires for the Roman Court, residing in Florence, by his confidential letter, No. 89 P.R., dated 12th October, 1843, asks information about the Countess Broglio, Widow Grabinsky. The Cardinal Legate of Bologna answers him on the subject, &c. We learn that the Papal police watches the relations of those who have taken part in liberal and national movements at home and abroad. We subjoin an extract.

"No. 89, P.R. According to the orders received from the Roman General Direction of Police, I called the attention of this political department to a certain Countess Broglio, who married Grabinsky, of Bologna, who stated that she came from Corfú and was proceeding on to Tuscany, where, by the bye, she does not seem to have yet arrived. It is desirable to discover whether the said lady is the wife of Marshal Grabinsky, a Pole, who took part in the revolution in Romagna in 1831.

"Begging your Eminence to put me in a position to gratify the above-mentioned desire, I prostrate myself, &c.

"Of your Eminence the most humble, &c.

"BERNARD CANON TIRIBASSI,

"Chargé d'Affaires of the Holy See.

"Florence, 12th Oct., 1843.

"H. 1086. P. P."

"Bologna, 14th October, 1843.

"*Mons. Tirabassi, Chargé d'Affaires, Florence.*

"The Countess Broglio, widow Grabinsky, has been in Bologna about a month. She came hither direct from Corfú and Ancona, accompanied by a certain Masini, whom she called her steward. She came here in consequence of the death of her husband,

General Grabinsky, a Pole; he who figured amongst the rebels in 1831, and who has lived here in good style since, to regulate his affairs with his son.

"Her conduct has given rise to no remarks, and she has plausible reasons for remaining here. I believe that there has been no difficulty respecting her but about . . . . . who has been tolerated with a rigorous surveillance, which until now has not given rise to any observations.

"In giving this answer to your worthy letter of the 12th inst. I thank you for all that it contains, &c.

"CARD. HUGUES SPINOLA."

DOCUMENT XX.

The Cardinal Legate of Bologna to Cardinal Lambruschini.

Treating of the reports of a certain Anthony Tanzi, of Parma, who appears as a secret agent, about the public spirit of the province, and about the movements of the revolutionists.

This letter is very interesting.

It goes on to inform the Cardinal that the Marquis Charles Bevilacqua is going to Rome, and that from appearances he would not seem likely to interfere in politics, but as he belonged to the class of thinkers, it was desirable that he should be prudently watched.

Is it possible to go further in the system of espionage, of suspicion, of persecution? Instead of talent, gentle birth, courage, personal influence, civic virtue being honoured, they are indicated as signs of political guilt, of hatred to the government, of a revolutionary spirit. The reader may infer from this the miserable condition of the unfortunate people under the temporal power of the Pope—

"No. 2686. P. P. ("Most confidential.)

"Bologna, 4th March, 1846.

"*His Eminence Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State, Rome.*

"Most Eminent, &c.—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your very venerated despatch of the 28th February last, No. 58229, together with the papers inserted.

"Monsignor, the Charge d' Affaires for the Holy See at Florence has been in communication with me relating to the noted Anthony

Tanzi of Parma, the details of which I now receive with interest from your Eminence. The said Tanzi came to this city some days ago, as the worthy Monsignor the Chargé d' Affaires apprised me, wishing me to have an interview with him. I spoke with him, but, to say the truth, I could glean nothing more important than what is contained in the papers already alluded to, which relate principally to Tuscany and other parts of Italy. The aim of Tanzi is, as he says, to gain an employment in this city, but not being able to assist him in this manner, I thought it better to give him some little help, so that he might continue his journey, which he did, and I advised the above-mentioned Chargé d' Affaires thereof. I have little political news to add to the others relating to this legation, beyond what I had the honor to impart to your Eminence on the 2nd inst., with my respectful letter, No. 2684, p. p., except rectifying the name of the clever individual of whom I spoke, who informs me that Ribotti is not the person who is thought to be concealed in Bologna, but the well-known Spaniard Prim. If we can believe an article in the journal " Des Debats" of the 24th February, last, treating of revolutionary movements in Italy, as your Eminence must have observed, it would seem that he is still at Marseilles. It is necessary to watch him well, as your Eminence is aware that besides the movements in Tuscany, other disorders have taken place during the last days of the Cardinal in Piacenza, where there was some blood shed by the police, the populace requiring grain to be sold cheaper. Passing to the other letter which you had the goodness to send me, relating to the conspiracies plotting abroad, about the depository of arms thought to be possessed by Count Agucchi, I can assure you that we take every precaution possible, although to risk a domiciliary visit without good hope of a favourable result would not appear to me a prudent step; besides the high position of the said gentleman, who is one of the provincial administrators, a member of various deputations, and brother-in-law of the senator here, would give rise to greater éclat. He possesses no house Casalecchio as is stated, which I verified months ago, when the same accusation was made formerly against the said Agucchi.

"I must inform your Eminence that the Marquis Charles Bevilacqua departs from hence for Rome this day. He is a well educated person, one of the conservators of the magistracy of Bologna, and member also of many deputations. If one may judge from appearances, he would appear strange to political intrigues. In fact, during the occurrences of last year, he was in Germany with Count Marescalchi, he having travelled a great deal, and has also been in Rome. Nevertheless, as some imagine that he may belong to the class called 'thinkers,' I consider it my duty to acquaint your Eminence with it, in order that he may be prudently watched, which for divers favorable circumstances can be better done in Rome than at Bologna, so that positive information as to everything connected with him can be obtained; and leaving further explanations to another opportunity, I conclude my respectful letter repeating to our common comfort, that in every attempt (which may the Lord keep far off!) I imagine I see, as regards Bologna, the power of every corps so well disposed as to resist any foolish attempt.

"CARD. VANNICELLI."

DOCUMENT XXI.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

The words "to have made the opportune use" of the information respecting the Marquis Bevilacqua, demonstrates that the clerical body of the Roman Church, from the lowest priest to the highest dignitary, from the most ignorant to the most learned, imbibe the same principles of want of confidence, dissimulation, and suspicion.

"58446—5.

("Very confidential.)

"Most Eminent, &c.—I learned from your Eminence's very confidential despatch of the 4th inst., No. 2686 pp., the observations communicated by you upon the papers, with news which I sent. There are rumours from all sides of designs to cause new troubles in this province, and Easter is the designated time. I would beg of you to urge the police to keep the necessary watch, from the results of which, forming a safe judgment on the present state of political affairs, the necessary precautions may be taken. I have made the opportune use of the news sent me, about the Marquis Charles Bevilacqua's arrival in Rome. I thank you for calling my attention to the address of Mazzini to the Swiss directory, which is mentioned in your subsequent most confidential despatch of the 7th inst., No. 2695, and of which I possessed a a copy on separate paper, in three different languages. And praising the interest which you manifest in order that it be not reproduced, even in the public journals, with the most profound respect I humbly kiss your hand.

"Your Eminence's, &c.

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 10th March, 1846."

DOCUMENT XXII.

The Cardinal Legate of Bologna to the Governor of Budrio,

Inducing him to become friendly with a certain Doctor Crescimbeni, to endeavour to make him a confidential agent of the Government.

The reader will perceive from this, that the Pontifical Government has no limits to its infamous powers of corruption, in order to spy out the movements and thoughts of the Italian patriots.

This is the Government for which a crusade in 1849 was made against the Italians, and to maintain the existence of which they imprison, torture, and shoot the flower of our youth. This is the Government which uses the names of God and of order, whilst in fact it is the most immoral, the most ignorant, and the most fanatical government in Europe.

"*To the Governor of Budrio.*

"No 95866. "Bologna. 27th Sept, 1843.

"In a report directed to me by you, dated the 25th of June last, you hinted, that Dr. Crescimbeni, surgeon in Saint Martin, who was supposed to be attached to liberalism; but his good maxims becoming known, it would be very easy to turn him to account, if he could be approached by some expert and influential person.

"I would beg of you to get him watched by a known confidential agent, who might be employed in such an attempt, and if you could discover some person, in whom you have faith, the attempt might be cautiously made, and you would inform me.

"Thanking you for your communication,

"I remain, &c., &c.

"H. SPINOLA"

DOCUMENT XXIII.

Espionage in the Universities.

The Cardinal Legate of Bologna to Cardinal Lambruschini.

This document treats of the public spirit in the Province, and in the surveillance over the students of the University.

In this letter we find the following paragraph which proves my statements:—

"Having for some time had my serious attention called to the studious youth of this University, and having been supplied with a correct catalogue of the names of the said scholars, with their addresses, I express the truth when I say that not one of them is found to possess liberal tendencies.

"Your Eminence was made acquainted through the journal "Des Debats" of the 24th of February last, with the address of General Prim. I am now assured by a letter from Marseilles, dated the 1st instant, that Prim, with the idea of keeping himself at a convenient distance, is still in Montpellier; and they say that being tired of that place, he is about to return to Spain, particularly as his own government had made new propositions to induce him to return to Spain.

"As to the force stationed in this city, without taking the Swiss into consideration, upon whom we can always rely, and who can be found ready to suppress any internal movement, I have no positive reasons for doubting the native troops.

"H. Spinola."

DOCUMENT XXIV.

A letter from the Governor of Rome to Cardinal Gizzi, Secretary of State.

Forwarding him some reports of a secret confidential agent, sent expressly to the Scientific Congress of Genoa in 1846.

I only report the Governor's letter, omitting others in my possession, which are long, and devoid of interest to the British public. The name of the secret agent is not signed, but we have the autographs, and hope in time to discover the author:—

"*His Eminence Cardinal Gizzi, Secretary of State.*

"No. 37374. "4th October, 1846.

"The undersigned Governor, and Director General of Police has the honour to send your Eminence the enclosed copies of two reports,* which he has received from a trustworthy person, who went to Genoa to be present at the Scientific Congress, it appearing that the things there discussed were worthy of the attention of the superiors.

"And bowing to kiss the sacred purple, I have the honor again to protest myself, with the most profound respect," &c. &c.

* Object—Enclosing copies of two secret reports upon the actual Scientific Congress at Genoa.

DOCUMENT XXV.

I cite the following fact, which eloquently reveals the Institutions for the education of young females in the Papal States. Similar scenes are occurring daily, not only in the smaller seminaries, but in the most important. The heads of the schools are nuns, and the education which they instil is always tinged with superstition, and the pupils are unfitted for any other life than that of the cloister, where noble aspirations and ideas of patriotism are carefully excluded, I may say, as if they were crimes. All those maxims conducive to form a good house-wife, a wise mother, a charitable citizen, or an honest and faithful wife, are never taught within those holy walls, which are generally coupled with the name of Christ, but more frequently with that of some holy and obscure saint or friar. And so the beautiful period of life passes away, and the girls learn nothing good amidst altars, nuns' veils, benedictions of priests, (whose immoral lives have been so often exposed) amidst confessionals, indulgences, and rosaries. If a girl shows herself inclined to this species of existence, she may be sure of captivating the nuns and the Father Confessor, and will receive the praises of those stupid and foolish parents who place their daughters in these establishments. They end by becoming superstitious, false, and hypocritical, and too often contract a corrupt life, the seeds of which were sown in their first youth; and if they become the wives of honest men, as the poison is already imbibed, they either embitter the lives of their husbands, or become the willing prey of some infamous cardinal or priest. Supposing the young girl with Italian ardour and life in her veins should resist this system of education, the Archbishop is applied to, in order that he may send his agent to beat the

delicate girl with a cane or whip. I will not dilate upon a subject so revolting, but give the document in question:—

"*The Director of the Police of Camerino to the Governor of Rome.*

"Provincial Directory of Police, No. 239.

Reply to No. 121.—Object.

"Most Reverend Excellency,—There are many adult girls in holy hospital, who are very insubordinate towards their superiors.

"After dinner on the last day of April, one of the teachers had occasion to scold some of the girls respecting some handkerchiefs, which were considered to be too expensive, and the remonstrances, although gentle, were most insolently replied to.

"The teacher was annoyed by the conduct of the scholars, but being impeded by the Archbishop's order from using the lash or the hand to correct the pupils, she sent for one of the deputies, and the Canon Pallotta came.

"When he heard the reason of his presence being required by the superior, he thought it best to send for the Archbishop's agent, as being likely to cause more dismay.

"On his appearance the girls showed some alarm, and some went into the chapel, others into the dressing room.

"On the deputy being assured by the superior of what had transpired in that pious hospital, he thought it better to admonish them concerning the need of order and discipline in a good system of education."

"Many readily obeyed Pallotta's injunctions, but the true authors of the disturbance were opposed to him, fearing that the Archbishop's agent had arrived there to execute a "horseing," as had been done on other occasions.*

* It is desirable to observe these expressions, because the cavalletto is performed in the following manner:—The patient is fastened to a form, and receives a number of blows from a stick; in fact, it is the same as the system of punishment in the Austrian army.

It appears by this document that the Bishop is actuated by mild and humane sentiments, but the fact remains that the "cavalletto" is a recognized punishment under certain circumstances. The thong or stick of the Archbishop's agent is used; the Archbishop's humane feelings in this case do not destroy the fact that these barbarities are still exercised.

"The Canon Pallotta enraged at seeing the ill effect of his endeavours, sent for the terrible agent to compel the girls to come forth from their hiding places. This imprudent movement so exasperated the girls, that they commenced to call for aid from one of the front windows, crying out for the people to come and rescue them from a beating (so they expressed themselves).

"Some persons were moved at these cries, but in vain, for the said agent had already executed his orders by flogging several of them, and afterwards shutting them up in a small room.

"When the town heard of these occurrences, they became the subject of public and private conversation, and there were many stories in circulation, with indecent comments on the abovementioned deputy, as I discover from a paper which I enclose. This most worthy Archbishop moved by sorrow for the inconsiderate conduct displayed in this affair, seems decided to inform the deputation of it, as a hasty temper, or indiscreet zeal, is opposed to a system of mildness which is the most effectual means of education in this pious school.

"This is what I have to inform you of, whilst, with the usual invariable sentiments of the highest esteem, I remain with the greatest respect,

"Your most Reverend Excellency's

"Humble and devoted Servant,

"The Director,

"M. GIORGI."

DOCUMENT XXVI (a).

CENSORSHIP.

The political and religious censorship throughout Italy is extremely rigorous, but that of the Pontifical States borders upon the ridiculous. This is evident from the subjoined proofs. The handwriting is the same as we find in the letters from Cardinal Lambruschini, and the documents doubtlessly emanated from the High Secretary of State's Office. We subjoin also a list of the papers permitted to be introduced into the State. There is a note, in the autograph in all probability of some Cardinal, but we cannot speak positively as to the author. It is very singular, and we report it precisely as it is, with the original erasures. It serves to shew what newspapers were permitted, and changed according to the instructions received from a certain Father Theiner, whom we are ignorant of.

These documents are very singular, and I am sure that my readers will not refrain from a smile at the interpretations given by priests to European journalism.

List of the principal Periodical Papers which are published in Europe.

	FRANCE.	ENGLAND.	GERMANY.
Favorable to the Religion.	1. L'Univers Religieux. 2. La Quotidienne. 3. La Mode. 4. La France l'ami de la Religion. 5. La Gazzette de France. In general, all the provincial papers that are called Gazettes, as the Gazette of Lanquedoc, &c.	The Freeman. Galway Patriot. The Dublin Evening Post. The Catholic Herald. American—In general, all the papers of the Radical party.	1. The Gazzette of Wurzburgh. 2. The Gazzette of Aschaffenburg. 3. The Politic Gazzette of Munich.
Indifferent.	1. Le Moniteur. 2. Le Journal des Debats. 3. La Gazzette des Tribunaux. 4. La Revue des deux Mondes. 5. Le Journal de Commerce. 6. Le Journal de Paris. In general, all Commercial, Ministerial, and Official Journals.	1. The Globe. 2. The Observer. 3. The Dublin Weekly Register. 4. The Galignani's Messenger. 5. The Courier. In general, all the Ministerial Papers.	1. All the Austrian Newspapers. 2. The Correspondent Papers of Hamburgh.
Suspected.	1. Le Temps. 2. La Presse. 3. Le bon Sens.	1. The Times. 2. The Sun.	1. The Universal Gazzette of Ausburg.
Adverse to the Religion.	1. Le Semeur. 2. Le Constitutionel. 3. Le Siecle. 4. Le Courier. 5. Le National. 6. Le Globe. In general, all the Republican Papers and those of movement and progress.	1. The Standard. 2. The Wecles True Sun. 3. The Ward. 4. The Evening Mail. 5. The Albion. 6. The Morning Chronicle. 7. The Examiner. In general, all the Protestant and so called Tory Papers.	1. The Gazzette of Berlin. 2. The Gazzette of Leipsick. 3. The Gazzette of Hanover. In general, all the Papers coming from a Protestant Country.

List of the foreign papers which may be read in Coffee Houses, Inns, and other public places.

	1 L' Univers Religieux 2 La Quotidieune 3 La France 4 La Mode 5 La Gazzette des Tribunaux 6 Le Journal de Commerce and all provincial papers which pass under the name of Gazzettes as La Lanquedoc, &c	French
7th December. Father Theiner has declared the English and German papers should be limited to those not marked *	1 The Freeman *2 The Globe *3 The Courier *4 Galway Patriot *5 The Observer 2* The Dublin Weekly *7 The Dublin Evening Post 38 The Gallignani's Messenger 4 The Catholic Herald	English
	1 Gazzetta di Wurzburgo 2 Id d 'Aschaffenburg 3 Annali Politici of Münich and Hamburgh. 4 Universal Gazette of Augsburg. *6 The Journal of Francfort and the Italian News.	German

DOCUMENT (b).

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

Treating of some articles in the "National" and the "Gazzetta Italiana" attacking the honor of the Pontifical Government. We discover that the Cardinal seeks not only to prevent their introduction into the Roman States, but wishes through means of the Apostolic Representative at Florence to impede their circulation also in Tuscany.

"54965—5.

"Most Eminent, &c.—The news given me in your confidential despatch of the 8th instant, No. 2463 P. P., relating to the two

numbers, one of the National and the other of the Italian Gazzette, to which you particularly requested my attention, are worthy of Your Eminence's wisdom. I agree with you, and know the mischief caused by the circulation of these articles. I some time since prohibited the introduction of the Gazzetta Italiana into the Pontifical States, where its circulation is become impossible. I therefore hope that the means taken at your suggestion by the Charge d'Affairs of the Holy See at Florence, to put a stop to the publicity and diffusion of that Journal in Tuscany, will have a corresponding effect.

"I have the honor to express to Your Eminence the sentiments of my profound respect, and most humbly kiss your hand.

"Your Eminence's most humble, &c.

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 14th Oct. 1845.

"The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT XXVII.

Circular of the Chevalier F. Curzi, Director of Police for the Province of Bologna, promising a reward of 300 Roman crowns, (a little more than £60,) to the captor of either of the eight individuals whose names are subjoined, and who were supposed to be the principals in the revolutionary movements in the Bolognese territory, in August 1843.

This is a great proof of the weakness of despotism.

"No. 1495. Prot. Ris. "Circular.

"*The Director of Police for the City and Province of Bologna.*

"27th August, 1843.

"The Government being deeply interested in the arrest of the herein-mentioned individuals, guilty of grave crimes, I beg you immediately to give the requisite orders, so that the arrests may be executed, if they are discovered within your jurisdiction.

"And in order to render the execution of this command more active and energetic, you will promise a reward of 300 crowns to any person who will consign, or cause to be delivered, either of the said individuals into the hands of justice.

"To carry out this purpose you will give the greatest publicity to this order.

"I am, with sentiments of the highest esteem,

"Yours, &c.,

"The Colonel Director of Police,

"F. Cav. Curzi.

Progressive Number.	Christian and Surname.
1	Pietramellara Marquis Peter.
2	Tanara Marquis Sebastian.
3	Zambeccari Count Livy.
4	Biancoli Count Orestes.
5	Muratori Doctor Pascal.
6	Muratori Saverio.
7	Turri Gaetano.
8	N. Giovannino, called the Romagnuolo."

This list is accompanied by the full age, description of person, &c., of each individual.

DOCUMENT XXVIII.

Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State, to the Cardinal Vannicelli, Legate of Bologna.

("Very confidential.)

"Most Eminent, &c.,—The Holy Father received the sentence of death of the military commission of the 11th March last, but his Holiness has given no contrary orders relating to Louis Monari, Joseph Veronesi, Raphael Landi, Joseph Rabbi, Joseph Minghetti, and Joseph Govoni.

"As a sign of his sovereign clemency, he has deigned to commute the capital punishment in favor of the other fourteen individuals, who were also condemned to merited doom, to the galleys for life, under strict custody. As to the other dispositions contained in the same sentence let them be fully carried out.

"Your idea of printing the sentences is agreed to, but let the following expressions be adopted, *confiscation of the portion, &c.*, when the penal Edict Article 85 explains itself in the following terms:—*Each condemned criminal shall lose every right to the disposable portion of his property which he possessed at the time of his crime, which shall remain at the disposition of the government to make up for any damages sustained.*

"For the sake of regularity, as we are now treating upon this subject, your Excellency will have the goodness to substitute the above words in the printed sentence, instead of the expressions "confiscations," &c., used in the manuscript sentence.

"Respecting the document which your Eminence requires in your most confidential despatch, the 23rd instant, I will enclose it herewith if I can get to the Presidency of War in time, whence I expect to procure it; if the contrary, I will send it by the next opportunity.

"I take this occasion to express, &c.,

"Your Excellency's most humble, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 27th April, 1844."

DOCUMENT XXIX.

The Apostolic Nuncio of Vienna to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

He intimates, at the instance of Metternich, the policy of arresting every suspected person, as well as those supposed to be chiefs of the revolters. This is a most important document.

("Confidential.)

"Most Eminent and Reverend Prince,—I infinitely thank your Reverend Eminence for the most useful news which you deigned to give me in your venerated confidential letter, No. 1390 P. P., referring to the rumours which circulate upon the revolutionary manœuvres in our peninsula, and of the measures in preparation, to ensure the success of the movement which they intend to effect in the different States of Italy next spring. Not finding that your Eminence had signed the letter, as often happens through a mistake, permit me to return it to you, so that you may add your name, and then send it again to me, regularity being required for so important a document.

"The Imperial and Royal government states that it possesses frequent and unanimous reports concerning the extensive means that the Italian refugees, supported by the exiles or malcontents of other nations, and directed by the Committees of the faction of the *Young Italy federalists* now colleagued together, put into operation in Spain, Algeria, Malta, Corfu, even in Egypt, and most of all in Corsica, to furnish them with armed legions, and to enable

them to move in some weeks towards the Roman coasts, attempting an immediate attack upon Rome with all their force, so as to occupy it by a coup de main, and then extend themselves into the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and the kingdom of the two Sicilies, with the certainty, unhappily well founded, of getting favour and aid in the complicity of the soldiery, and in the sympathies which they especially rely upon in these two latter States. Although it may be thought in a great degree improbable, or that the news is much exaggerated, nevertheless it is desirable to take means for redoubling vigilance and energy, so as to baffle the plots of the Sectarians, and impede the attempt to execute their insane projects. To this end it would be useful to follow the advice of the Prince de Metternich, and not hesitate to imprison the individuals indicated, or suspected as directors or principal abettors of the dreaded movements; and this only as a measure of security, if material for subjecting them to a regular proceeding could not be discovered. By these means, being deprived of Chiefs, the horde of demagogue adventurers would be easily dissipated; severity then becomes an indispensable condition of safety.

"As to the suspicions which exist as to the intelligence which the rebels have acquired already in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, in the Tyrol, and even amongst the Imperial services by land and sea, the said Prince assures me that they are not at all well-founded, since he confides in the continual vigilance kept over the one, as well as over the other, by which it would surely be discovered, and even the slightest symptom of revolt foreseen.

"Meanwhile the ever vigilant and zealous Chief of the Imperial and Royal Cabinet, has lost no time in declaring to the Cabinets of Paris and London, that if the established order in the Italian States became seriously disturbed, Austria would not hesitate to interfere, as her duty and interest points out, to repress the rebel forces, whatever vexation or opposition she might meet with on the part of France and England. She also explained to both these powers, how much they were interested in the preservation of public tranquillity in Italy. To the former she particularly demonstrated the necessity of dissipating the re-unions and machinations

of the revolutionists in Corsica and Algeria, which, besides its easy execution, would be most advantageous to herself.

"With the most profound respect I kiss the Sacred Purple, and subscribe myself

"Your most Reverend Eminence's,

"Most humble, devoted, and obliged servant,

"L. ARCHBISHOP OF EPHESUS,

"Apostolic Nuncio.

"Vienna, 13th Feb., 1844."

DOCUMENT XXX.

The advocate Impaccianti, before assuming the defence of Michael Accursi and his companions, goes to inform the Cardinal Secretary of State. In political matters the accused cannot select his advocate to defend him. If he (the prisoner) selects one to undertake his defence, the *bene placito*, and the consent of the government must be first obtained. More than this, the advocate is compelled to take an oath to preserve the secret from everyone, as the defence is not public, but veiled in the greatest mystery. As to the selection, the government always gives the preference to those advocates upon whose devotion and obsequiousness they can rely. It requires blind obedience and fidelity from them, and the consequence often is that the advocate defenders act as accusers against the prisoner.

These abominations are not confined to the Papal States, but are found in all the Italian governments in the Austrian interest.

In proof of the assertion respecting the Advocate Impaccianti, there exists a declaration and oath by him made before the Judge Nardoni, and dated Rome, 8th July, 1831. After the usual formalities are written, he declares that he will never divulge the circumstances, nor anything relating to the trial, &c. This is sworn to, and signed Julius Impaccianti, Advocate ; Anthony Nardoni, Judge.

There exists a letter of his also, which appears to have been addressed to the President of the Sacra Consulta, conceived in the following terms :—

"Most Reverend Excellency,—From the Power of Attorney, which I have the honour to enclose you, your Most Reverend Excel-

lency will perceive that the three prisoners in the Castle, viz. Accursi, Petrocchi, and Emiliani, have nominated me as their defender.

"It is a part of my usual *delicacy to discover the intentions* of his Eminence, the Secretary of State, before accepting this task, and not to breathe one *syllable* of what you have intimated to me. I was yesterday at his said Eminence's, who made not the least difficulty, and he authorised me to acquaint your Excellency, which I now do, in order that you will deign to give your dispositions for the communication of the process and the abstract. I have again the honour to assure you of my profound respect, and to salute you,

"Your most Reverend Excellency's most devoted Servant,

"JULIUS IMPACCIANTI, Advocate.

"From my house, 30th July, 1831."

On the back of this letter we find the following words written in another hand—"The most Eminent Minister of State has ordered that the abstract alone shall be given of the three prisoners, whom he undertakes to defend."

In the causes of 1843 and 1844 the same system was continued in the selection of the advocate defenders. I do not think it necessary to cite more documents relative to this subject, as some of them are very long, and because the above will prove my assertions.

DOCUMENT XXXI.

The Cardinal Legate of Bologna, to Cardinal Lambruschini, and the reply.

They both relate to the suspension of the execution of capital sentences, and clearly show the position of the Papal government.

"No. 618 P.P. "8th August, 1843.

"His Eminence Lambruschini, Rome,—In the state in which things are here, it would be imprudent to carry out any execution of capital sentence, in consequence of the assembling of the people, its agitation under such circumstances, and the *posting* the soldiery in contact with the people.

"As several processes of the condemned are at the Revision in Rome, I beg of your Eminence to give orders to suspend every definitive process, which may be in the hands of the Sacra Consulta.

"I have the honour."

"38538—5. ("Confidential.)

"Most Eminent, &c.—The reflections which your Eminence confided to me by your confidential letter of the 8th instant, No. 618 p.p., upon the inconvenience of executing any sentence of death during the actual state of things in your province, are very praiseworthy.

"Without losing time I am going to order that the definition of the capital cause processes, which are at the Tribunal of the Sacra Consulta, shall be suspended; and I beg to renew my protestations of the most profound esteem, with which I most humbly kiss your hand.

"Your Eminence's most humble, &c.

"L. Card. Lambruschini.

"Rome, 11th August 1843.

"To the Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT XXXII.

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

Informing him that the foreign governments watch the movements of the Italian refugees, and *formally* stating that Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham had promised to do the same in England. This document is of the highest importance, bringing a fact to light which the English public is not aware of. They think that the exiles enjoy in England the same liberty as themselves, and that our movements and actions are not under the surveillance of the police. But the contrary is the fact; our steps are watched, at least we have proofs that they were during the ministry of Lord Aberdeen.

So that we are compelled to believe that some British Ministers are careless of the national honor; that they seek to stain the opinion which the patriots of all countries have always had as to the liberty enjoyed in England; that they do not scruple to intrigue with a vile and corrupt court, with an immoral and despotic government, which is a bye-word of contempt throughout Europe; with a Potentate who has always endeavoured to foment disturbances in Ireland.

But let us hope that the English, after reading these facts, will be careful how they confide power to the men who trample under foot every principle of morality and national honor, and who would withdraw from the unfortunate patriots that right of asylum and protection, which has ever been the boast and pride of free-born Englishmen.

"*To his Eminence Cardinal Legate of Bologna.*

"43334—5. "(Very confidential.)

"Most Eminent, &c.—Your Eminence has hastened to inform me of what they speak about in your city, and especially with your respected letter of the 23rd instant, No. 947, p.p., relative to the rumours which circulate respecting the rigorous search after the noted Mazzini at Malta. In order to give you a full explanation, I hasten to inform you *that from the first days of the present month I am informed by a Ministerial report that now the English police commences to act, in regard to the Italian and Polish refugees; that Sir James Graham, Home Minister in London, having intercepted the letters there, directed to the noted Mazzini, has discovered that an anonymous person (Ricciotti it is supposed) wrote to him that all was ready in the Legations to begin a revolution, but that France impeded it with her system of opposition,* adding besides that as the movements in Alicant and Carthagena had failed the rebels would meet at Valencia to arrange other plans.

Lord Aberdeen, Minister for Foreign Affairs, having been made aware of such a letter, promised that for the future the movements and actions of all the refugees should be watched. Neither can I conceal from your Eminence that the Foreign Minister at Paris, who was informed of the rebels' plans at Valencia,* assured me that he was about to concert with the Spanish government, in order to impede

* From this letter it will be seen that the contents of the letter intercepted by Sir J. Graham was communicated to the ministers of foreign courts inter alia to Cardinal Lambruschini.

We cannot reconcile this with the following solemn assertion of Lord Aberdeen, in the House of Lords, on the 4th July, 1844, viz. three months after the letter above cited was written:—

"*The Marquis of Normanby*—Wished to know whether the letters of Mr. Mazzini had been submitted to the representatives of any foreign power?

"*The Duke of Wellington*—I have no knowledge of it.

"*The Earl of Aberdeen—I can more readily answer that question,* and I can assure the noble Lord, *that not one syllable of the correspondence has been communicated to any person whatever.*"—*Hansard, Vol. 76, Debate in the Lords.*

all the re-unions which should take place in that kingdom, and obtain the isolation and surveillance over the refugees.

I *am certain that this will be agreeable news to you, and learning with pleasure that the greatest tranquillity reigns in your province,* I remain with protestations as usual of my profound regard, with which I humbly kiss your hand.

" Your Eminence's

" Most humble, devoted, and true Servant,

" L. Card. Lambruschini.

" Rome, 12th April, 1844,

" Numbered on the outside No. 1736."

DOCUMENT XXXIII (a).

The Cardinal Legate of Bologna to the Papal Nuncio at Vienna.

Transmitting in MSS. an article to be inserted in the "Allegemeine Zeitung" of Augsburg.

After stating that the "Augsburg Gazzette," published in its 280th number a long narrative of the recent events in the Legations, in which there were many errors, the letter continues by requesting the Nuncio to obtain a reply from Marshal Radetzky, to a letter desiring him to accord room in the castle of Ferrara for certain political prisoners lately compromised in the disturbances of the Legations. The letter is dated 22nd October, 1843.

DOCUMENT (b).

The Cardinal Legate of Bologna to the Marquis G. Riccini, Minister at Modena.

Sending him an article written to confute the opinions of foreign journals, and requesting him to submit it to the Duke, and to cause its publication. Letters of similar tenor were written by the Cardinal Legate to Baron Orsini, Minister at Lucca, as well as to the respective Pontifical Nuncios and Consuls.

"No. 1113, p.p. "Bologna, 22nd Oct., 1843.

"Marquis Riccini, Modena,—The 'Augsburg Gazette,' in its No. published a long article, narrating the recent events which have occurred in these legations, but mixed up with many falsehoods and exaggerations tending to throw discredit on the Roman

government. This, and other analogous articles, have suggested the idea of writing an article, which I enclose to your Excellency, in order that you may submit it to H. R. H. the Duke, your August Sovereign. I hope to see it shortly published in some newspaper, as it would be very desirable to re-establish the government in public opinion, as the truth has been distorted.

"I take this favourable opportunity of assuring you of my esteem, with the homage of my profound respect."

DOCUMENT (c).

The Minister of Good Government at Modena, the Marquis Riccini, to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

Acknowledging the receipt of the MSS. relating to the recent affairs in Romagna, and stating that he had caused its immediate insertion in the Gazzette of Modena.

"2055. "Modena, 27th Oct., 1843.

"*The Minister of Good Government, Councillor of State, Governor of the City and Province of Modena, to his Eminence the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.*

"The MSS. article relative to the late events in the legations forwarded to me by your respected despatch, 22nd inst., No. 1113 pp., was not only placed under the eyes of H. R. H. my August Sovereign and master, who expressed his satisfaction, but in order to assist in the attainment of the desire expressed by your Eminence, I have caused it to be inserted in the Modanese Journal, as you will discover from the No. 242, of which I enclose you a copy.

"I have the honor to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect and high consideration,

"Your Eminence's, &c.,

"THE MARQUIS RICCINI."

DOCUMENT (d).

The Apostolical Nuncio at Vienna to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

The article prepared by the advocate Charles Monti, in the Government House, and under the direction of the Cardinal, has been inserted in the Universal Gazette of Augsburg, No. 322, 18th November, 1843, in a contrary sense to the foregoing articles there published.

"Most Eminent and Most Reverend Prince,—Although I did not lose time in using my endeavours to get the article inserted relating to the disorders in the Legations, which your Most Reverend Eminence transmitted to me, it was somewhat retarded, and only appeared in the supplement to the Gazette on the 18th instant.

"Whilst I have the honour to transmit the said article to your Eminence, it is my duty to make known to you that it was deemed advisable to omit that which seemed too openly directed against the Editor of the said journal, otherwise he would not have consented to publish it. It also became necessary to render it more compendious, leaving the substance however intact, so that it will attain the effect desired, as I had already foreseen.

"In the supplement of the same journal of the 12th inst. another article appeared, with the same aim, which was inserted by Monsignor the Nuncio of Münich. I am very happy to have had it in my power to oblige your Eminence, and with anxiety to receive other commands, I have the honour to subscribe myself, with the most profound respect, saluting the sacred purple,

"Your Eminence's most humble, &c.

"The Archbishop of Ephesus,

"Apostolic Nuncio.

"Vienna, 23rd Nov., 1843.

"His Eminence the Card. Vannicelli Casoni,

"f. f. of the Most Eminent

"The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT (e).

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

Advising him not to insert the above-mentioned Article in the Gazzette of Bologna, as it would be suspected *that the Government had inserted it.* The words in *italic type* are in the hand-writing of Cardinal Lambruschini, who added them after the conclusion of the letter.

" 40516—5.

" Most Eminent, &c.,—Shortly after having read the MSS. article which your Eminence was good enough to send me, with the confidential despatch of the 20th of last October, No. 1118 p.p., I received the journal of Venice, published by the printer Emiliani, with some modification; a paper which doubtless your Eminence already possesses. Thanking you for your courteous communication, I have the honour to repeat the protestations of my profound respect, with which I humbly kiss your hand, *to which I add that it would not be prudent at present to publish the article transmitted to me in that journal, since after its publication at Venice, it would be suspected that we had sent it thither.*

" Your Eminence's most humble, &c.,

" L. CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI.

" Rome, 2nd November, 1843.

" To the Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT (f).

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Papal Legate at Bologna.

Advising him to correspond with the Papal Nuncio at Paris, in order to get him to have an article inserted in defence of the Swiss troops, at the same time advising him to use every precaution to prevent its being supposed to emanate from the Pontifical authorities.

"40549—5. ("Confidential.")

"Most Eminent, &c.,—It is not surprising that the foreign press teems with calumnies, and your Eminence must consider with myself that they only merit contempt, although General De Salis expressed a desire to have an article inserted in the Bolognese Gazette, which should refute other newspapers, particularly the *Journal des Debats*, which he enclosed, derogatory to the honor of the Swiss troops; nevertheless, considering his official position and the desires of his officers, I think it would be well to satisfy him in some manner, and to insert the analogous denial in the French or other foreign newspapers.

"In order to carry this out your Eminence may correspond directly with the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris, leaving to him the care of procuring the insertion of the counter article, which is considered desirable.

"Your Eminence's great forethought will nevertheless *point out the necessity of cautioning him, that the counter article must on no account appear to be derived from the Pontifical authorities.*

"I thus reply to your confidential despatch of the 8th instant, No. 1177, p. p., while I have the honour to repeat the protestations of my most profound respect, concluding by humbly kissing your hand.

"Your Eminence's most humble, &c.,

"L. CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 14th November, 1843.

"The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT (g).

Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

Showing his dissatisfaction with foreign journalism, for its opinions about the Pontifical government, and insinuating the necessity of counterbalancing their effect, by getting articles in-

serted which shall prove the *truth* of the facts, which appears to us an argument that the Papal government desired to justify itself, although condemned by public opinion. He (the Cardinal) goes on to say, that the *Univers* and the *Union Catholigue* has assumed this commission on several occasions. After this official confession the said journals do not find it easy to continue their assertions that they are *impartial organs*, although they in reality support the Court of Rome :—

"55222—5.

"Most Eminent, &c.—In the midst of the torrent of journalism, which in the present day inundates every country, and spreads broadcast detestable principles, it is by no means surprising that I find the Roman Government calumniated in a thousand different forms, about the Rimini affair. Notwithstanding all the precautions we take to prevent the perusal of those which are considered the most pernicious, still I find it an arduous task, if not altogether impossible, to prevent their circulation in a clandestine manner. Appreciating this, as well as admiring the wise counsels you communicate to me, I should be glad, and should consider it most useful, to counterbalance the effect of the said journals, by getting articles printed in the same papers, which should throw a full light on the affairs, and so confound those calumnies which are hurled, charged with venom, against the actions of the Roman Government, and against its laws. You must, however, have seen that the 'Univers' and the 'Union Catholique' have often assumed this task, and particularly in the fifth and seventh numbers of this month. But nevertheless this, and other journals, sometimes take our part. Your Eminence must perceive the necessity of confuting certain articles, and I leave entirely to you the task of doing so, being quite convinced that decorum, and gravity will be their principal merit. As we are on the subject, I would also hint to your Eminence, that such articles be inserted in foreign journals, and not in our own, and also to bear in mind the necessity of concealing that we have any part in their insertion. These hints, however, will not prevent my doing the same, according to the necessity of the circumstances.

"As I have thus replied to your confidential despatch of the 17th inst, No. 2491 p.p., I honour myself by repeating my sentiments of the most profound esteem, and most humbly kiss your hand.

"Your Excellency's most humble, &c.,

"L. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI.

"Rome, 23rd October, 1845.

"The Cardinal Legate at Bologna."

DOCUMENT (h).

The Advocate Monti to Doctor Louis Arze, Steward to the Legation of Bologna.

Advising him of the article he is preparing, to confute the manifesto of the Rimini insurgents. This autograph letter is very singular, showing an extraordinary amount of astuteness, combined with much knowledge of politics.

"My Dear Friend,—I fear that His Eminence thinks that I am sleeping with the dead, or that I am conquered by idleness and sloth. I dared not visit him while my work was unfinished. But it is not a slight thing to finish it, considering that I am so much occupied daily with so many and such varied labours, upon criminal processes, and political papers. Nevertheless I endeavour to conceive and to complete the work in such a manner as shall give satisfaction, and to write it, so that it shall be read with interest by every sort of person, without shocking their passions or opinions, as I consider this to be the best mode of confounding our adversaries, remembering that I have to arrange the ideas, to leave nought unobserved, to be as concise as possible, to adopt a dignified style based upon the principles of political science, then to write, and afterwards to re-copy the MSS. with one's own hand, will be sufficient to account for my delay, and to excuse a man who has only the evening at his disposal. I have read the article not yet completed, in the *Modanese paper*, and this article, although it treats of the argument which I proposed to take myself, will do

no harm either to me or to the subject which called it forth. We agree in some things, but the Modanese article (at least it seems to me up to this time,) does not treat the subject in the general manner which I have aimed at, neither is the attempt happy, precisely because some of the phrases clash together. My work is nearly completed, and two-thirds of it already copied. In two days I shall have finished it, and if you could get a spare half hour I should be glad to have your opinion before sending it, as I have not got the dates of all the documents cited therein. In fine I rely upon your friendship to save me from His Eminence's reproofs, on account of the delayal, and I have explained matters in the first page, in the hope that you will find some reasons to excuse me. Rely always upon the friendship, with which I conclude.

"Your most affectionate servant and friend,

"CHARLES MONTI.

"Office, 1st Nov. 1845."

DOCUMENT XXXIV.

The Cardinal Lambruschini to the Cardinal Legate of Bologna.

" 44911—5.

" Most Eminent, &c.—After the discovery of the attempt made by the political prisoner Eusebio Barbetti to undertake a fresh system of correspondence abroad, as your Eminence informed me with your most confidential despatch, dated the 10th instant, No. 1938 p.p., I cannot help approving of the measure you have taken to send him, either to the secret cells of Pesaro, or to the fortress of Saint Leo. I gather from the despatch that your Eminence has procured information respecting the faithless turnkey who favoured Barbetti's wicked designs; I doubt not that when the proofs are obtained of his crime, the guilty man will receive condign punishment without delay, so that it may be an example to others, to whom the strict custody of the prisoners is confided.

" With the most profound respect, I most humbly kiss your hand.

" Your Eminence's most humble, &c.,

" L. CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI.

" Rome, 16th July, 1844.

" The Cardinal Legate of Bologna."

DOCUMENT XXXV.

"ROMAN REPUBLIC—TRIUMVIRATE.

"Rome, 19th April, 1849.

"Citizen,—You will proceed to Ancona with a mission of repression, which may be summed up in two words—"*Restore Ancona to the Republic.*" Assassination is not a Republic. Ancona is now a prey to organised assassination. It is necessary to repress and punish. It is necessary to make the state of anarchy in that city cease. In face of the world, Italian and European, the well-being of the country and the honour of the flag must be defended by us. You will perhaps find at Ancona two of the people's representatives, the citizens Bernabei and dell' Onghero; in which case you will consult with them, and you will act as third Commissioner of the Republic.

"You will tell them on our part what instructions you have received from us, in the interval following their departure from Rome, concerning the state of affairs at Ancona, and the recent assassinations committed there, and you will impose upon them an energy of repression superior even to that given in their instructions, and let it be known that Rome can not permit herself to be considered either through inertion or false moderation an accomplice of assassination; and for the sake of morality, let us defend ourselves from the re-action, whose best pretext would be precisely the want of security, so that the intervention of the foreigner should not become necessary. The guilty must be punished. You will say that we have given inexorable orders to our officials in the province of Ascoli, and elsewhere, to annihilate and crush the re-action; but we consider organised assassination,

the worst of all re-actions, and that the Republic is lost, if instead of representing the country, she limits herself to represent a faction.

"It is necessary that the promotors and directors of the assassinations be arrested and punished according to law, with their subalterns, who may believe themselves as only deceived carriers out of orders. Clemency may be used compatible with law.

"Even if the government be compelled to converge upon Ancona half the army of the State, it is determined to execute the above-mentioned intentions.

"The Government relies on the two Commissioners uniting with you to carry out this mission; and if it be not done, the Government would in the first place cause its intentions to be executed, and then would resign. Tell all true patriots this!

"You will communicate with the Governor for further instructions; he will find the necessity to exculpate himself for past inertion by redoubled energy and activity.

"When the imprisonments and the execution of our orders are completed you will depart from Ancona for Rome.

"You have at your orders the carabineers, the national guard, and all the forces now in Ancona.

"For the Triumvirate,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"A. SAFFI.

"N.B. *These instructions are in Mazzini's hand-writing.*"

DOCUMENT XXXVI.

"ROMAN REPUBLIC—TRIUMVIRATE.

"No. 2790. "Rome, 19th April, 1849.

"Citizen,—The Triumvirate nominates you Extraordinary Commissioner for a special mission at Ancona, and therefore invests you with all the powers necessary to carry into effect the mandate confided to you with secret instructions.

"I take advantage of this occasion to express my esteem, with which I give you a brotherly salutation.

"For the Triumvirate,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI,

"A. SAFFI.

"To the Citizen Captain Orsini,

"Representative of the People."

DOCUMENT XXXVII.

"ROMAN REPUBLIC—TRIUMVIRATE.

"No. 2790. "Rome, 19th April, 1849.

"Citizen,—In sending you as Extraordinary Commissioner to Ancona, on a special mission, the Triumvirate intends to invest you with all the powers necessary to carry into effect the orders confided to you, so that the authority delegated to you be not in any way impeded, by declaring you only, on this occasion, sole representative of the government in the province above-mentioned.

"You will only use these powers in case you find it indispensable to explain them, leaving it to your prudence to consider if and when it may be opportune.

"Also on this occasion accept my brotherly salutation,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI, Triumvir.

"A. SAFFI, Triumvir.

"To the Citzen Captain Orsini,

"Representative of the People."

DOCUMENT XXXVIII.

"Rome, 21st April, 1849.

"ROMAN REPUBLIC—TRIUMVIRATE.

("Very confidential.)

"Citizen Commissioner,—The Government has received reports from Ancona, relative to the assassinations committed during the last few days of Servanzi and the brothers Angelucci. The policemen are declared accomplices of the assassination by the above-mentioned reports, and amongst those who were concerned in the execution . . . . . and . . . . . are mentioned.

"Complicity also extends to . . . . and there are grave suspicions resting on others, that the government, however, is loath to believe.

"Further reports state that the authors of all the homicides recently committed at Ancona have also had the connivance of six new policemen and of the known . . . . . Without promising that the Triumvirate intends to receive or reject any conviction in the matter, being without the necessary elements, it is deeply penetrated with the gravity of the case, and being a government of purity and love, it is horrified at the atrocities which have unfortunately happened.

"It is, however, inexorable to punish with the rigour of the law any one who with their arms, or their connivance, are compromised in these iniquitious acts, and to find out if what has been reported regarding be true, so that measures may be taken to strike

the guilty, make the laws respected, as well as order, and the honour of the Republic.

"After these explanations the government requires your most scrupulous attention and care that Servanzi and the other wounded persons with him, who are now in the hospital, be assisted and protected in such a manner that such barbarous attempts upon them be rendered impossible for the future.

"A. SAFFI, Triumvir.

"ARMELLINI, Triumvir.

"To the Citizen Captain Orsini,

"Representative of the People."

DOCUMENT XXXIX.

"ROMAN REPUBLIC—TRIUMVIRATE.

"No. 3052. "Rome, 23rd April, 1849.

"Citizen,—After you had departed we discovered that the number of carabineers at Ancona was smaller than we imagine. On the other hand, the accounts that we have received call for energetic proceedings against the individuals guilty of these atrocities. We have sent a courier to Ascoli, to order a part of the 2nd Light Troops to support you, and they will arrive as soon as possible. When that force arrives, operate. Attempts at arrangement finish in nothing. Beyond the crime with which they contaminate the Republican flag, beyond the cry which unjustly accuses the Government of connivance, or of culpable moderation, we have menacing despatches from abroad, from France and England. You must proceed with rapidity. And we calculate upon your zeal.

"You will be of accord with the Governor. Proceed to arrest. Organise a Committee, similar to a Council of War, with a defender of the law for the prosecution, and an official defender for the guilty, selected from among the military or citizens of the place.

"If necessary put Ancona under a state of siege until our will be fulfilled. Love yours,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI, Triumvirate.

"To Captain Orsini, Commissioner
"of the Triumvirate at Ancona."

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